# POP SMEAR MAGAZIN

SEXDRUGSROCKNROLLISSUE22.0NC17

WARPED TOUR SCRAPBOOK!

POP SMEAR MAGAZIN
POP SMEAR MAGAZIN

## SHE LIKES IT DEADLY:

SICK CHICKS WHO LOVE SADISTIC KILLERS

## CYPRESS HILL'S

GARDEN OF DELIGHT

# SUNSET

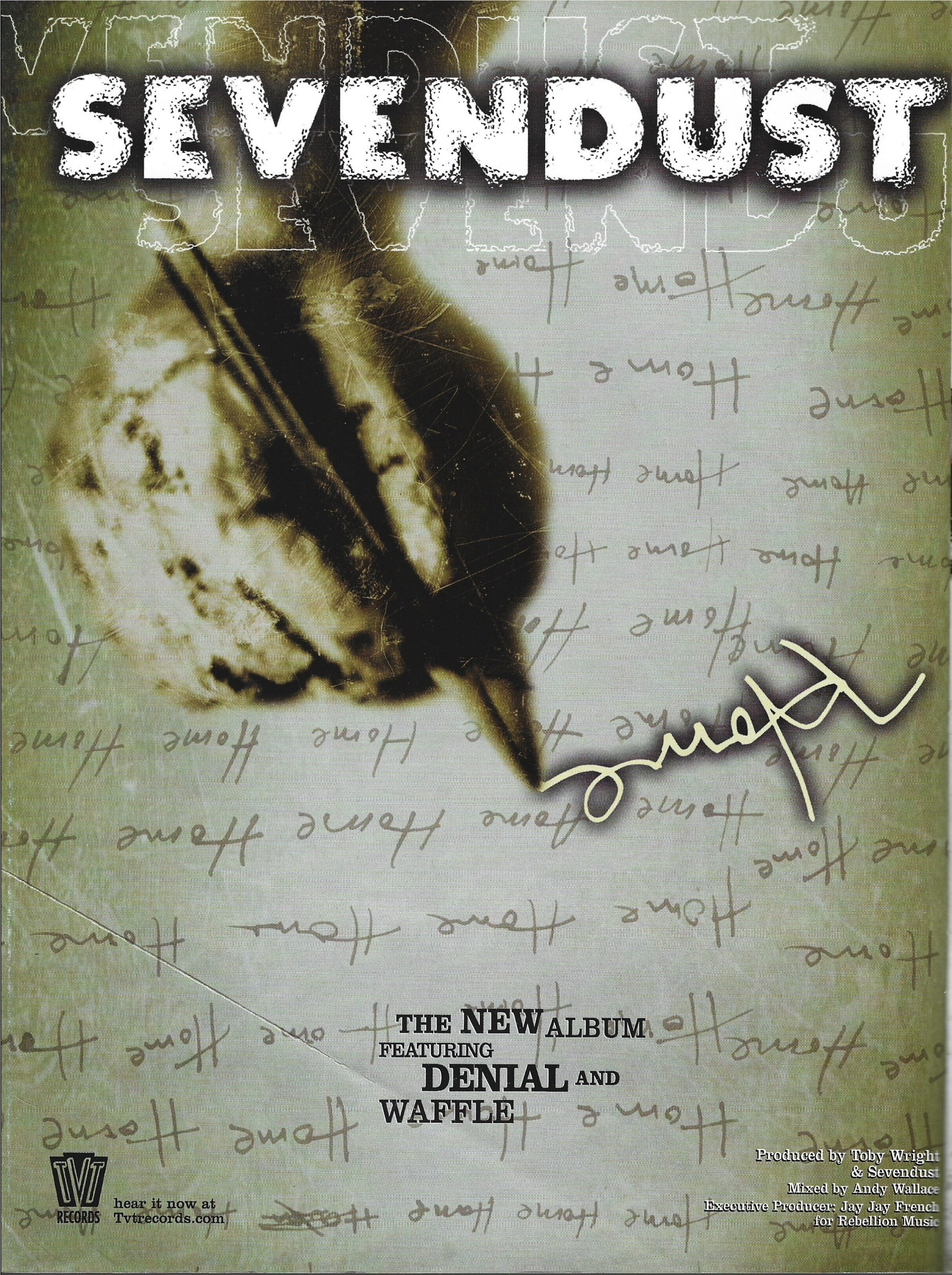
## AT THE MOONLITE BUNNYRANCH

**JenLynn Sweet**
does the **brothel-hop** with
**Porn Star Princess Sunset Thomas**

ISSUE 22.0 SEP/OCT
$3.95 US $5.95 CANADA

Alternative Schools • Annabel Chong • Tarzan's Balls

10>
7 25274 89281 5



THE NEW ALBUM
FEATURING
DENIAL AND
WAFFLE

TVT RECORDS
hear it now at
Tvtrecords.com

Produced by Toby Wright
& Sevendust
Mixed by Andy Wallace
Executive Producer: Jay Jay French
for Rebellion Music

thestaticchannel.com

6 Downtown only

superstars and superfreaks: uninhibited, uncensored and uncut.

STATIC

internet TV

ザ・スタティック・チャンネル

PSEUDO

Wright
ndust
Wallace
French
Music

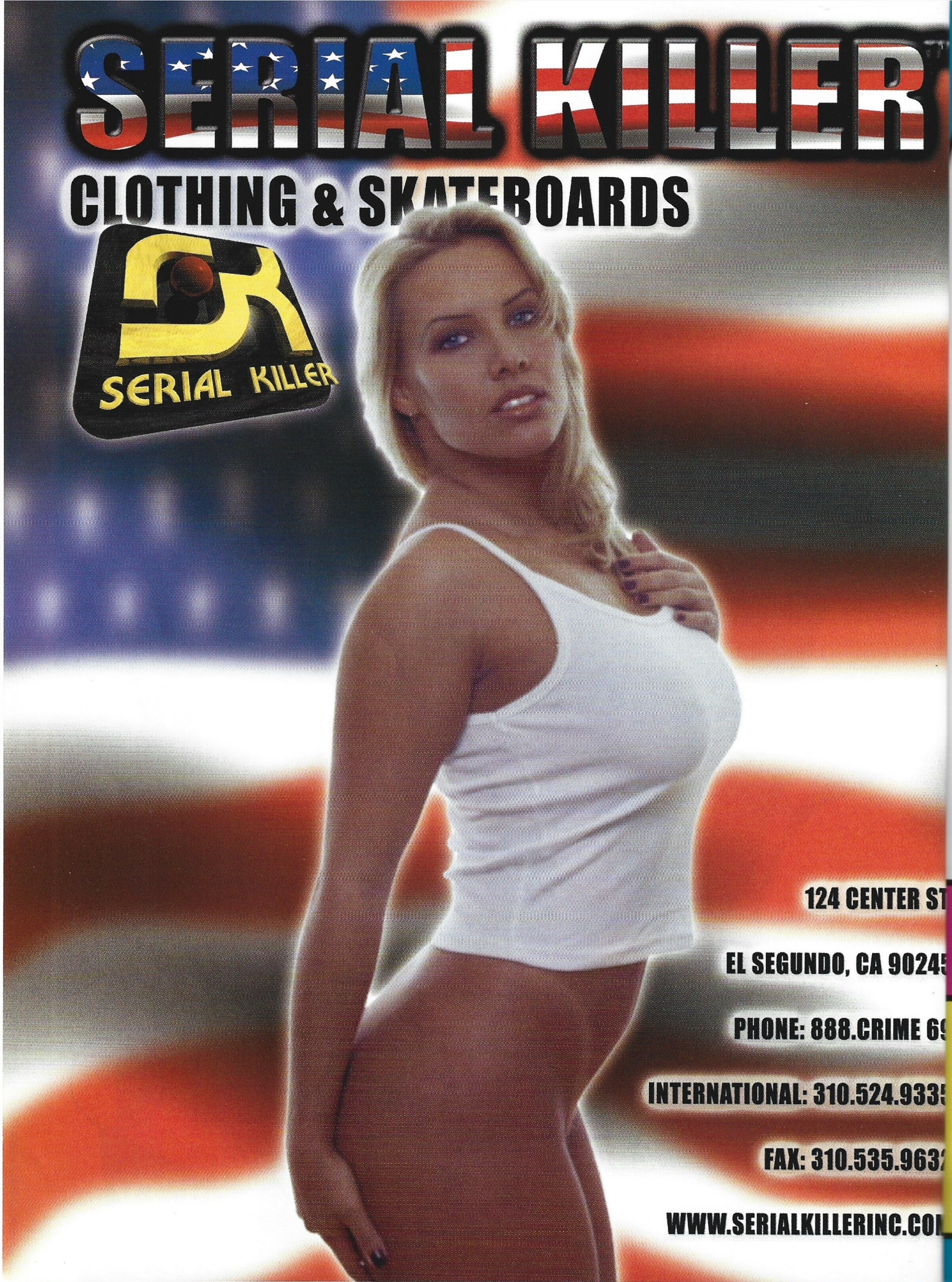
**CITIZEN 7®**
SUBVERSIVE STREETWEAR™

get to know
Shannon and Melissa
on MinxTV

# pseudo.com

PSEUDO

24/7 internet broadcasting
TV you can't get on TV

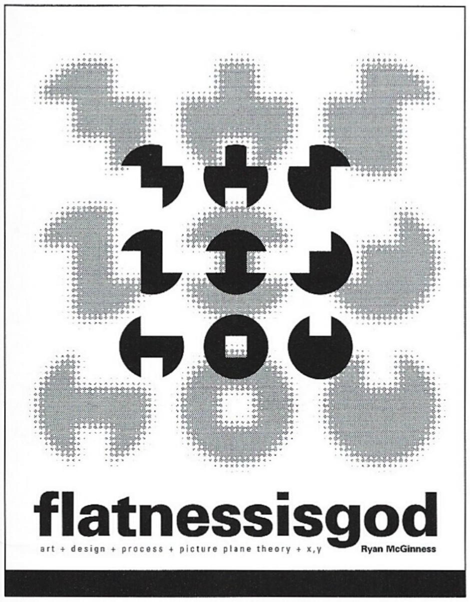

SERIAL KILLER™
CLOTHING & SKATEBOARDS
SK
SERIAL KILLER

124 CENTER ST
EL SEGUNDO, CA 90245
PHONE: 888.CRIME 6
INTERNATIONAL: 310.524.9335
FAX: 310.535.963
WWW.SERIALKILLERINC.CO

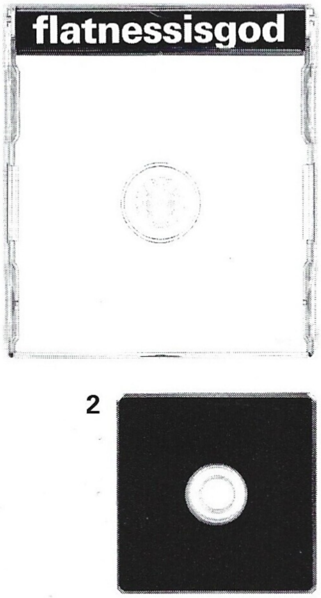
**NEW** from Ryan McGinness

# flatnessisgod

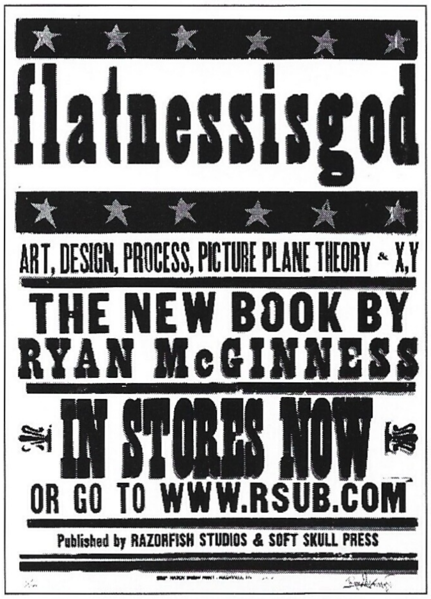
**the book and these fine products**
**available now at www.rsub.com**


flatnessisgod
art + design + process + picture plane theory + x,y
Ryan McGinness

1


flatnessisgod

2



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

flatnessisgod

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ART, DESIGN, PROCESS, PICTURE PLANE THEORY & X,Y

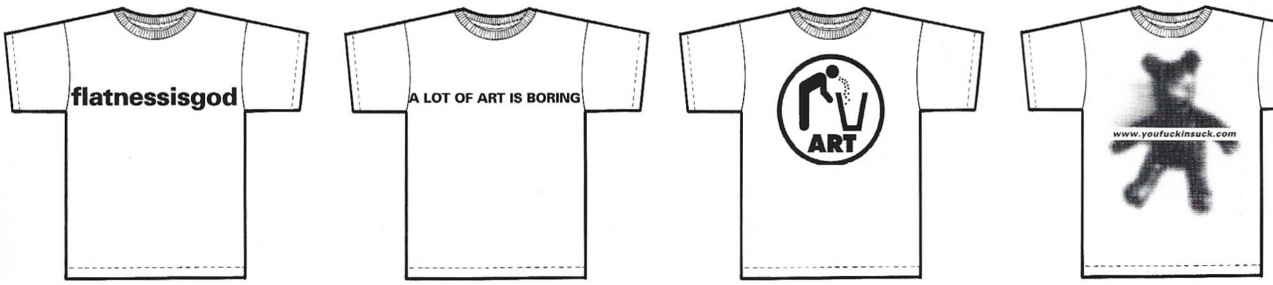
THE NEW BOOK BY
RYAN McGINNESS

IN STORES NOW

OR GO TO WWW.RSUB.COM

Published by RAZORFISH STUDIOS & SOFT SKULL PRESS

3


flatnessisgod
A LOT OF ART IS BORING
ART
www.youfuckinsuck.com

4

1 **the book** so good, you'll want two
2 **the cdrom** actual shape, not actual size
3 **the limited edition poster** signed by the artist, numbered too
4 **t shirts** available in four different styles, which you must have now

# flatnessisgod

art + design + process + picture plane theory + x,y **Ryan McGinness**

Soft Skull Press
VANGUARD PUBLISHERS OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE

razorfish studios

Published by Soft Skull Press + Razorfish Studios (www.softskull.com + www.rsub.com)
Distributed by Consortium Booksellers 1.800.283.3572

copyright 1999 © razorfish studios, inc. razorfish is a registered trademark and the razorfish logo is a trademark of razorfish, inc. all rights reserved.

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

# CONTENTS

Issue 22.0 Sept/Oct '99

**29 That'll Learn Ya**
From mime school to race car camp, a *POPsmear* survey of skewed schools.
*by Parker*

**34 Showgirls!**
A Vegas stripper just piqued your pecker. Here's how to get her from the stage to your sheets.
*by Jennifer Lynn Sweet*

**38 Hell's Molls**
These women help rape, torture and kill other women. What kind of sick chicks stick with sadistic killers?
*by Janice Erlbaum*

**44 Not That Gallagher**
After this interview with Nardwuar, Oasis-sib and *Brother* author Peter Gallagher considers smashing his melon.
*by Nardwuar the Human Serviette*

**63 Cypress Hill's War on Drugs**
Dr. Greenthumb and pals battle the cannabis creature. Didn't anyone warn them that drugs can kill?
*by Frank Meyer and Scott Chernoff*
*photos by Daniel Moss*

**66 Mindfuck Handbook**
Next issue, we'll bring you the Handfuck Mindbook.
*by Mike Hovancsek*

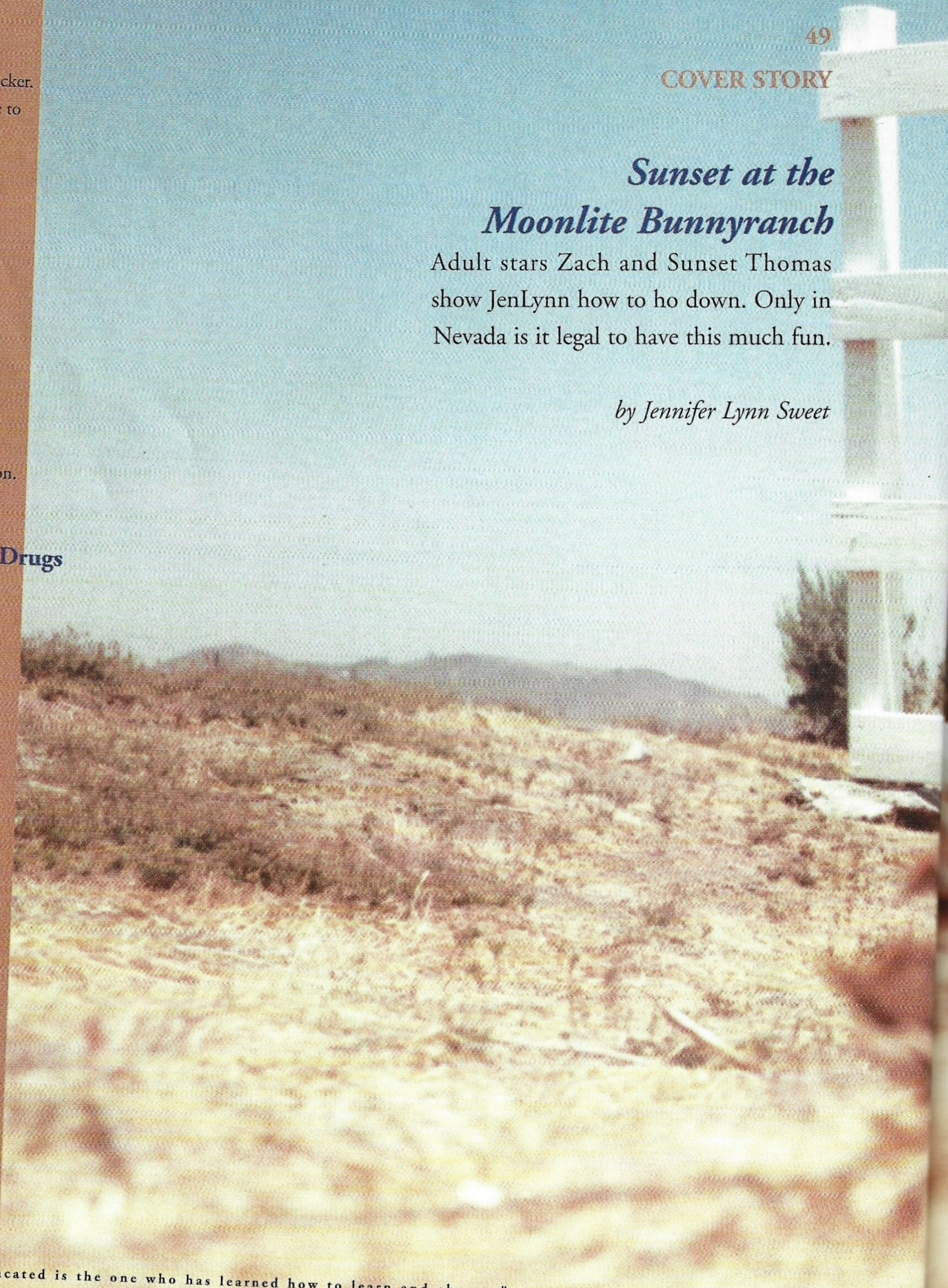
**70 The Thrifty Ear**
24-karat reviews of 50-cent albums. Cheap never sounded so good.
*by Serene Dominic*

**76 Chong & Hard**
A penetrating 7" of pleasure with record-breaking gang-banger Annabel Chong.
*by Rosy Ngo*

49
COVER STORY

***Sunset at the Moonlite Bunnyranch***
Adult stars Zach and Sunset Thomas show JenLynn how to ho down. Only in Nevada is it legal to have this much fun.

*by Jennifer Lynn Sweet*



TELEPHONE NUMBER
1-888-BUNNYRANCH
WARNING
HOT & NASTY
WILD SEX
300 YARDS AHEAD

*12 Notes*

*14 Letters*

*14 Red Meat*

*16 Book of Sick*

*20 ~~Lost and~~ Found*

*20 Ben's Cat*

*72 Obligatory Reviews*

*81 Rev. Richard J. Mackin's Letters*

*82 Rock 'n' Roll Refrigerators*

**Also in this issue:** Warped Tour scrapbook, comparison-shopping for caffeine, Dr. Cynic, RIP Coney Island High, Tarzan toys—plus BONUS words, letters, sentences, pictures and punctuation marks!

All nude models that appear in *POPsmear* are over 18 years old

"Knowledge is gained by learning; trust by doubt; skill by practice; love by love."

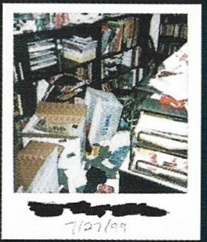
# PUBLISHER'S Intro

by James

*After all is said and done*
*Gotta move I had my fun*
*Let us walk before they make me run*

—The Rolling Stones, "Before They Make Me Run"

[redacted] 7/27/99



[redacted] 7/27/99

[redacted] 7/27/99

Left behind in the *POPsmear* office were these lyrics posted to the door, mounds of garbage and empty baggies with white powder residue—along with a half-finished version of the magazine you hold in your hands.

There is only one Charlie Manson. Only one Mick Jagger. One William Burroughs and one Hunter S. Thompson. So many have tried to follow in their footsteps and failed miserably—we can now add four more casualties to the list. Here is yet another reminder of the trap inherent when grandiose minds fail to make the distinction between reality and fantasy.

The cult of personality that the above-named legends inspired was *earned* through originality and superheroic deeds. Our own cheap imitators missed the whole point by their failure to inspire others. Instead of actually learning the trade, they merely mastered the tricks of the trade. The endless manipulation of others through such cheap tricks as self-conscious aloofness, group drug interactions, 24-hour-a-day porn videos (until the vcr was ruined), endless fucking Rolling Stones music, transparent office politicking and verbal abuse of the staff ended up a pathetic whimper when compared to the roar generated by those they sought to emulate.

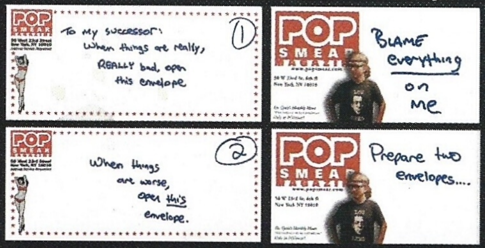
In the course of six months, the drug use that was presented as a "little helper" during the bi-monthly deadline crunch became the sole reason to spend four weeks straight in the offices ingesting coke and booze, competing to see who could stay away from the reality of the outside world for the longest stretch. By the time it all came crashing down on them, most of the rest of the staff had been ex-communicated and reduced to gophers. The only empire that was built was one of resentment.

They looted the company credit card, made obsessive records of their drug buys in the database, stole the petty cash, and quite cowardly never returned or called after being sent home (utterly incoherent) to sober up for two days. But the fearless leader who lead the charge down the toilet had already convinced the others long ago that the end was near. The paranoid knee-jerk reactions to everything that happened outside their small world had readied them for the apocalypse that was sure to come soon. Funny thing is, they never bothered to find out that there was never any intention of firing anyone.

And like every other egomaniacal religious cult—the likes of which these same folks would lampoon as nutcases—the oft predicted Armageddon did come. And like all those days that have been predicted in the past, it ended in a whimper. No fire, no brimstone—not even a hearty "fuck you." They mutely moved out and we all just moved on, leaving those who thought they had to "walk before they make me run" just an empty and fading memory.

That wasn't very Hunter S. Thompson, now was it?

—James



POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

To my successor:
When things are really, REALLY bad, open this envelope

①

BLAME everything on me

When things are worse, open this envelope.

②

Prepare two envelopes....

EDITORIAL DEADLINE
GAME OVER
HOURS

# 22.0
# BLAME

**JAMES** Publisher and Editor-in-Chief *james@popsmear.com*
**ALLISON MORYL** Art Director *allison@popsmear.com*

**Editorial**
Editorial Coordination **Troy Fuss, Parker**
Issue Editors **Janice Erlbaum, Jon Connors, Rosy Ngo**
Staff Writers **Art Rambo, Brian Smith, Dr. Cynic, Frank Meyer, Nardwuar the Human Serviette**
Contributing Writers **Alison Taylor, Brian Czarnik, Dino Everett, Dog Martin, Jack Daly, Jennifer Lynn Sweet, Lou Solomon, M. Raffaele, Martin Gruss, Mike Hovancsek, Pete Tyler, Rev. Richard J. Mackin, Scott Chernoff, Serene Dominic, Stefan Jackson, Steve Dewall, Tom Minarchick,**
Editorial Assistants **Geoff Goodman, Melissa Plaut**

**Art**
Assistant Art Director **Kevin Baier**
Production Manager **Karen Chu**
Designers **Gavin Brack, Max Frey, Rustyn Birch**
Staff Photographers **Abby Gennet, Steven Dewall**
Contributing Photographers **Christine James, David Arcos, Katrina Del Mar, Todd Downing**
Cartoonists **Ivan Brunetti, Max Cannon, Michael Shapiro**
Illustrators **Ben Warren, Greg Houston, Marnie Walfford, Mort Todd**
Digital Scans and Retouching **Josh Ackerman**
Cover Photo **Steven Dewall**

**Advertising**
Director of Advertising **Gina Baker** 310.260.6550, gina@popsmear.com
Advertising Coordination **Pete Tyler**

**Marketing**
Director of Marketing **Jennifer Schmidt** 310.260.6564, jennifers@popsmear.com

**Publicity/Media Relations**
Director of Public Relations **Liz Tarshis** 310.260.6569, liz@popsmear.com

**Props** Agnostic Front, Ann Pryor, Avail, Bouncing Souls, Chris Stevenson, Clowns for Progress, Dropkick Murphys, $H_2O$, Jeb from Side 1 Dummy, Joe Gardiner at *Bizarre*, Lonn Friend, Laurie Pike, Lunachicks, Ng Records, Orange 9mm, Skarhead

**POPsmear NYC**
50 W 23rd St 6th fl, NYC 10010
t: 212.328.2212
f: 212.328.2213
e: popsmearnyc@popsmear.com

**POPsmear West**
100 Wilshire Blvd #1060, Santa Monica CA 90401
t: 310.260.6550
f: 310.260.6565
e: popsmearwest@popsmear.com

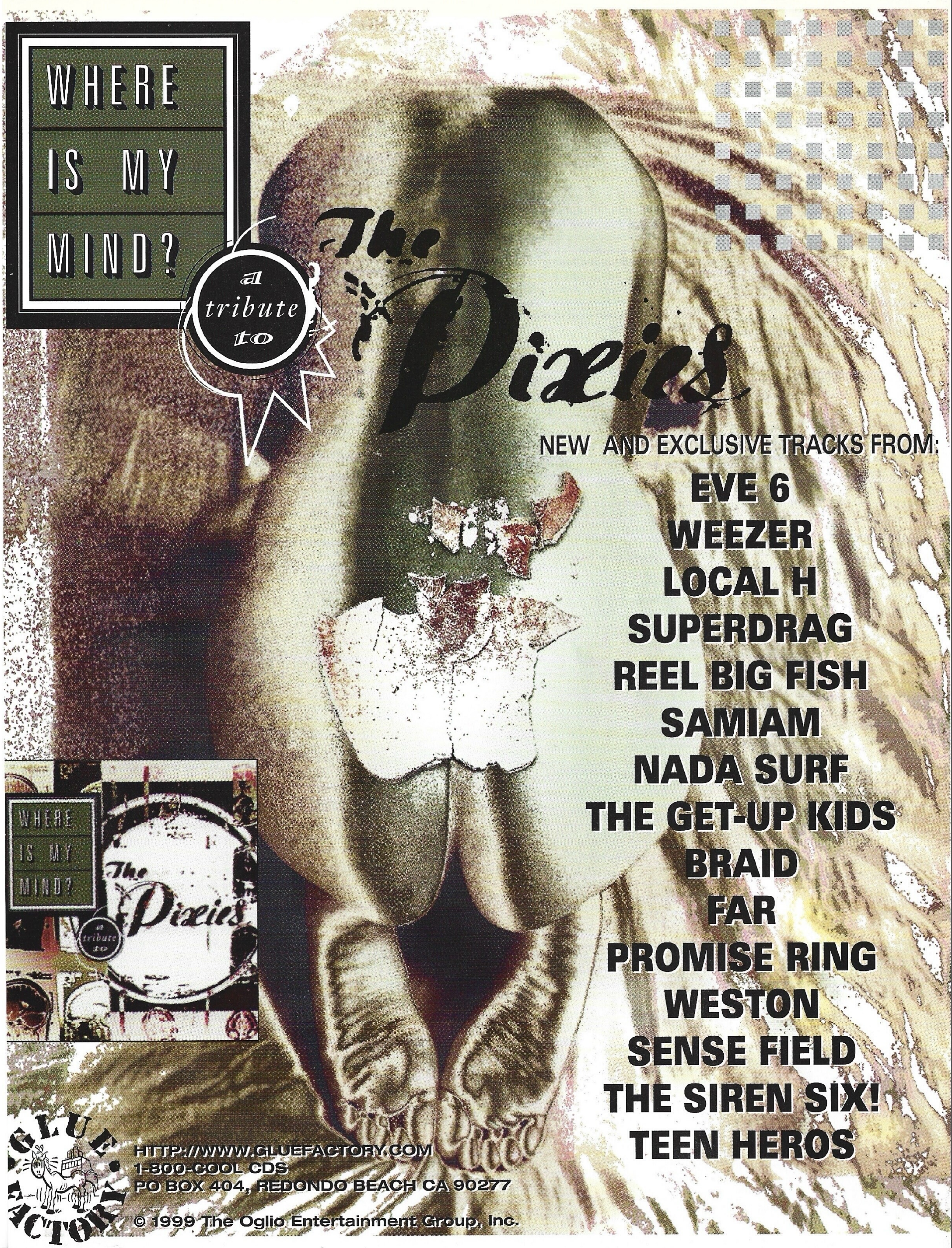
**General Information:** 212.328.2212 x697, rockandroll@popsmear.com

Contents are copyright © 1999 by POPsmear Publications Inc. All rights reserved. PPI assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited editorial or graphic or other material. All rights in letters and unsolicited editorial and graphic material will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes, and material will be subject to PPI's unrestricted right to edit and to comment editorially. *POPsmear Magazine*, the POPsmear Magazine Dynamic Block Logo, popsmear.com, Dr. Cynic and 7" of Pleasure are trademarks of POPsmear Publications Inc. No part of this magazine may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any electronic, mechanical, photocopying or recording means or otherwise without prior written permission of the Publisher.

*POPsmear Magazine* is published by PPI, 50 W 23rd St 6th fl, NYC 10010, six times per year.

Digital PrePress by 1-800 POSTCARDS, 212.271.5505 x624
Created in the United States, printed in Canada by MGM Printing
Legal representation by Jacobson & Colfin, P.C. (NYC)

*POPsmear Magazine*
"I'll tell you one thing, he's not building a playhouse for the children."


WHERE
IS MY
MIND?
The
Pixies
a
tribute
to

# WHERE IS MY MIND?

## a tribute to The Pixies

**NEW AND EXCLUSIVE TRACKS FROM:**

**EVE 6**
**WEEZER**
**LOCAL H**
**SUPERDRAG**
**REEL BIG FISH**
**SAMIAM**
**NADA SURF**
**THE GET-UP KIDS**
**BRAID**
**FAR**
**PROMISE RING**
**WESTON**
**SENSE FIELD**
**THE SIREN SIX!**
**TEEN HEROS**

GLUE FACTORY

HTTP://WWW.GLUEFACTORY.COM
1-800-COOL CDS
PO BOX 404, REDONDO BEACH CA 90277

© 1999 The Oglio Entertainment Group, Inc.

# POP SMEAR MAGAZINE LETTERS

**On answer-duty this ish: the inimitable, the intransigent, the intestinal and the always-insouciant Parker! He's fresh from a relaxing stay at a lesbian separatist farm in Montana, and we've been feeding him buttermilk-and-sushi smoothies to keep his protein up, so he's raring to go...he's frothing at the pants...he's biting my arm...HE'S LOOSE!**

**Just about the time you'll be regaining your freedom, we'll be looking for a new Editor-in-Chief.**

## SMOOTH OPERATOR

Re: Issue #15, *Trimming Your Hedges*

On shaving your bush: I'm quite young and never thought of it. I've done my bikini line before and I have a question. When I did the lotion, you could still see dark hairs under my skin since I'm so pale. What can I do to prevent them? Is there anything? I think I look better with hair than with the dark hairs under my skin. It's nasty.

PS: Tell Jimmy Pop Ali to get his new cd out.

**Jennifer**
**TankGirl54@aol.com**

*Well, the obvious solution to your problem, young Jennifer, is to get rid of that pale skin of yours. I suggest a couple of hours in the sun, sans pants of course, or you could visit one of those fancy tanning salons you hear so much about these days. For a more radical and lasting solution, you could have your bikini area tattooed. And isn't a great-looking snatch worth a few moments of searing pain?*

## WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

*POPsmear,*

The issue with Charles Manson on the cover...well, inside there is a small cartoon of a young girl pregnant with the caption "daddy it's unnatural."

Why?

**Robert**
**AXL1031@aol.com**

*Very observant. It's shocking how many coincidences you can find if you're just willing to look. It also helps if you are under the influence of some mind-expanding substances. For instance, you have to admit that a guy named Robert who has an email address beginning with AXL must be either Rob't Williams, designer of Guns N' Roses'* Appetite for Destruction *album cover, or a dangerous, maniacal G N' R fan who would never be allowed to read POPsmear.*

## LOCKED UP, LOCKED OUT

*POPsmear,*

I'm writing to say thanks for sending me a free copy of your magazine along with the postcards!

I'm sorry to say I did not get to enjoy checking out your magazine or even get to look at the postcards. Due to the stupid rules we have here in this maximum security prison. They tossed both the magazine and postcards in the trash and sent me a non-delivery of mail form, which I have enclosed for your reference.

I have a few months left of time owed to the state and look forward to ordering your magazine upon release.

Keep up the good work.

Again, thank you,
**Jeremy Buchholz #196963**
**5329 Osgood Ave N**
**Stillwater MN 55082-1117**

*Your letter couldn't have arrived at a more opportune time. Just about the time you'll be regaining your freedom, we'll be looking for a new Editor-in-Chief. As you're currently residing smack-dab in between our two offices, I suggest you go directly to the POPsmear West Coast compound. Ask for James.*

## BOTTOM READER

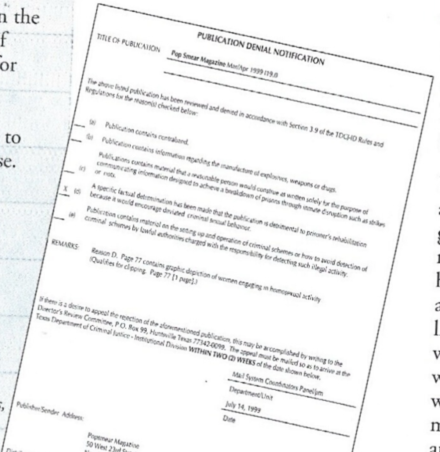
I'm a social worker here in Kentucky (yeah, I see a lot of dirty barefoot people—seriously—funny though, they're better than a whole lot of suits) and I grew up with the whole punk mindset. It made it hard growing up in the sticks and wanting to listen to bands that only printed a trunk load of 45s at a time. But it made me appreciate it more. When I discovered your magazine June 5, 1999 at a comic book store in Bowling Green, KY, I about shit. It's a great read. One question though: Where do the quotes at the bottom of each page—by the page number—come from? They are great!

**Roy.Cockriel@mail.state.ky.us**

*We've managed to dance around that question for years now, but I suppose it's about time that we come clean:*

*You see, those quotes (called "folios" by those in the know) are actually written by a small team of Oompah Loompas we purchased from the great Willie Wonka. Times had gotten tough at the chocolate factory and we picked up some of those little orange bastards dirt-cheap on ebay. The best thing about them is that they don't eat much, they work insanely long hours and you can stuff three at a time into file cabinet drawers. Not to mention, their penchant for trivia could make even Alex Trebek speechless.*

*Get yourself an Oompah Loompa and you, too, will have folios coming out the proverbial wazoo, Roy.*



PUBLICATION DENIAL NOTIFICATION

TITLE OF PUBLICATION Pop Smear Magazine Mar/Apr 1999 119.0

The above listed publication has been reviewed and denied in accordance with Section 3.9 of the TDCJ-ID Rules and Regulations for the reason(s) checked below:

___ (a) Publication contains contraband.
___ (b) Publication contains information regarding the manufacture of explosives, weapons or drugs.
___ (c) Publications contains material that a reasonable person would construe as written solely for the purpose of communicating information designed to achieve a breakdown of prisons through inmate disruption such as strikes or riots.
X (d) A specific factual determination has been made that the publication is detrimental to prisoner's rehabilitation because it would encourage deviated criminal sexual behavior.
___ (e) Publication contains material on the setting up and operation of criminal schemes or how to avoid detection of criminal schemes by lawful authorities charged with the responsibility for detecting such illegal activity.

REMARKS: Reason D. Page 77 contains graphic depiction of women engaging in homosexual activity (Qualifies for clipping. Page 77 [1 page].)

If there is a desire to appeal the rejection of the aforementioned publication, this may be accomplished by writing to the Director's Review Committee, P.O. Box 99, Huntsville Texas 77342-0099. The appeal must be mailed so as to arrive at the Texas Department of Criminal Justice - Institutional Division **WITHIN TWO (2) WEEKS** of the date shown below.

Mail System Coordinators Panel/pm
Department/Unit
July 14, 1999
Date

Publisher/Sender Address:

Popsmear Magazine
50 West 23rd Street
New York NY 10010

Distribution: Vendor Copy
Department/Unit
MSCP Copy

## GOD DAMNED

I just want you to know that putting out a contest for the best roadkill pictures is sick and ignorant. Crazy, sick, half-witted, lowlife bastards are gonna go and run over animals intentionally so they can win your stupid contest. Don't you care about other creatures? Those poor animals have more common sense than any of you who thought up the idea for that stupid contest.

What a horrible thing to do. You should be ashamed of yourselves; but of course you're not, because you are not intellectual enough. It's pretty sad and pitiful that you have nothing better to do than something as sick and twisted as this.

Somebody should run over you and take pictures. Then will it be funny? If you don't want to burn in hell, I'd suggest you end the contest, and that's an honest suggestion, not a threat, because God will handle it, and you won't like the punishment he gives you.

**litlbutterfly2@webtv.net**

*I must admit, we never thought that people would intentionally run down any varmints for our little contest. In fact, most of the staff thinks it would be darn-near impossible—most of the animals we see on the roads these days move awfully fast. We even went so far as to send our own Pete Tyler out in a 1975 Chevy Suburban to take a shot at premeditated vehicular animal homicide.*

*In retrospect, we should apologize. There are actually quite a few slow-moving beasties out there just ripe for the flattening. Swing by sometime and we'll show you the pelts of Pete's first two victims.*

## AC/DC IS OK

*POPsmear,*

Thanks for the mag and sticks. That was beyond nice. Everything was great. Loved the mag and when I get extra green I will buy a subscription.

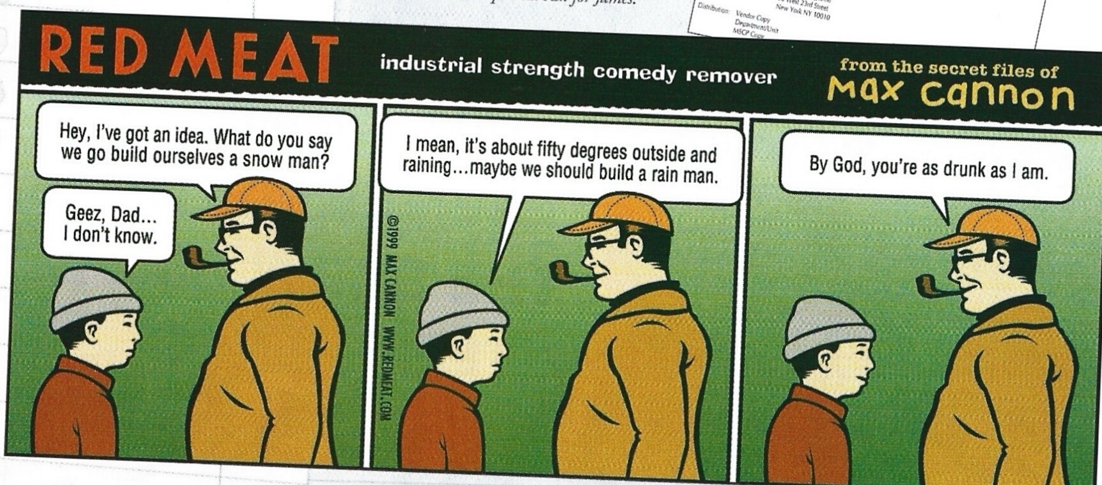
Tell Sadie I said hey! And life is a lot better than what it was 10 to 15 years ago. It's the '90s and I know quite a few guys who would love to date you regardless of who you are or what you have. Matter of fact, a lot of guys around me are looking for more out of life than the average run-of-the-mill white picket fence bullshit. That's the whole reason behind buying the issue with you in it. Hopefully someday I can meet someone of your qualities in my area and we'll both be happy and maybe be able to find some answers to our questions.

Sadie rules and I praise her courage and honesty with herself for doing the story. Take care and I hope you find the answers you seek. Being a child abuse survivor I know what it's like to search for answers and not find them.

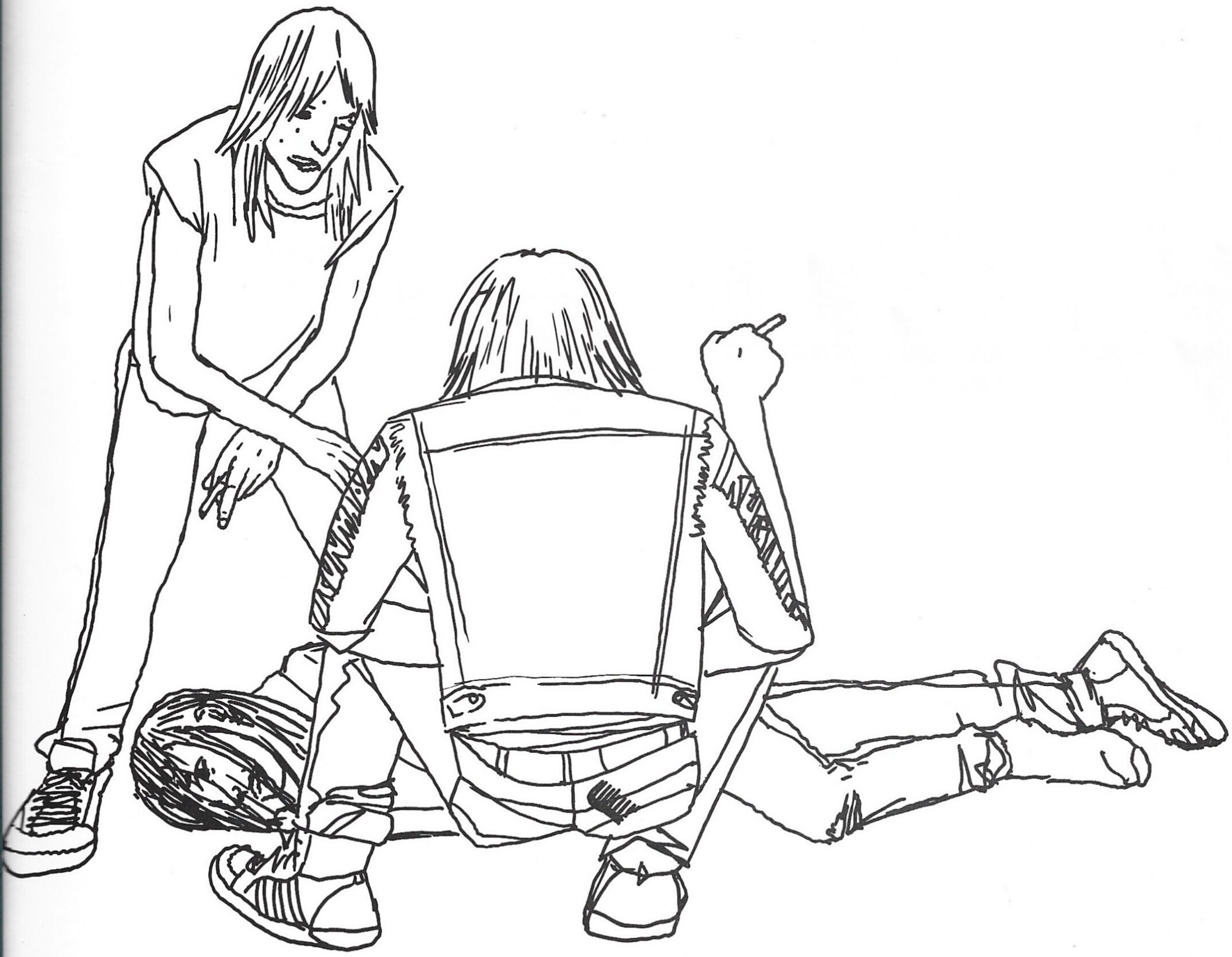
Worlds of happiness in your life with your daughter and, most importantly, yourself.

Love, a friend,
**Scott**
**Chillicothe OH**

*Well, once being a child abused by Survivor, I certainly know what it's like to search for an exit and not find one. You think Sadie has it tough? Three hours, man. Three fucking hours of "Eye of the Tiger." Someone should give me a damn medal.*


RED MEAT
industrial strength comedy remover
from the secret files of
Max Cannon
Hey, I've got an idea. What do you say we go build ourselves a snow man?
Geez, Dad... I don't know.
I mean, it's about fifty degrees outside and raining...maybe we should build a rain man.
©1999 MAX CANNON WWW.REDMEAT.COM
By God, you're as drunk as I am.

# ROYAL TRUX
# VETERANS OF DISORDER



NEW LP/CD OUT NOW! Send $12ppd for LP or CD to DRAG CITY P. O. Box 476867 Chicago, Illinois 60647

Illustration: Geoff McF

## DICKIN' AROUND

James,

I think that the new issue is one of the best in *POPsmear* history. It was a fabulous read throughout and I devoured it in about a day. I was even ready to be pissed off about the article on the nursing home (I'm kind of sensitive about that subject being that my mom is in one), but it was well written and funny without being offensive.

I can't believe you did the blunt article from the Nuttsack. Angelo, Walt and Norwood are so sweet. I have to transcribe the interview I did with them and submit it to you. It's about an hour's worth of phone interview with each of them individually talking about dick. Just dick. Talkin' dick with Fishbone. It's pretty awesome.

But thanks again for putting out such a good publication. I think you rock.

xoxoxo,

**Allison**

**AllisonM@cmj.com**

*I am, at this very moment, ready to be pissed off about this supposed "awesome" interview with the guys in Fishbone. Talking about dick may seem like a humorous or edgy kind of thing to do, but journalists must look at the possible ramifications of their stories. This one strikes pretty close to home here at* POPsmear, *as nearly all members of our Editorial team are known (and none too affectionately, we assume) as "dicks." Sure, there is the odd "dick head" or "dickless" bandied about, but your cavalier attitude toward dick-talk stings.*

**Ad guy Pete Tyler has been laying face-down on the floor for a couple of days now, and that can't be good.**

## ME LOVE YOU LONGTIN

Sometimes editorials get to be tedious. I mean, lately they are just about the only thing left to read in your magazine. I did enjoy the article on Instead (19.0) and no longer have any tampons in the house. And the article this month on murderous children was enjoyable. By the way, my office is decorated with as much *POPsmear* crap as I can manage without getting fired.

**Deborah Longtin**

**Deborah_Longti@THRUWAY.STATE.NY.US**

*Thanks for the support. I'd love to return the favor, but POPsmear has a very strict policy forbidding anyone to post any New York State paraphernalia.*

## TOO MUCH TIME IN HIS HANDS

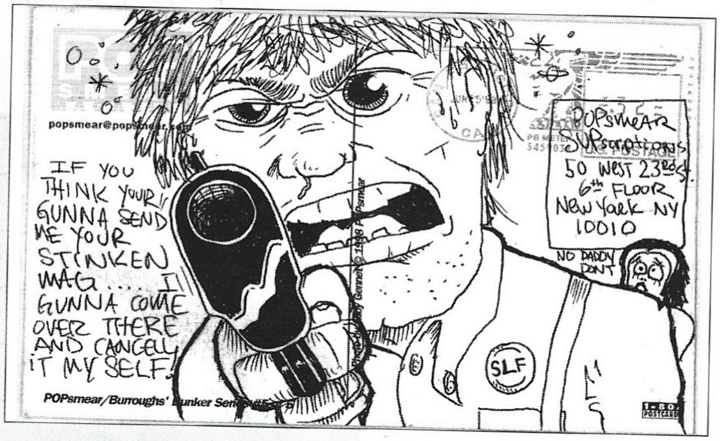
*POPsmear,*

Ever notice how Jane Krakowski, the actress who plays Elaine on Ally McBeal, looks and acts a lot like Juliet Anderson, aka Aunt Peg from '70s porn? Ever notice how the actress who plays Fran on Mad About You looks a lot like the porn actress Madison? You are the only people in the world I know who would appreciate these observations. More Skylar Chase! She is beautiful. Nardwuar rules!!!

**David McKenzie**

**mckenzie@planetc.com**

*Dave, come on. We all know that Angela Landsbury looks like Seka. I look like Ron Jeremy. EVERYBODY looks like a '70s-era porn star. Accept it, embrace it and grow yourself a moustache—you'll be glad you did.*


popsmear@popsmear.com
IF YOU THINK YOUR'R GUNNA SEND ME YOUR STINKEN MAG... I GUNNA COME OVER THERE AND CANCELL IT MY SELF!
POPsmear SUPscriptions 50 WEST 23rd St. 6th FLOOR New York NY 10010
NO DADDY DON'T
SLF
© 1998 POPsmear
POPsmear/Burroughs' Bunker Series
1.80 POSTCARD

## NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE

I am interested in trying to get a back issue of *POPsmear* 19.0. I found the address once but am having trouble locating it again. Is it an even $5 or is there a shipping and handling fee as well? Also, is there a store in Wichita, Kan. that carries this magazine? Thanks.

**John Gardner**

**jgardner@feist.com**

*You know, it's funny that you ask. Just the other day, we were discussing this very issue in a staff meeting, and we don't know.*

## SAUCY AND DELICIOUS

I was extremely hung over, because I had woken up at 5 am so dehydrated that I couldn't get back to sleep, and so, in effect, was still drunk and on my way to work when I thought I'd stop in the deli and buy something to drink. I stood in front of the soda rack, then moved to the juice aisle, then over to the water, then back to the Gatorade, then my mind began to swim violently, and I paused in front of the magazine rack so that I wouldn't fall over and vomit, when your magazine caught my eye. I remembered that when I worked in the comic book store you sent a promo that the manager was going to throw away so I kept it. I liked it. Then once on the street there was this orphan/waif-looking girl with a card table selling issues and I bought one. I like it. So instead of much-needed liquid I shelled out $3.95 (actually, I gave the guy two bucks and he pretty much tackled me for the rest as I attempted to walk out of the store) and bought your mag. Despite the frivolous overuse of the word "delicious," I would say you still have a fine magazine. Maybe I'm just saying that because I'm drunk, but you'd probably be used to that by now.

PS: Emily Flake is a fine young talent, but Mike Gorman can eat my ass because of inconsistencies with his drawing and the story and because I like to criticize a lot.

**Meg**

**Brooklyn**

*Thank you for your delicious letter. I'd like to empathize, but I haven't been hung over in months. Of course, I haven't been sober long enough to feel any ill-effects, either. I can't get enough of that delicious whisky. I'm glad that you found our magazine tasty—dare I say delicious?*

*As for Mike Gorman, he may well take you up on your proposed ass-munching. There's nothing he finds more delicious than a fresh slab of Brooklyn butt. Mmmm…it sounds pretty darn delicious to me!*

## WHAT ABOUT MUSKRAT LOVE?

Hey. Ya know, that article on fag hating might have prompted people to not like gay people and the people who bash them. 'Cause, you know, people are gay sometimes and they like to fuck and shit. So other people would tend to think that maybe your magazine is promoting gerbilling as a sexual practice, and that's not fair to the people who hate rodents.

That's all that I have to say.

**Bryan "Poopmaster J" O'Neill**

**stabsatan@juno.com**

*Luckily, according to the good people at the Westboro Baptist Church, God also hates all manner of rodents. He also hates people who hate rodents. And we have it on good authority that he's really pissed at people who hate rodents who write letters to magazines who keep rodents in their offices.*

*If I were you, I'd get some old-time religion toot sweet. As for me, I'm pretty sure I can get that third rat up my ass, if for no other reason, to spare him the wrath of this vengeful God.*

## TIME IS NOT ON HIS SIDE

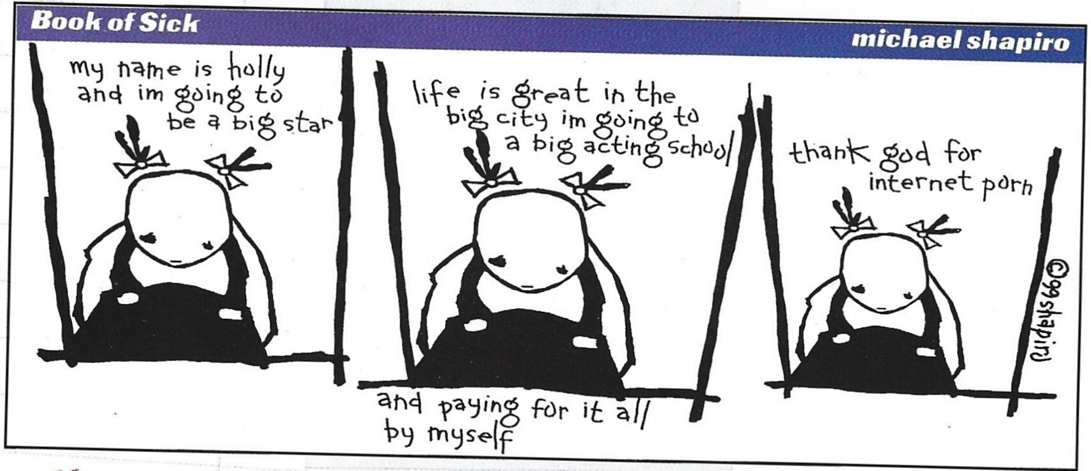
Being bored at work, I often read *Time*, which only frustrates me. I have written many letters to *Time* responding to articles like corporate welfare and so on. I write these letters hoping they'll be printed, in order to possibly wake some fuckers up. In one issue they used the picture of a starving Ethiopian child to promote their rich-orientated magazine. Disgusting. My point is, *POPsmear* revitalizes my hope by speaking up with truth and perception. Too many people have become hopeless and desensitized. We need to unite and revolt. I don't know, maybe I'm too anxious. Thanks for being real. And real fun!

**Name withheld**

**(Actually, name never submitted.)**

**Aislinn, NJ**

*Boy! I guess some people DO believe everything they read. We've been pretty low on truth these days, and our collective perception isn't much to brag about either. As for those "hopeless and desensitized" people, they'll always have a place with us. In fact, a position is likely to open up soon. Ad guy Pete Tyler has been laying face-down on the floor for a couple of days now, and that can't be good.*

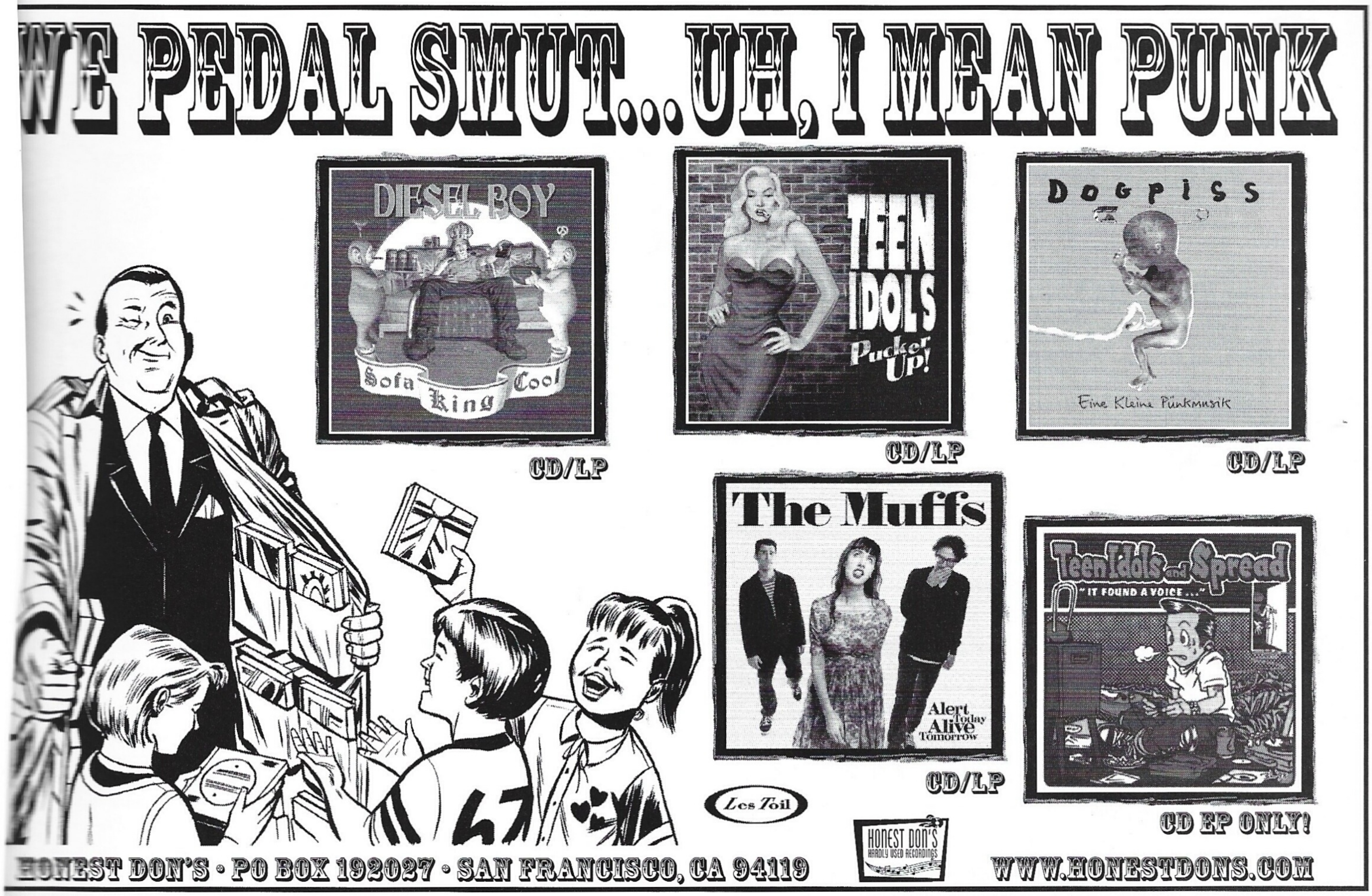

Book of Sick
michael shapiro
my name is holly and im going to be a big star
life is great in the big city im going to a big acting school
thank god for internet porn
and paying for it all by myself
©99shapiro

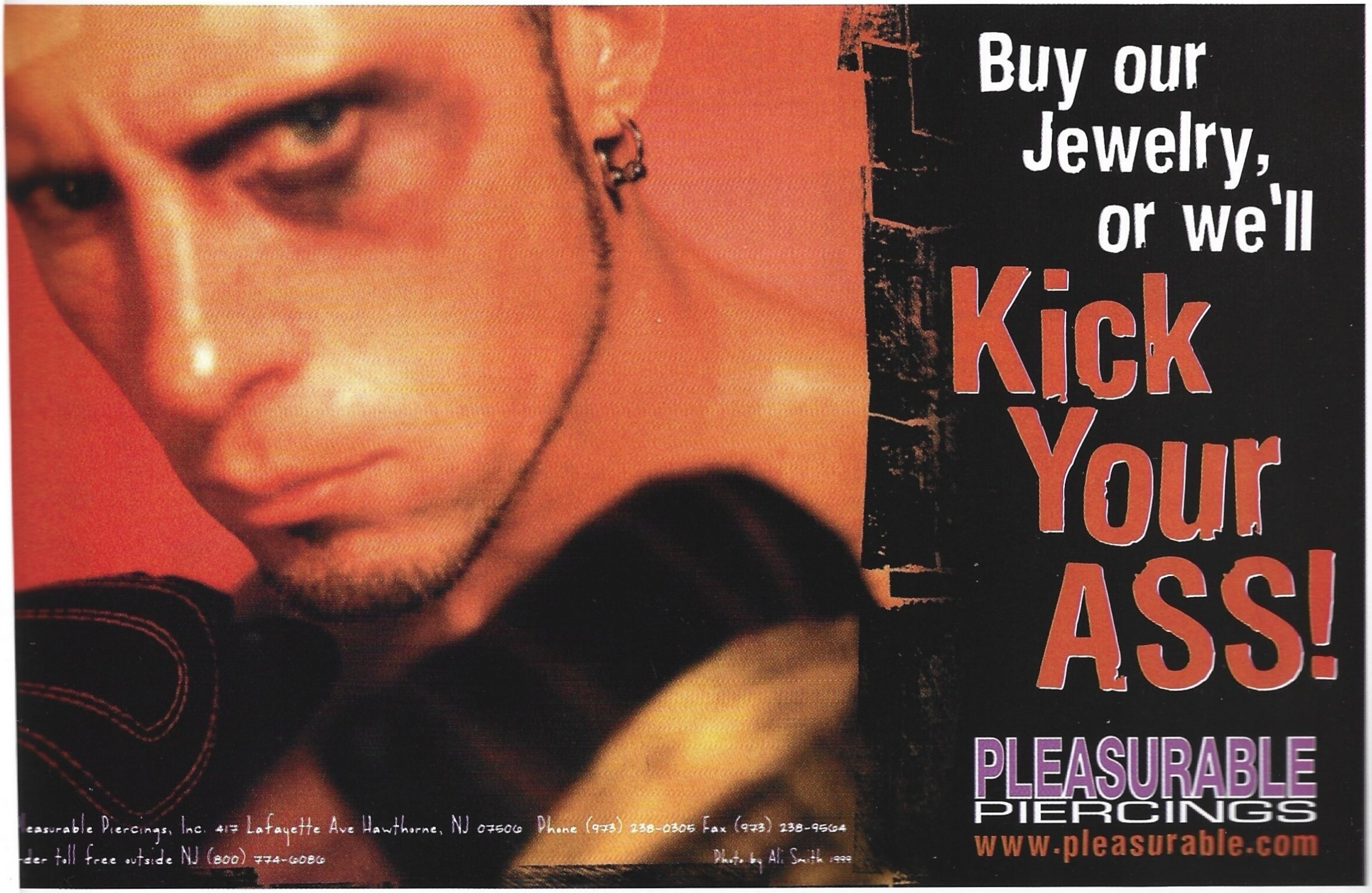
## TELL SOMEONE WHO CARES!

**Call the *POPsmear* Response Line**
**24 hours a day!**
**212.328.2212 x697**

***POPsmear* Magazine**
**50 W 23rd St 6th fl NYC 10010**
**fax: 212.328.2213**
**email: fullmoon@popsmear.com**
**popsmear.com**

Letters may be edited for space and clarity and may appear in electronic versions of *POPsmear*.

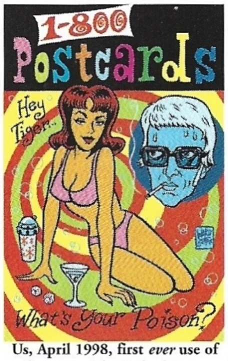

WE PEDAL SMUT...UH, I MEAN PUNK
DIESEL BOY
Sofa King Cool
CD/LP
TEEN IDOLS
Pucker Up!
CD/LP
DOGPISS
Eine Kleine Pünkmusik
CD/LP
The Muffs
Alert Today Alive Tomorrow
CD/LP
Teen Idols and Spread
"IT FOUND A VOICE..."
CD EP ONLY!
Les Toil
HONEST DON'S HARDLY USED RECORDINGS
HONEST DON'S • PO BOX 192027 • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119
WWW.HONESTDONS.COM


Buy our
Jewelry,
or we'll
Kick
Your
ASS!
PLEASURABLE
PIERCINGS
www.pleasurable.com
leasurable Piercings, Inc. 417 Lafayette Ave Hawthorne, NJ 07506 Phone (973) 238-0305 Fax (973) 238-9564
der toll free outside NJ (800) 774-6086
Photo by Ali Smith 1999

# Separated At Birth?

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE → IMPLOSION → IMPLOSION POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

## IMPLOSION MAGAZINE:
## WE'RE ON TO YOU!


1-800
Postcards
Hey Tiger...
What's Your Poison?

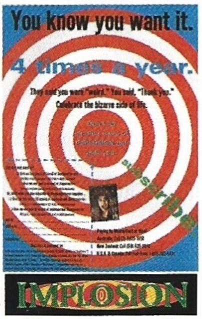
Us, April 1998, first *ever* use of hypno-swirly circle thingy.

*It is better to fail in originality than to succeed in imitation.*—**Herman Melville**

We've all heard that we each have a twin somewhere, right? I'm a fairly plain-looking guy, and I think I've run into several of my doppelgangers over the years. One of the cheesiest bar pick-up lines is "Don't I know you from somewhere?" and it works because it's possible: People *do* look a lot alike, generally speaking. Most of us have a pair of arms, a couple legs, matching eyes, etc. There are variations on the theme, of course, but we're obviously all cut of the same cloth.

What about bigger things? Science fiction writers, physicists and philosophers alike have theorized the existence of duplicate universes for years. There is a casino in Las Vegas that is supposed to be a second New York City (although I imagine they can't truck in enough urine for the smell).

And yet, some things just seem unique. I thought *POPsmear* was one of those things, a rogue singularity in the publishing world. Considering the work, heartache and financial suicide that go into each issue, it's amazing anyone else would even want to do the same thing. But someone did. And does.


You know you want it.
4 times a year.
They said you were "weird." You said, "Thank you." Celebrate the bizarre side of life.
subscribe
IMPLOSION

Them, this year, *totally* stealing our gimmick!

*Implosion* is an Orlando-based magazine that looks more than just a little familiar to me. At first blush, I saw a few obvious similarities to *POPsmear*. Then I looked at their website and re-read the magazine. I think you'll agree that if imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery, *Implosion* must want to have *POPsmear*'s baby.

*Implosion* is the magazine-arm of Implosion Publishing Inc., which, among other things, is a postcard printing company.

*POPsmear* is the magazine-arm of POPsmear Publishing Inc., which once included a postcard printing company (now 1-800 POSTCARDS).

Our pleasant little rats.

*Implosion* runs pithy little one-liners on the bottom of each of their pages (folios). *POPsmear* has done this since October '97.

*Implosion* keeps three pet rabbits. *POPsmear* has three pet rats.

*Implosion* ran a story on Nashville Pussy in March '99. *POPsmear* ran a story on Nashville Pussy in July '98.

*Implosion* runs "Letter-Writing Can Be Fun" in the back of the magazine. It is a consumer-complaint letter run with the corporate reply; intended to generate a humorous response. *POPsmear* runs "Reverend Richard J. Mackin's Letters" in the back of every issue. It is a consumer-complaint letter run with the corporate reply; intended to generate a humorous response.

*Implosion* is distributed by Deyco Inc. *POPsmear* is distributed by Deyco Inc.

*Implosion*'s Editor writes on their website "It just makes me so mad!" *POPsmear*'s former Editor-In-Chief is often heard remarking "It just makes me so mad!"

*Implosion* names Nick Zedd as their Most Eccentric Personality #8. *POPsmear*'s former Director of Advertising Pete Tyler once broke Nick Zedd's nose in a bar brawl.

*Implosion* names Larry Flynt as their Most Eccentric Personality #6. *POPsmear* publisher James owns a gold wheelchair.

*Implosion* names Andy Kaufman as their Most Eccentric Personality #5. Former *POPsmear* Submissions Editor Parker is currently employed by Andy Kaufman's brother Michael.

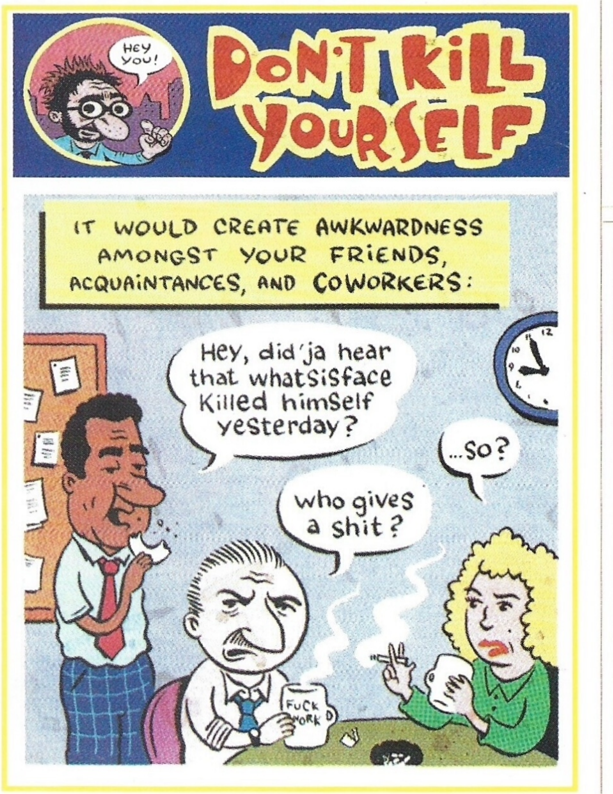
*Implosion* once offered a sampler cd featuring, among other bands, the Beat Angels. *POPsmear* Staff Writer Brian Smith is the lead vocalist of the Beat Angels.

*Implosion* ran a feature on Apopleptic Holiday Bashing Cards, an obscure series of Canadian anti-holiday greeting cards, way back in December '96. *POPsmear* ran a feature on Apopleptic Holiday Bashing Cards, an obscure series of Canadian anti-holiday greeting cards, way back in the summer of '96.

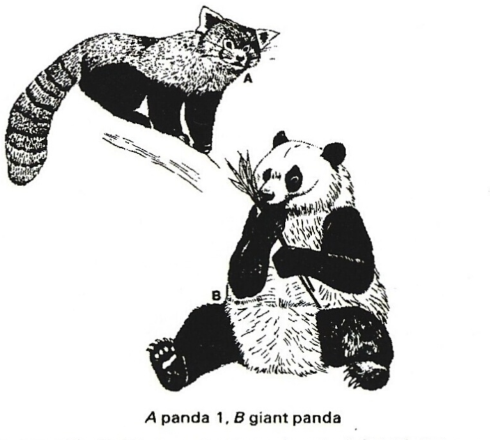
Their extremely evil, plague-carrying rodents.

Coincidence? I think not. But don't take my word for it. You can keep your eye on them at implosion-mag.com. I know I will.—**Parker**

You can also contact those sneaky knock-off artists at Implosion Publishing Inc. 1921 E Colonial Drive Orlando FL 32803 or call them at 407.898.5573. Their subscriptions are $14 for a measly four issues. Honestly, it's not a bad bit of writing. But really, which magazine are you reading right now? I rest my case.


HEY YOU!
DON'T KILL YOURSELF
IT WOULD CREATE AWKWARDNESS AMONGST YOUR FRIENDS, ACQUAINTANCES, AND COWORKERS:
Hey, did'ja hear that whatsisface Killed himself yesterday?
...So?
who gives a shit?
FUCK WORK

**pan·da** \ˈpan-də\ *n* ⌊F, perh. fr. a language of the southeast Himalayas⌋ (1835) **1 :** a long-tailed largely herbivorous mammal (*Ailurus fulgens*) that is related to and resembles the American raccoon, has long rusty or chestnut fur, and is found from the Himalayas to China **2 :** GIANT PANDA



*A* panda 1, *B* giant panda

**panda car** *n* [fr. its black and white coloration] (1967) *Brit* **:** a police patrol car hich once

bottom of
this since

has three

March '99.
y '98.
n the back
letter run
POPsmear
ssue. It is a
o generate

Inc.
POPsmear's
so mad!"
ar's former
bar brawl.
POPsmear

#5. Former
by Andy

nely evil,
g rodents.

our eye on

Drive Orlando
nestly, it's not a

---

# Warped Tour '99 Scrapbook

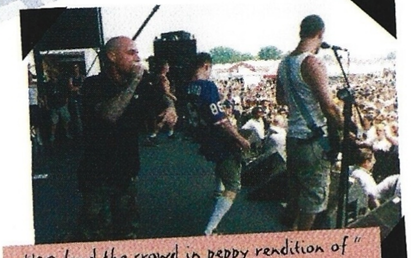
For reasons still unclear, POPsmear decided to spend time on the Warped Tour this summer season. Jon Connors and Pete Tyler drew the short straws when the northeast leg of the tour rolled around, and set off on this mobile vortex of pain with nothing but Jon's '93 Toyota Corolla, a $15 dollar Kmart tent, and seven tons of POPsmear ballast...um, I mean, quality merchandise. When they returned four days later, they had lost a collective 80 pounds and wouldn't stop mumbling "and then I turned on the tv." While scrubbing the dust off of them we found a six pack of Pabst, a steering wheel, and a small child. All donations will be forwarded to the victim's families.

VANS WARPED TOUR '99

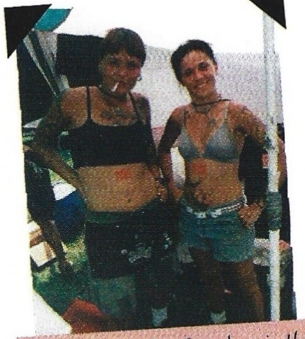
AVAIL

AMAZING CROWNS

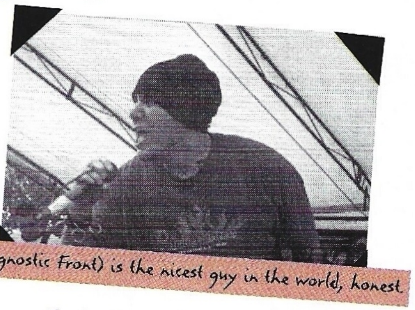
POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
popsmear.com



H2O lead the crowd in peppy rendition of "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree"



Pete and Jon after four days in the emasculating Warped Tour heat



Roger (Agnostic Front) is the nicest guy in the world, honest.

LUNACHICKS

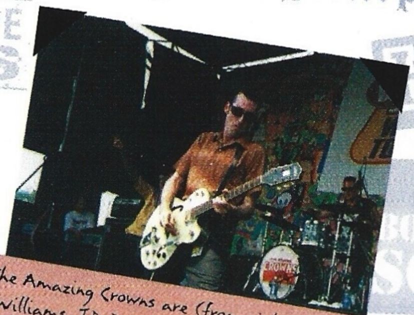
Dropkick Murphys

LOWER EAST SIDE STITCHES

H2O

CFP

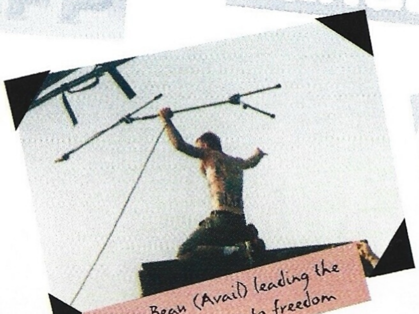
Vandals



The Amazing Crowns are (from right to left): Judd Williams, J.D. Burgess, Jason Kendall, some dude stealing their shit, and Jack Hanlon (not shown).

THE BOUNCING SOULS

blink-182-



Beau Bean (Avail) leading the huddled masses to freedom

SKA HEAD

The Living End

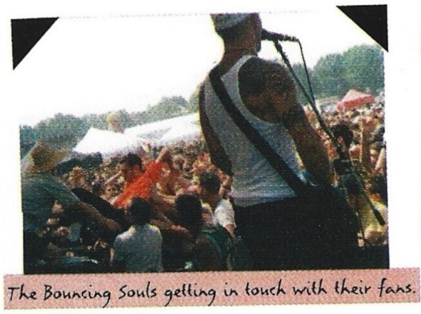
AGNOSTIC FRONT

PENNYWISE

Photos by Jon Connors

These children live in makeshift huts, and have to drink from the same filthy water in which animals bathe. For just 75 cents a day...

In a rare fit of good taste, God soothes the burning crowd with delicious and refreshing POPsmear stickers



The Bouncing Souls getting in touch with their fans.

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

ROYAL CROWN REVUE

# Caffeine! Caffeine? Caffeine... Cocaine!!!

***No drugs? No connection?*** Guess you student-types will have to use the old stand-by, caffeine. For almost 5000 years, sleep-deprived folks have been turning to God's speed for encouragement and alertness. Mountain Dew was always supposed to be the poor man's methamphetamine, right? Hey, I'll just drink me a Coke; I'll be fine, right? Well, not when you look at the numbers.

So where is a cash-strapped schoolboy supposed to turn for a little pick-me-up? Perhaps you should consider these little high-powered gems:

| PRODUCT | SERVING SIZE | CAFFEINE (MG) |
|---|---|---|
| Starbucks coffee grande | 16 ounces | 550 |
| NoDoz, maximum strength; Vivarin | 1 tablet | 200 |
| Coffee, brewed | 8 ounces | 135 |
| Excedrin | 2 tablets | 130 |
| Ben & Jerry's No Fat Coffee Fudge Frozen Yogurt | 1 cup | 85 |
| Anacin | 2 tablets | 64 |
| Häagen-Dazs Coffee Ice Cream | 1 cup | 58 |
| Mountain Dew | 12 ounces | 55 |
| Coca-Cola | 12 ounces | 45 |
| Sunkist Orange Soda | 12 ounces | 40 |
| Pepsi-Cola | 12 ounces | 37 |
| Hershey Bar | 1 bar (1.5 ounces) | 10 |
| Coffee, decaffeinated | 8 ounces | 5 |
| Stonyfield Farm Cappuccino Yogurt | 8 ounces | 0 |

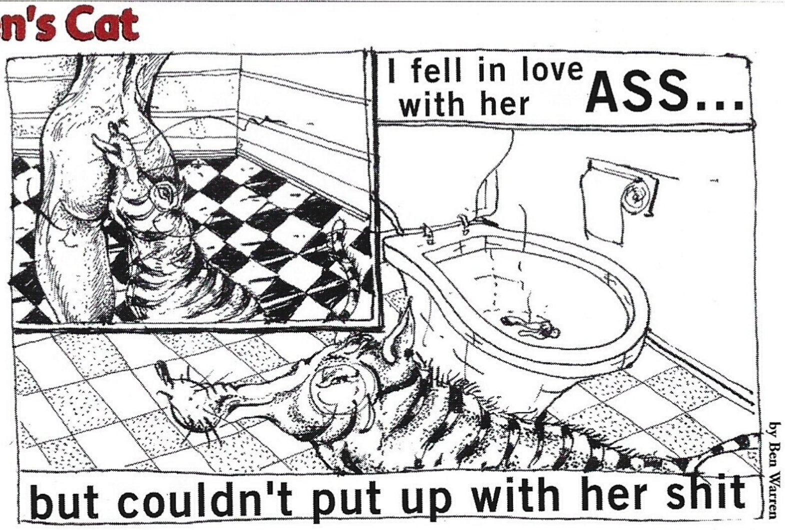
As you can see, Starbucks has your best interests at heart, and they'll give you a 550 mg boost all in one cup! A couple of those should get you through any finals you have coming up. Steer clear of those Stonyfield Farm guys—even supposedly decaffeinated coffee has more juice than their "cappuccino" yogurt.

Of course, after four or five all-night procrastination sessions, you may find these puny "mg" Starbucks doses no longer do the job for your cramming. You'll find yourself staying up 'til sunrise, books open, concentration shot. That's when you'll know it's finally time to graduate, time to move up to the exciting, fascinating and expensive world of cocaine.

Since we at *POPsmear* have experience in this area, we can safely recommend you do not use your own dwindling cash supply to finance your binges; instead, begin to hit up others for money right away. Borrowing money from gullible parents is the most reliable option, but don't rule out lying to your friends, many of whom probably have parents richer than your own. Eventually, you'll find that in a pinch you can always barter for stuff by sucking dick. Knob-jobbing the right fellas should keep you rolling in blow for days on end. (Yes boys, this does seem weird at first, but it's really a lot easier than you think!)

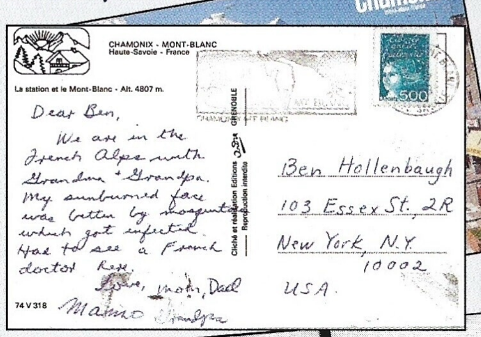
BEWARE: The lethal dose of caffeine is a mere 5000 mg, so be sure to use your last jittery, attention-deprived burst of energy to sign your will as you down that ninth coffee grande, Shakes! And before going out dicksucking be sure to remember: you've embarked on the road to fuckin' hell. Have fun and good luck!—by a nameless cokehead

## Ben's Cat


I fell in love with her ASS...
but couldn't put up with her shit
by Ben Warren

# ~~LOST~~ & FOUND

**FOUND:** Essex & Delancey, NYC
submitted by Parker


chamonix

CHAMONIX - MONT-BLANC
Haute-Savoie - France

La station et le Mont-Blanc - Alt. 4807 m.

Clichè et réalisation Editions GRENOBLE
Reproduction interdite

Dear Ben,

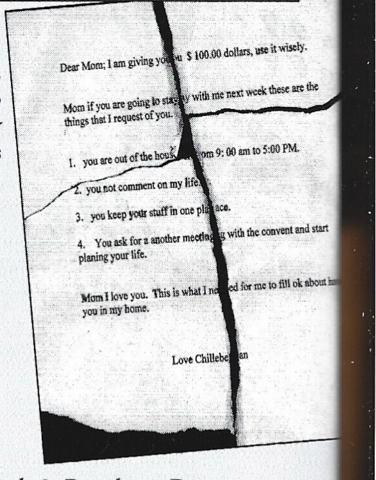
We are in the French Alps with Grandma + Grandpa. My sunburned face was bitten by mosquitos which got infected. Had to see a French doctor here.

Love, Mom, Dad
Mamo Grandpa

74 V 318

Ben Hollenbaugh
103 Essex St. 2R
New York, N.Y.
10002
USA.

**FOUND:**
8th Ave & Auza,
San Francisco
submitted by
Alicia Zonis


Dear Mom; I am giving yo u $ 100.00 dollars, use it wisely.

Mom if you are going to stay y with me next week these are the things that I request of you.

1. you are out of the hous om 9: 00 am to 5:00 PM.
2. you not comment on my life.
3. you keep your stuff in one pla ace.
4. You ask for a another meeting g with the convent and start planing your life.

Mom I love you. This is what I ne ed for me to fill ok about h you in my home.

Love Chillebe an

**FOUND:** Ellsworth & Broadway, Denver
submitted by Courtney "XL t-shirt" Sexton

TO MY DEAREST POP SMEAR,

YOU ROCK!
YOU RULE!
YOU ARE THE BULLY OF THE MUTHAFUK'N SKULE!

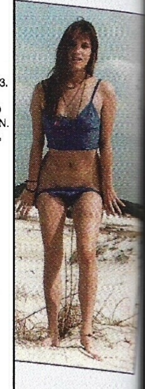
I HAVE ENCLOSED THREE PHOTOS FOR YOUR "LOST & FOUND" DEPARTMENT. THEY ARE DATED ON THE BACK FEB.10 & FEB.6 OF 1993.

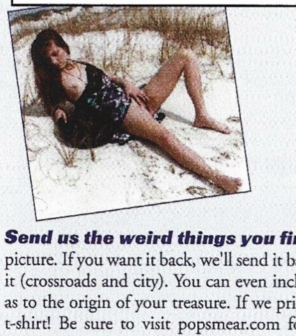
I THINK THAT THE FINE YOUNG LADY IS POSING FOR HER NEWLY-WED HUSBAND (wedding ring), ON THEIR TROPICAL PARADISE HONEY MOON. WHEN THEY RETURNED HOME AND HAD THE PICTURES DEVELOPED, THEY LEFT THEM LYING ON THE KITCHEN TABLE. WHEN THE GIRL'S MOTHER STOPPED BY UNANNOUNCED, THE HUSBAND QUICKLY STASHED THE PHOTOS IN A STAR WARS BOOK, TO SAVE HIS NEW MOTHER-IN-LAW FROM LEARNING THE TRUTH OF HER DAUGHTER'S SINFUL SASSINESS. IN THE CONFUSION, ON HIS WAY BACK FROM THE BOOK CASE, THE HUSBAND SLIPPED AND FELL DOWN THE STAIRS TO HIS DEATH. THE GIRL HADN'T SEEN HER POOR LOVE DUMPLING PUTTING AWAY THE PORN, AND HAD NO IDEA WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO IT. AFTER A FEW YEARS, THE WIDOW THOUGHT IT MIGHT EASE HER PAIN IF SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO SEE ALL THE THINGS THAT CONSTANTLY REMINDED HER OF HER LOSS. SO SHE PACKED UP HIS CLOTHES, HIS CHILDREN FORM A PREVIOUS MARRIAGE, AND HIS STAR WARS BOOK COLLECTION, AND GAVE THEM AWAY.

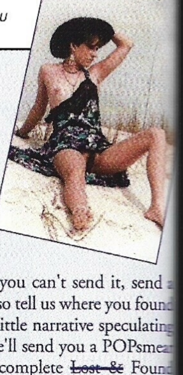
THAT'S HOW THE BOOK AND THE PICTURES MADE IT TO A LITTLE USED BOOKSTORE, ON ELSWORTH & BROADWAY IN DENVER, WHERE I FOUND THEM. I DIDN'T BUY THE BOOK, BUT I KEPT THE PICTURES. IS THAT SHOP LIFTING?

*COURTNEY (XL T-SHRT) SEXTON*

*P.S. I'VE ALSO ENCLOSED A COUPLE OF NEOPRINTS FOR YOU OF ME AND MY FRIEND MELISSA (SHE'S THE GIRL)*







***Send us the weird things you find!*** If you can't send it, send a picture. If you want it back, we'll send it back. Also tell us where you foun it (crossroads and city). You can even include a little narrative speculatin as to the origin of your treasure. If we print it we'll send you a POPsmea t-shirt! Be sure to visit popsmear.com for the complete ~~Lost &~~ Foun archive, as well as many that haven't (or can't!) run in the magazine.

~~LOST~~ & FOUND
***POPsmear*** Magazine
50 W 23rd St 6th fl
NYC 10010

...llars, use it wisely.

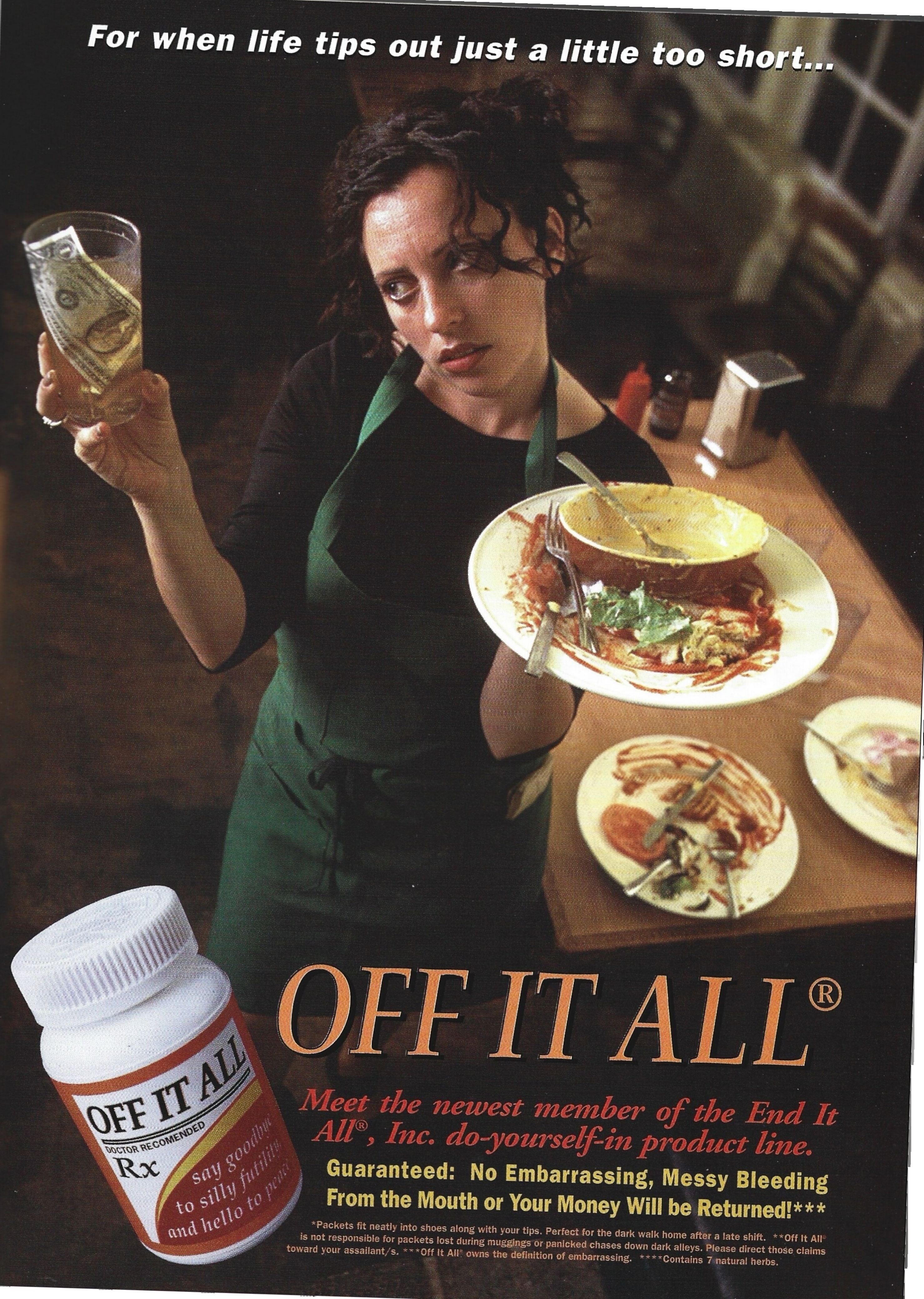
...week these are the

... am to 5:00 PM.

...with the convent and start

...for me to fill ok about havi...

...end it, send a
...ere you found
...re speculating
... a POPsmear
~~...ost &~~ Found
...agazine.


For when life tips out just a little too short...
OFF IT ALL
DOCTOR RECOMENDED
Rx
say goodbye to silly futility and hello to peace

# OFF IT ALL®

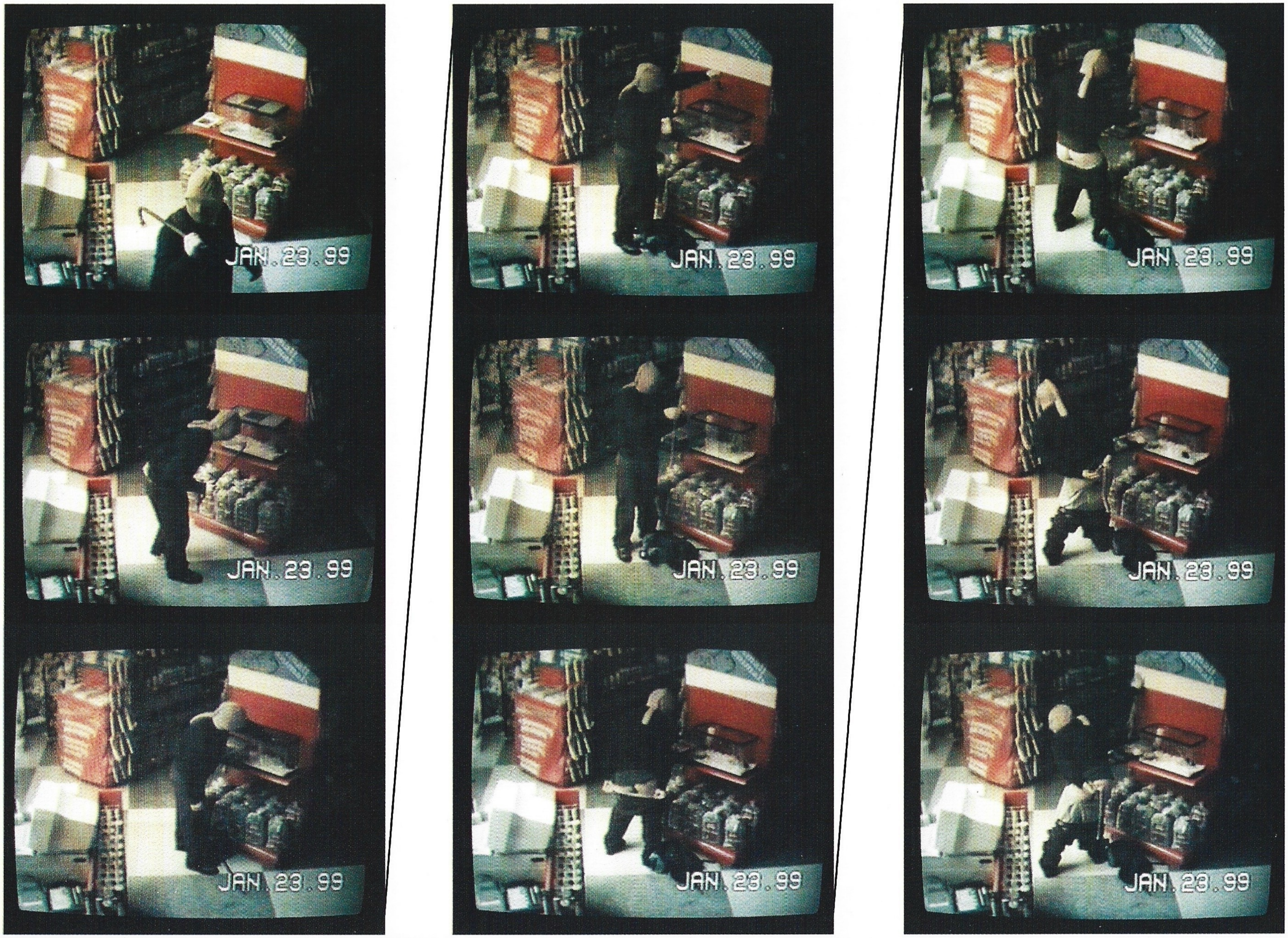
*Meet the newest member of the End It All®, Inc. do-yourself-in product line.*

**Guaranteed: No Embarrassing, Messy Bleeding From the Mouth or Your Money Will be Returned!*****

*Packets fit neatly into shoes along with your tips. Perfect for the dark walk home after a late shift. **Off It All® is not responsible for packets lost during muggings or panicked chases down dark alleys. Please direct those claims toward your assailant/s. ***Off It All® owns the definition of embarrassing. ****Contains 7 natural herbs.

# Pet Store Intruder

### *Surveillance Stills by Abby Gennet*


JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99
JAN.23.99

[illegible] Abby Gennet is very unassuming when you meet her. A nice, pleasant girl. Pretty normal, pretty normal. Ha! Take a look at her website www.prommom.com, kids. She's da freak! email: abby@popsmear.com

*POPsmear* Staff Photographer **Abby Gennet** is very unassuming when you meet her. A nice, pleasant girl. Pretty, normal, pretty normal. Ha! Take a look at her website www.prommom.com, kids. She's da freak! email: abby@popsmear.com

# CONEY ISLAND BYE BYE

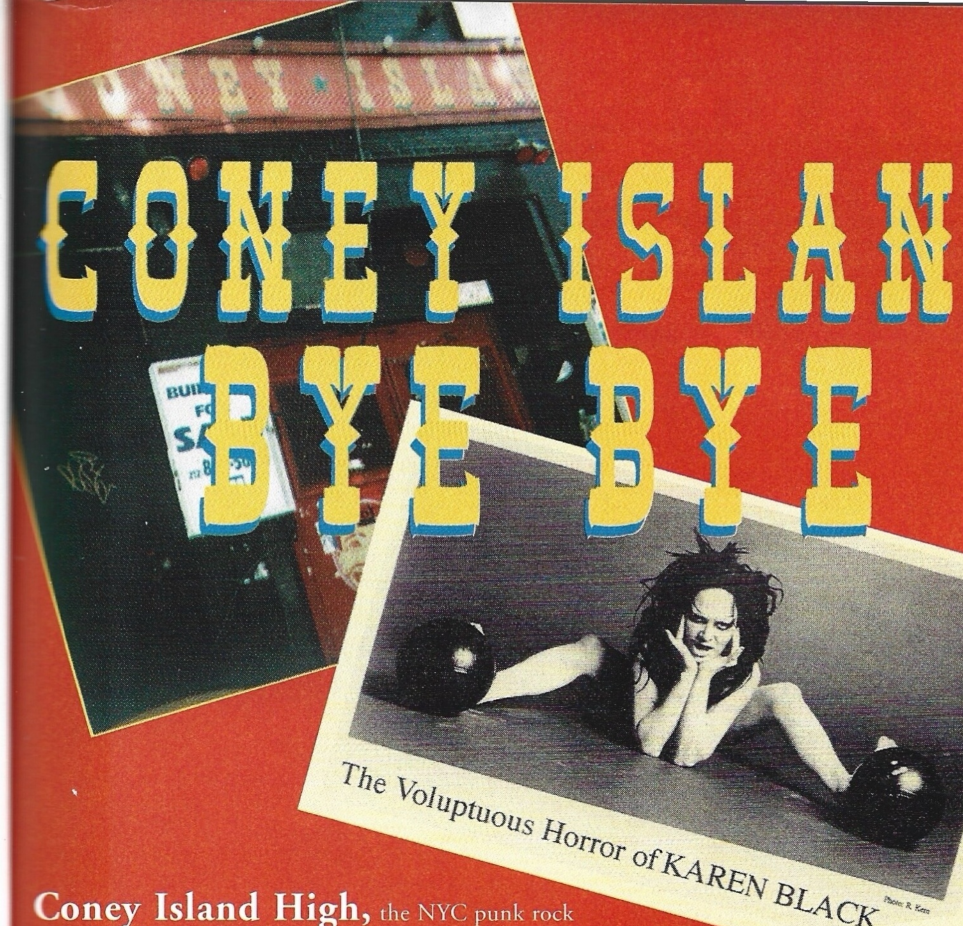
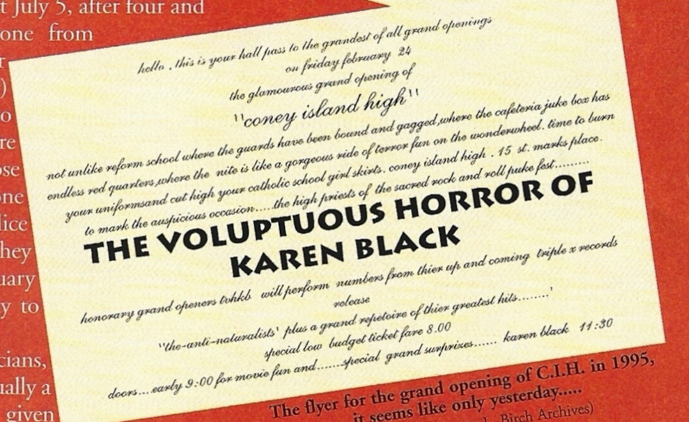

The Voluptuous Horror of KAREN BLACK

Photo: R. Kern

**Coney Island High,** the NYC punk rock nightclub, closed its doors at midnight July 5, after four and a half years. Since opening, everyone from Giuliani to its crazy next door neighbor. Linda (a rundown hooker) has tried everything in their power to close it down. I was the manager there when the Cabaret Squad tried to close us down for dancing, when someone called in a bomb threat (which the police made me search for), and when they arrested me at the Ramones/Obituary show. It always seemed to find a way to stay open.

It was a club owned by musicians, staffed by musicians for musicians. Usually a third of the staff was on tour at any given time. Bands felt comfortable playing there, knowing no one was going to rip them off or treat them like shit. Huge bands played there: the Beastie Boys, Rancid, D Generation, No Doubt, the Ramones, the Dickies, the Dictators, Murphy's Law, Monster Magnet, L7 and so many others. Kelsey Grammar and Marisa Tomei were Thursday night regulars for a while. It wasn't a fancy, hip SOHO-type place, but that didn't stop the likes of Madonna from catching a show. It was as if the Little Rascals decided to open a nightclub. It was always a little bit scrubby, never had enough light, and full of shady characters. But it was home away from home for a lot of people.

After numerous attempts by the city, police, neighborhood committees, and Linda the insane hooker, it was finally brought down by their landlord, Paul MacGregor, who was trying to sell the building. Failing to negotiate a deal, the U.S. Trustees padlocked the door, and put numerous people out of a job. In their press release owner Jessie Malin said, "It's just depressing to see the business assaulted by a bureaucracy that's constantly destroying the last pieces of New York." A damn shame.—**Pete Tyler**


*hello . this is your hall pass to the grandest of all grand openings*
*on friday february 24*
*the glamourous grand opening of*
*''coney island high''*
*not unlike reform school where the guards have been bound and gagged,where the cafeteria juke box has*
*endless red quarters,where the nite is like a gorgeous ride of terror fun on the wonderwheel. time to burn*
*your uniformsand cut high your catholic school girl skirts. coney island high . 15 st. marks place.*
*to mark the auspicious occasion.....the high priests of the sacred rock and roll puke fest.........*

**THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF**
**KAREN BLACK**

*honorary grand openers tvhkb will perform numbers from thier up and coming triple x records*
*release*
*''the-anti-naturalists' plus a grand repetoire of thier greatest hits........'*
*special low budget ticket fare 8.00*
*doors....early 9:00 for movie fun and......special grand surprizes...... karen black 11:30*

The flyer for the grand opening of C.I.H. in 1995,
it seems like only yesterday.....
(flyer from the Rustyn L. Birch Archives)

FOR SALE
SALE

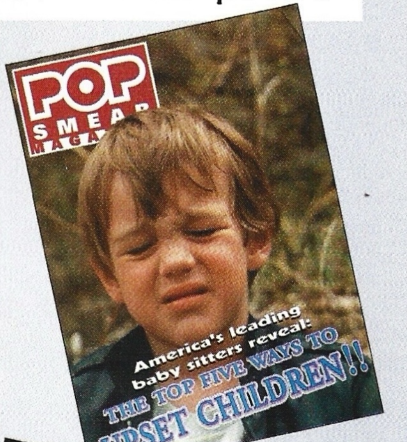
C.I.H. photos: Aaron Mindel

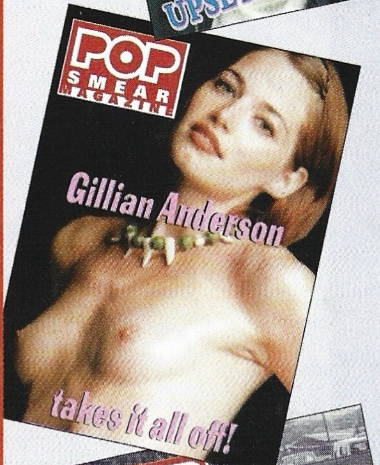
Coney Island
HIGH

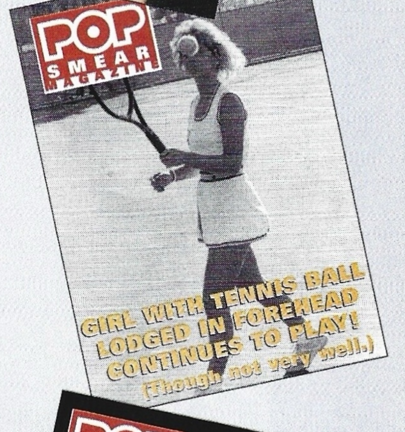
**Pete Tyler** would like to thank everyone he worked with and all the bands that played there. For a while they were his family. It was a helluva ride!

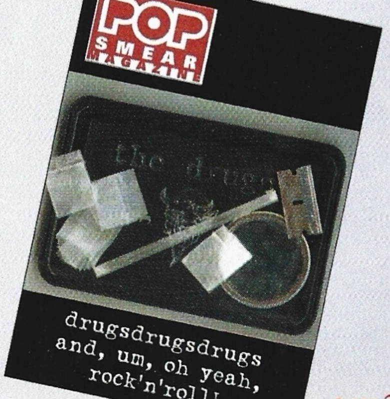
# POP COVER STORY

## All the covers not fit to print

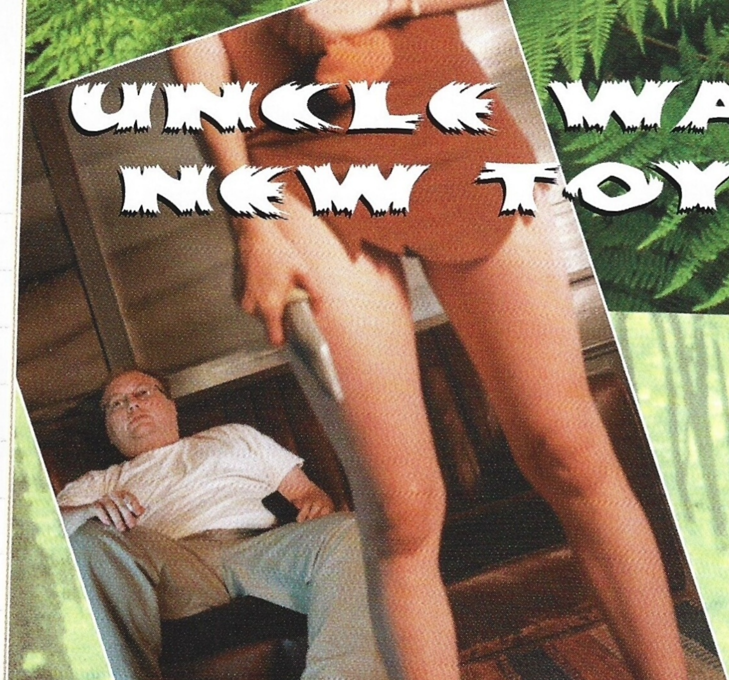


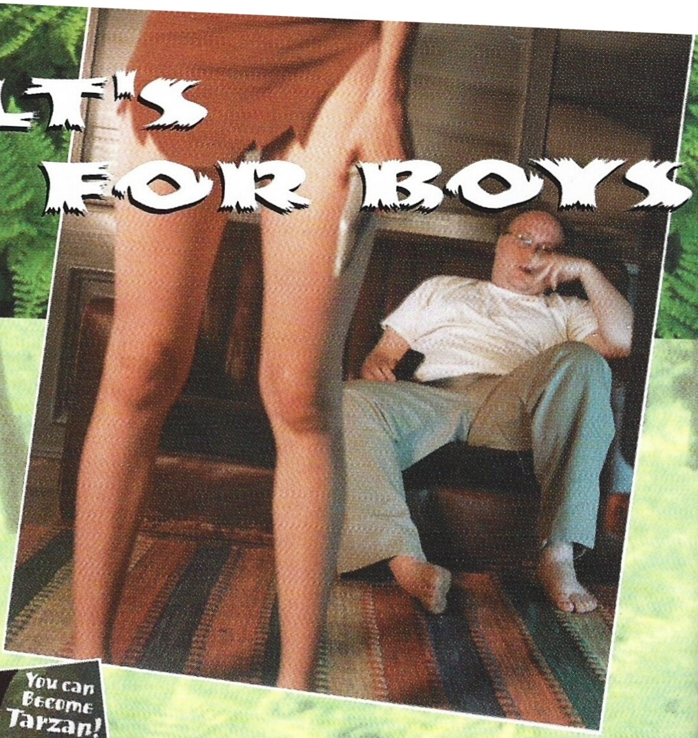






# UNCLE WALT'S NEW TOYS FOR BOYS



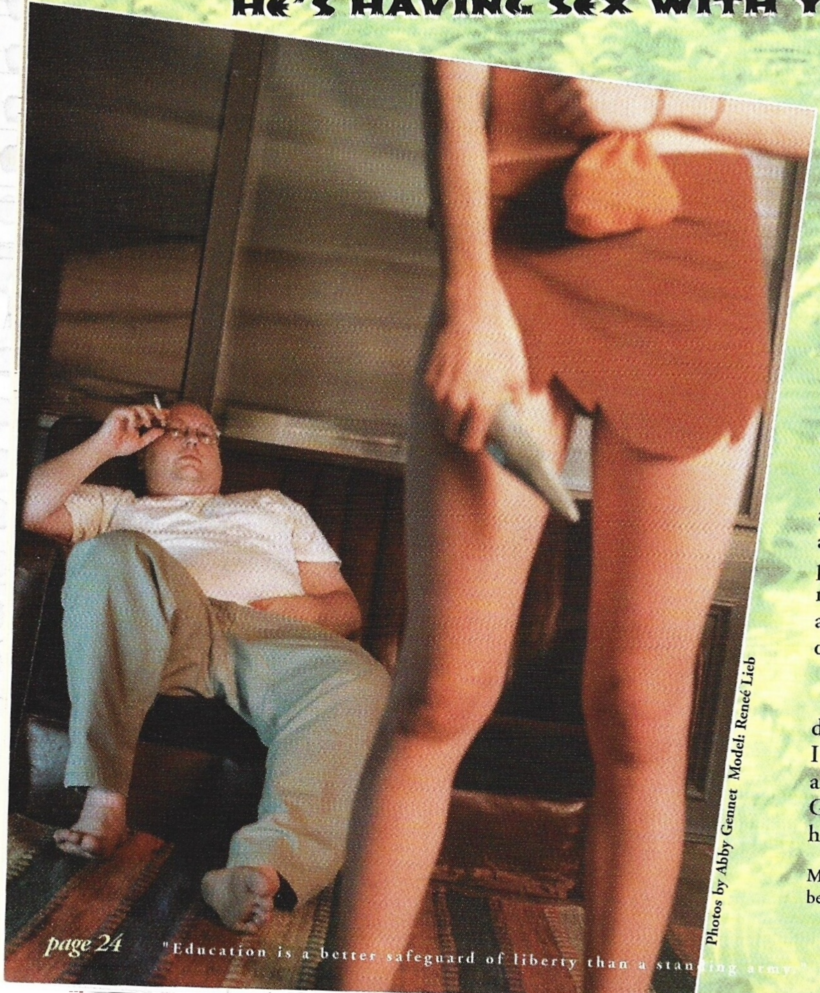


You can Become Tarzan!
Disney's
TARZAN

**FORGET ABOUT** that Tarzan Rad Repeatin' action figure and his wanking it pose. The most offensive Tarzan item has to be Mattel's Jungle Hero Dress Up Set, an official Disney product.

"You can Become Tarzan!" the box declares. Beneath this bold statement is a photo of a nearly nekkid four year old boy wearing nothing but his Disney's Tarzan loincloth with attached magic pouch, plastic tooth necklace and whistle bracelet while fiercely clutching a plastic play dagger, likely used to ward off other children who might mock him. The worst part is that the loincloth is 100 percent polyester. Now get a child into one of these, take photos of him on a swing set and the FBI will soon visit your house to lock you up. Basically this Jungle Hero Dress Up Set is just an opportunity to let a child flap his junk in the breeze. Why the hell should you pay Disney for that? All you gotta do is rip out the middle of a pair of Underoos and you've got the same thing for a lot less.

**BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, HE'S HAVING SEX WITH YOUR DOG.**



Photos by Abby Gennet Model: Renée Lieb

Would you really want your child running around naked with something smaller than a bandanna wrapped around his waist anyway? I guess you might if you had visiting relatives and you wanted them to get a court order to remove your children from you. Otherwise, I would imagine most parents are glad their kids have learned to keep their pants on in public by this age. Now if the child gets comfortable wearing one of these, the trouble will only get worse. He will start going to the bathroom in the backyard. A quick turn and he's flashing people right and left. Before you know it, he's having sex with your dog.

It seems Disney isn't the big child-friendly innocent corporation they pretend to be. They are as guilty as Time Warner/Interscope/Death Row records for corrupting our youth. Ever go on the Pirates of the Caribbean ride at Disneyland? There is nothing on any gangsta rap record that you can't find on the Pirates of the Caribbean. Along the way you pass alcohol/drug abusing pirates murdering and torturing townsmen, stealing, attacking women, selling women into slavery, looting, etc. You see a big pirate ship that's doing what could be called a "drive-by." The pirates are really just gangbangers. The town harlots are hos. Somehow Disney gets away with it. They have managed to slide right in-between the hypocrisy of our American cultural morality and profit-centered industrial core.

Well, hooray for them!

As much as The Right would want you to believe that we don't, we do all have genitals! However, you don't need Disney to let them hang out. I'm all for public nudity, but paying Disney so your kids can go nekkid is a little too much like "paying for it," if you know what I mean. And for God's sake, don't let your kid get near the gay Teletubbie while wearing his Disney's Tarzan balls cooler. ⊙

Martin Gruss wrote the www.marilyn.manson.com story in 18.0 and quite frankly, we're beginning to wonder about the guy. email: marty@davidbowie.com

# The Fantasy Continues...

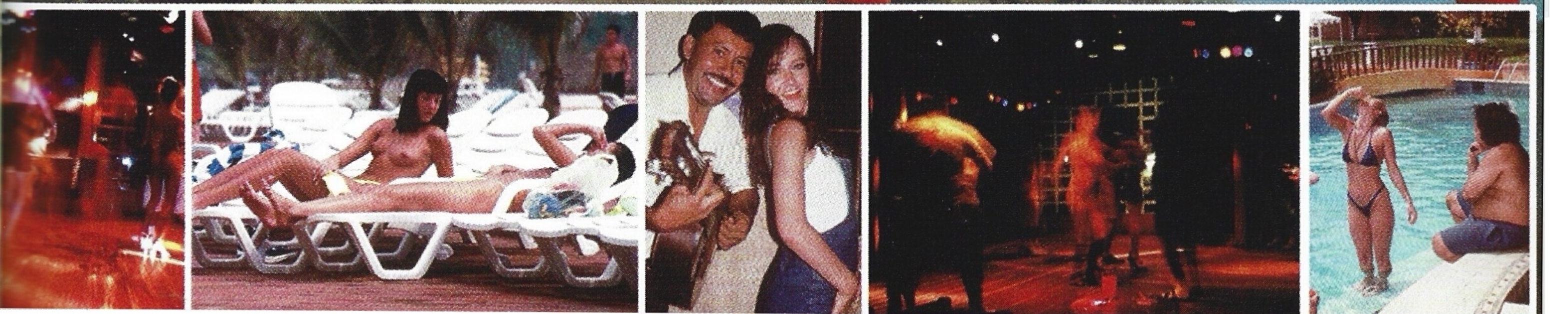
AVN METRO PURE HARDCORE
WWW.PUREHARDCORE.COM

present

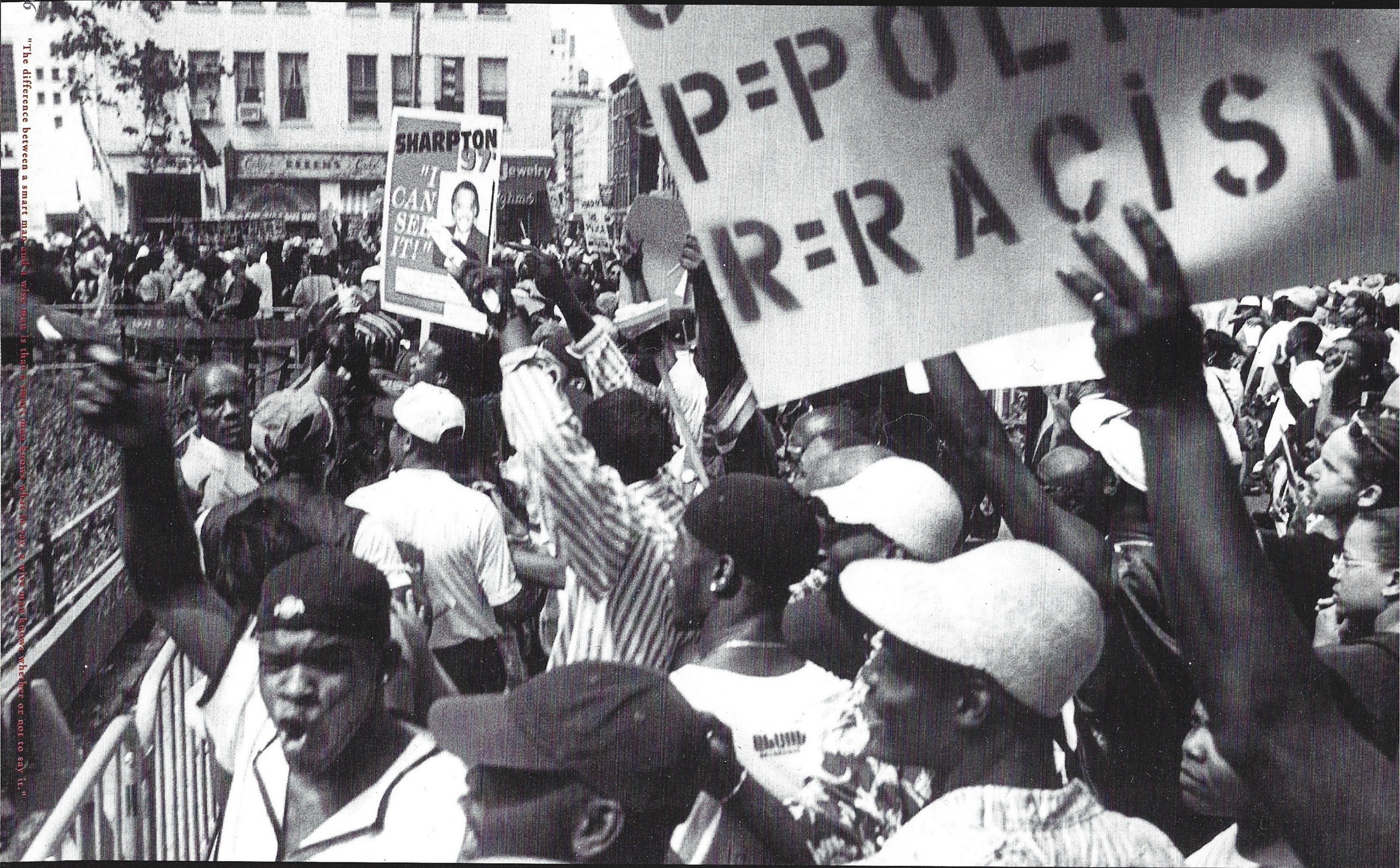
2nd Annual
XXXTREME
"AdultsOnly"
VACATION

Also Sponsored by
California Exotic Novelties
swedish erotica
VideoMail

For tickets and information, call:
SMS Promotions, Inc
877-XXX-TREME (999-8736 - toll free)
or email us @ smspromotions.com



**David Arcos** is a freelance photographer based in New York City. email: arcd1963@aol.com


P=POLI
R=RACISM
SHARPTON 97
"I CAN SEE IT!"
Jewelry

# It's Giuliani Time

"The difference between a smart man and a wise man is that a smart man knows what to say, a wise man knows whether or not to say it."

HOW THE
SUPERSUCKERS
BECAME THE GREATEST ROCK AND ROLL BAND IN THE WORLD
THEIR GREATEST "HITS" CD/LP - SUB POP
SUB POP
SP 480
www.subpop.com

DANCE HALL CRASHERS

DANCE HALL CRASHERS
PURR

New Album In Stores Now

Pink & Black Records
P.O. BOX 190516
San Francisco, CA 94119
©1999 Pink & Black

FAT STUFF

NEW TILT

TILT
VIEWERS LIKE YOU

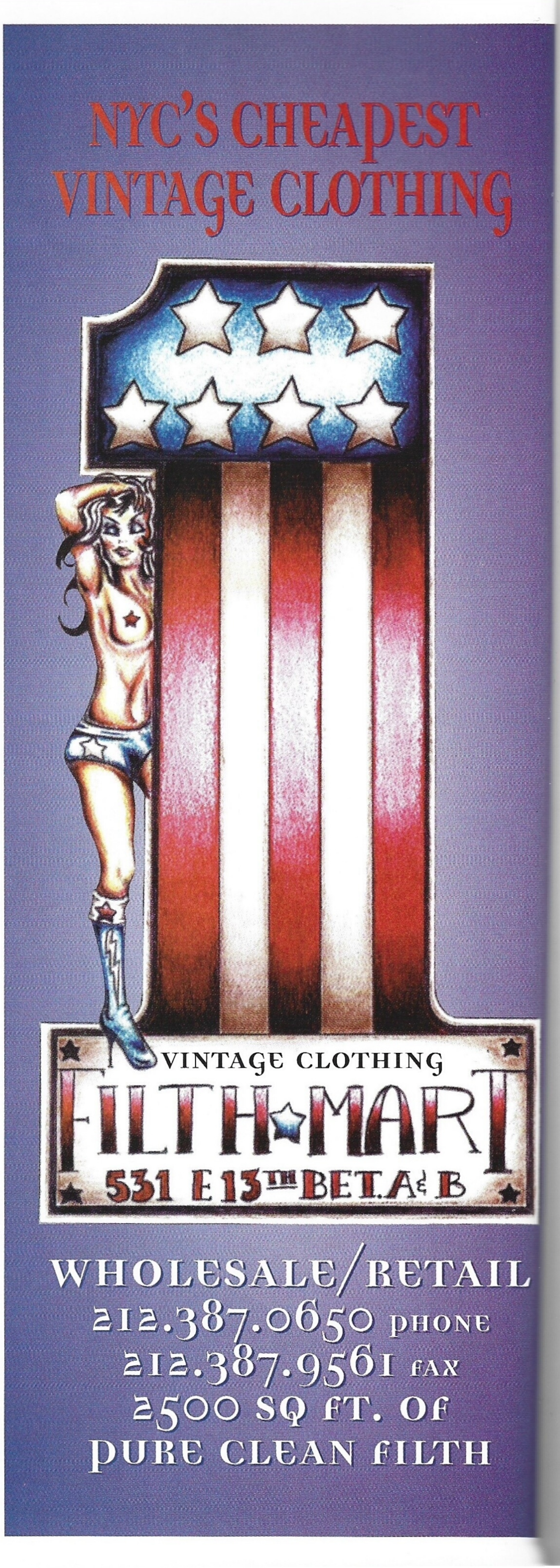
SWINGIN' UTTERS

SWINGIN' UTTERS
BRAZEN HEAD EP

FRENZAL RHOMB

FRENZAL RHOMB
a man's not a camel

FAT WRECK CHORDS
FAT WRECK CHORDS
P.O. BOX 193690 San Francisco, Ca 94119

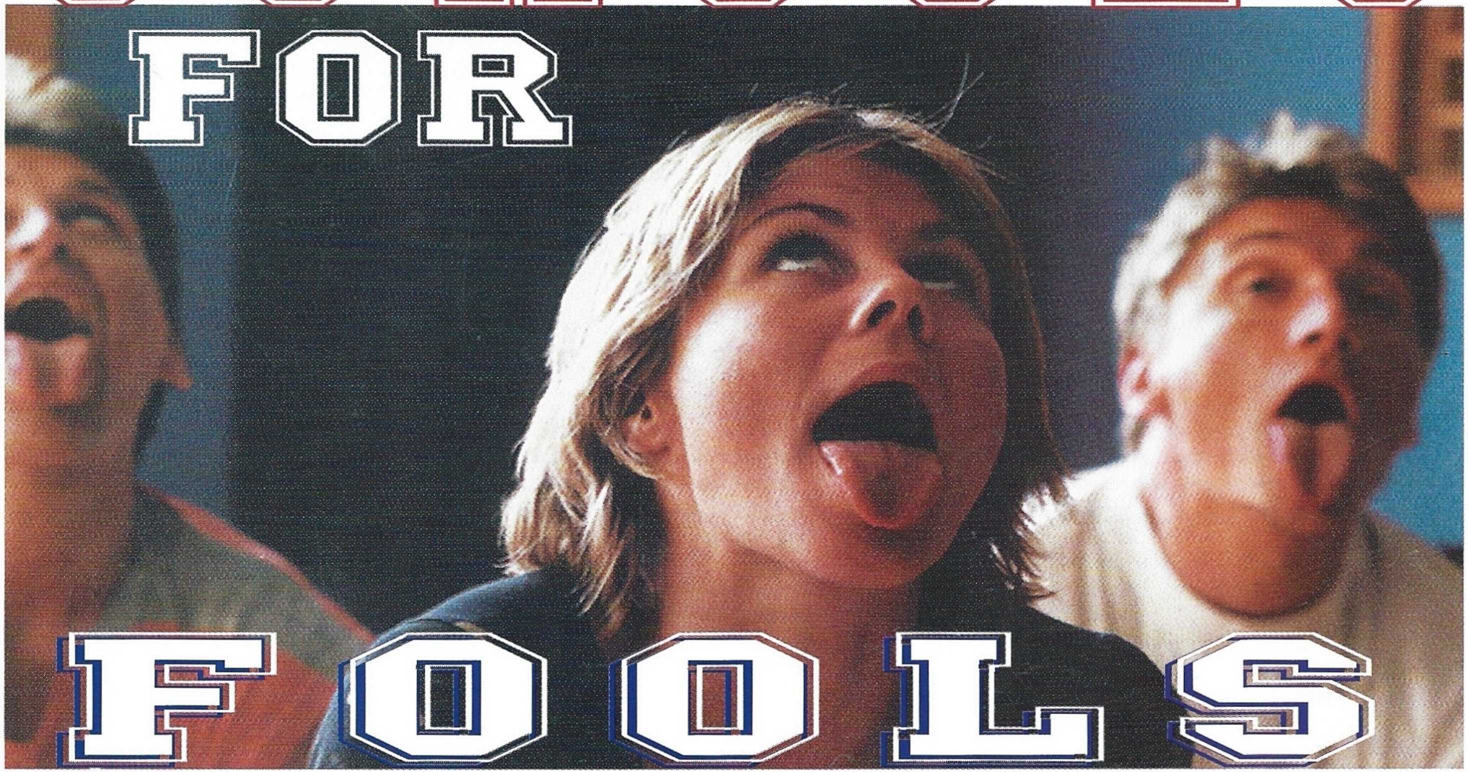


NYC'S CHEAPEST
VINTAGE CLOTHING

VINTAGE CLOTHING
FILTH★MART
531 E 13TH BET. A & B

WHOLESALE/RETAIL
212.387.0650 PHONE
212.387.9561 FAX
2500 SQ FT. OF
PURE CLEAN FILTH

# SCHOOLS FOR FOOLS



"Getting" a lesson at Scandanavia's Yoga and Meditation School.

### by Parker

It's that glorious time of year again when all the little brats in the neighborhood go back to school, and we can sleep-off our hangovers in peace, free from the incessant prattle of the young. We're the lucky ones; we're done with our education. If we even tried to go to school now, we'd likely be arrested under suspicion of pedophilia. And that's just fine with us.

But what if you want to go back to school? After all, there's always more to learn and it is only natural for people to try and better themselves. You could always enroll as a non-traditional student at the local college—and be tortured by nubile little co-eds who call you "sir." No, somehow we think this might not be the best idea. You could go to vocational school and learn to rebuild a '54 Chevy small block—but why? That's why the good Lord invented mechanics. Oh! What about self-teaching? You could set a few goals, pick up a couple of books and get right to it. But we all know that there is no way you have the discipline for that. What other choices do you have?

*POPsmear* is sensitive to the needs of the education-starved populus. The future doesn't have to look so bleak. There are a number of great opportunities out there, you just have to look for them. Of course, since looking can be an education in itself, it might be a little too much to handle right out of the gate. So we've done it for you. You're welcome.

## THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF HYPNOSIS

Finally—a school where you won't get in trouble for getting sleepy...very sleepy. It is hard to imagine a more useful skill than hypnosis. After all, isn't it really just mind control? Can you make complete and absolute slaves out of your unwitting friends and neighbors? Perhaps you'll learn to program others to do your evil bidding. Yeah! Now *that* we can all use!

Unfortunately, the spoilsports at the American Academy of Hypnosis intend to train their students to be hypnotherapists. You know, they get people to stop smoking, lose weight, curb their maniacal masturbation, etc. We'd rather be programming spies. Of course, just because the instructors *intend* to teach therapy does not preclude the students from expanding and modifying their newfound mental prowess, now does it? And maybe the whole therapy thing is just a clever PR cover story. (Even if we had found that to be the case, those crafty hypnotists could have taken the fact right out of our little heads, right?)

Based in always above-board Las Vegas, AAH offers two basic courses, each weighing in at a hefty 75 hours and $1295. In their introductory class, you'll learn applications of hypnosis, how hypnosis is used and how to hypnotize others, according to their course description. Well, we should hope the hell so. Why else would you be enrolled? The advanced class promises more in-depth instruction in areas such as past-life regression, sexuality issues and hands-on practice. (Hands-on practice? So it *is* all a front! Good for them!)

AAH also offers several shorter courses, the most intriguing of which is Stage Hypnosis Training. It's only 16 hours long, $395 and promises to teach you routines that are always winners, such as how to master an audience and put together a winning program. It seems obvious that all politicians should sign right the hell up. Just imagine the political turmoil one candidate with Rasputin-like powers could cause.

One parting question: AAH says they will provide their students enough "practice time to assure they have the knowledge needed to have the confidence to be successful." Now, if confidence was really the issue, couldn't they just hypnotize the students into believing in themselves and be done with it?

**For more information:** phone 703.737.5266, aah-hypnosis-training.com

## AMERICAN BROADCASTING SCHOOL INC.

Mr. Microphone not cutting it anymore? Hey, everyone has wanted to be a hip radio dj at one time or another. American Broadcasting School has got you covered. Based in Oklahoma City, ABS offers day and evening classes tooled to make all you Howard Stern wannabes into viable, salable products. For your $7995 tuition, you'll learn radio announcing (duh), commercial copywriting, production, control room operation, FCC rules and regulations, music mixing and vocal diction. How a school based in Oklahoma can possibly teach anyone proper enunciation is yet unknown. Their stated course length is "seven months or 30 weeks (720 clock hours)," which makes us wonder what other kinds of hours they have down there in OK.

ABS also promises job placement assistance—and they should. If broadcasting schools keep cranking out jocks at the rate of 50 per year (as they claim), positions have got to go fast. If you attend ABS, you should have no problem, right?

**For more information:** phone 405.672.6511, fax 405.672.6488, radioschool.com

## FIGHTER PILOTS USA

Yeah! Be a top gunfighter ace in just one easy lesson! How hard can it be, right? Hold on…actually, this has got to be the stupidest idea for a school ever. Who in their right mind would think it's a good idea to put untrained, unlicensed people behind the yoke of a damn fighter plane anyway?

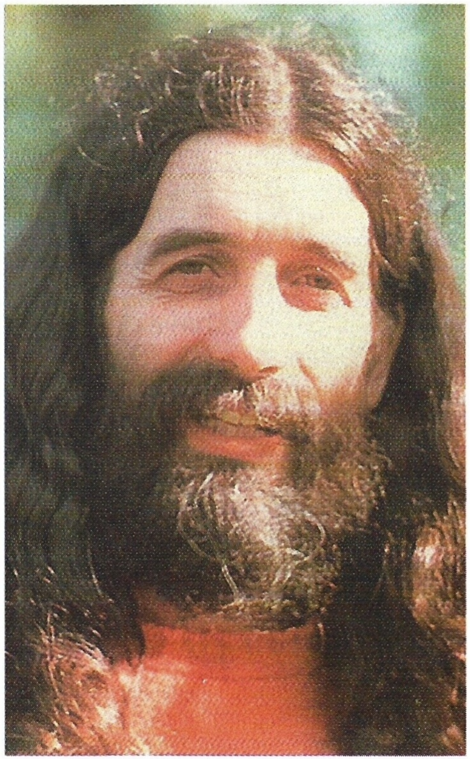
Fighter Pilots USA would, that's who. Based in Chicago, FPUSA offers one of the ultimate rush-inducing experiences: an aerial dogfight. Honest! For $895, anyone, pilot or not, can sign up, attend a one hour briefing and hit the skies in a SF-Marchetti fighter trainer plane. "Yes, you will be at the controls of your aircraft! You need absolutely no flying license or previous flying experience!" they say. Makes us wonder what *they* were flying on when they put this program together.

For the big spender, FPUSA offers a program called Master of Air Combat. Apparently, after plunking down your $2450 for a whopping nine hours of training, you'll be the next best thing to Tom Cruise. For your additional investment, you'll get more flight time, more gunplay and you'll learn to roll your aircraft (on purpose!).

You won't be flying alone, however; there will be an F-16 qualified instructor at your side. Still, it's likely to be as close as most people will ever come to flying in combat. Which is a good thing, if you ask us. We can think of a whole lot of things we'd rather do than fly a jet while dodging enemy bullets.

Ok, so there aren't real bullets in these dogfights, but you get the picture. As interesting as this school sounds, we have to conclude that it is just a flat-out bad idea. We can't wait until one of these one-hour-trained hot shots stands up in a troubled 747 and says, "I'm a pilot. I can land this plane—step aside!"

**For more information:** phone 800.56TOPGUN, fighterpilotsusa.com



**Psychic Friend or Psychic Slut?**

## THE GOLDSTON & JOHNSON SCHOOL FOR MIMES

One thing you can say in favor of mimes: They're quiet (except for that blabbermouth at the end of Mel Brooks' *Silent Movie*). We've always thought that Goths would absolutely love mimes, based on complexion alone. Did you ever want to actually *be* one of those silly clowns trapped in a box? Or pulling the invisible rope? Now you have your chance.

Luckily for us, the School For Mimes plans to relocate to NYC this fall. Finally! The school boasts an impressive pedigree (among mimes, anyway): It was founded in 1980 as the School For Mimes, and partnered with mime's Grand Wizard Marcel Marceau in 1992. "Mr. Marceau serves as its Artistic Advisor, validating it as the center for contemporary mime in the United States," a distinction for which we're certain there is great competition.

The soon-to-be re-christened New School For Mime Theatre offers full mime training in their $1025 three-week intensive course, including something called the "Marceau Grammar." Apparently, grammar is of penultimate importance to pasty-faced clowns who never open their mouths. Go figure. It's no part-time job, either: The classes run from 9 am to 10 pm, which would really give you very little quiet time alone to relax (maybe mimes relax by screaming their bloody mad heads off?).

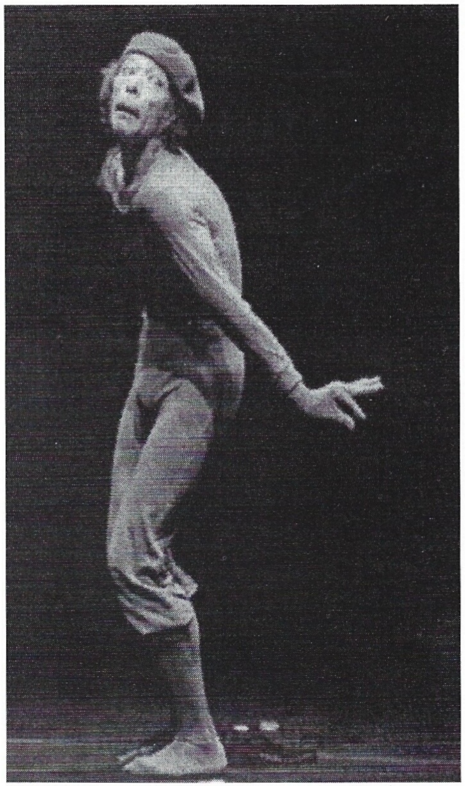
The school's administration is kind enough to include a list of things to make the whole ordeal "more pleasant," and no one likes an unpleasant mime, so listen up. Bring black clothes, and lots of them. "For the barbecue parties we find that they become more festive when folks bring funky hats, musical instruments, or any off the cuff ideas to liven up the night." It's pretty hard to imagine a party of mimes getting any livelier—these guys are wild! They house you on-campus, and provide sheets, a wool blanket, a pillow and a towel. The last time we were in jail, we got the same, and jail cost considerably less than a grand. As for other activities, "we all play chess," which has got to be difficult with those invisible pieces and all.

They also ask for your Social Security number and two contact people "in case of any unforeseen emergency." Like what? Invisible rope-burn? Maybe past students have been unable to get out of the box or had their invisible chairs pulled out from under them. Safety first!

**For more information:** phone 773.271.6160, fax 773.271.6162, goldmime.com

## THE INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED METAPHYSICS STUDIES

There sure seem to be a lot of psychics on tv these days. We always thought that they were supposedly pretty rare creatures. Actually, we always thought they were non-existent (real psychics, anyway. Con men always have and always will be with us). And yet, you can't turn your set on after 1 am without being deluged with claims of near-divine knowledge. Psychics are everywhere! At this rate, they'll have no one left to counsel, as everyone will have their own psychic hotline soon. What could possibly explain the current glut of soothsayers and seers among us?



**Closet mime expert Legs McNeil.**

Maybe it's the Institute for Advanced Metaphysical Studies. They actually train people to be psychics. "Each lesson is a step taken on the path of higher development for yourself and all time to come," the folks at AIMS say of their program. Now, you have to understand, they didn't just sit around and come up with a series of lectures to shill to an unsuspecting public. "These lessons were given. They were given to be incorporated with you." See—they were *given*. Ah, that makes much more sense.

Over your 14-week course of study, you will learn to open your psychic abilities, see the human aura, develop a magnetic personality and live by the universal laws (whatever they are). What, no spoon bending? What kind of half-ass psychics are these guys anyway? Everyone knows that psychics are freaks, and freaks are here for our entertainment. A psychic without a parlor trick is just another mouth to feed, if you ask us. They offer the whole deal as a correspondence course so you won't have to actually deal with the instructors (at least not on this plane, Nostradamus).

Oddly, they ask prospective students to fill out an application and send it in. We kinda thought they'd just see them coming.

**For more information:** phone 212.886.4888, fax 212.924.4121, psychicstudy.com

## MOOSEBURGER CAMP

All the world loves a clown. Send in the clowns. Tears of a clown. Our world is rife with clown references. Pagliacci was the saddest clown, Krusty is the coolest clown and John Wayne Gacy was the scariest clown. Everyone knows a few clowns. Most people we know hate clowns—no, actually they're freaked out by clowns. Who can blame them? Clowns have big, floppy feet, glowing noses and never change their expressions. And that has got to be the clincher—a clown with a smile is a clown with a smile, whether getting a hummer or getting his throat slit in an alley. This all can be very unsettling.

So what better vocation than professional clownery? They seem to be all over the place, so there must be work for them. And you can scare the piss out of a lot of ordinary people. Never again would you hear "quit clownin' around" if you actually *were* a clown. Why not? But where do you start?

We'd pick Mooseburger Camp. For a laughable $375, this Minnesota-based school will teach you everything you ever wanted to know about clowning around in a mere six days. Just look at a few of the course titles and tell us it don't sound fun as all get-out: Kazoo band, balloon décor, fun and frolic, fun and games with Happy, puppet fun, ventriloquism made easy…the list goes on.

And on. How many classes does the average Joe need to take to paint his face, put on oversized shoes and spook the pants off little kids? We've often done much the same thing, and we've never had a lesson. Maybe a little honing of the skills wouldn't hurt any of us, huh? We never could make a balloon animal that looked like anything other than, well, a balloon.

True to Minnesotan form, a full one quarter of each day is devoted to meals (breakfast, lunch and supper; not a dinner to be had), and the first five days end with fireside chats. That is just down right neighborly! Not to break stereotype, the last day closes with "friendly farewells," and you may just be graded on your level of Midwestern affability.

We fear that the Mooseburger folks may feel a little backlash over their unfortunately-named Columbine building. One of the classes offered at Columbine is Fun With Props, but we seem to recall that a couple of guys already figured that one out on their own.

**For more information:** phone 800.973.6277, mooseburger.com

**Send in the...ah, fuck it.**

**Demonstrating regular reinforcement of correct behavior at Protocol Consultants International**

## PROTOCOL CONSULTANTS INTERNATIONAL

"Regular reinforcement of correct behavior is important and consistency is key." The cover text of a new steamy S&M flick? Nope. This is one of the credos of Protocol Consultants International, a company that offers training in good, old-fashion manners. You know—if you can't say something nice don't say anything at all, say "please" and "thank you," keep your elbows off the table—that kind of stuff. PCI will refresh your memory of all those things your mother said and you ignored. And maybe that's a good thing. The world is full of rude people, we all see them every day.

But run of the mill politeness is just the beginning. PCI offers seminar or one-on-one training for just about every situation you are likely to encounter: International handshaking customs, how to work a room, attire, body language, napkin etiquette, when to begin eating, how to properly exchange business cards…. There are points of etiquette we have never even considered before. How could you possibly screw-up handing out your business card?

Certainly a little brushing up on the old manners couldn't hurt, but it *is* possible to go too far with the whole thing. Take this example protocol question and the reply from PCI:

> **Q:** If one is dining at a restaurant and encounters a negative situation caused by the restaurant that forces one to lose one's appetite, what should one do? I refer to the cliched situation in which one finds a hair in one's food. Or, as is more common today, the sight of the waitress playing with her spike that has pierced her tongue.
>
> **A:** In the case of the waitress playing with the spike which has pierced her tongue, I probably would avoid being seated in this restaurant to begin with if I noticed such a waitress...there are lots and lots of other restaurants!

There is something to be said for getting on with your life and dealing with a situation rationally, even if it isn't proper.

**For more information:** phone 781.756.0848. fax 781.756.0845, protocolconsultants.com

## RICHARD PETTY DRIVING EXPERIENCE

If you like fast cars, you probably dig auto racing. And if you know anything about auto racing, you've got to know that Richard Petty is The King. His 200 NASCAR victories are a high-water mark that no one has even approached. He is retired now, relegated to watching the younger generation take the reins and try to beat him. Petty has done what many sports legends have done: diversified. Lucky for you.

**Guys in my car club call me The Cruiser**

One of his current businesses is the Richard Petty Driving Experience, which allows any red-necked yokel with a pocket full of cash to live out one of his top fantasies: drive a real race car. This is what they've dreamed of since they were little snot-noses racing Matchbox cars down their backyard slide. And it can happen. It can actually happen for you.

The Driving Experience offers a variety of packages, from the ride along (for $89, you get to ride shotgun in a stock car for a few laps) to the Advanced Racing Experience. The ARE is not for the faint of heart or budget: For a whopping $2999.99 you'll get personal instruction and 40 laps of near-competition. Sure, your car only does 160 mph compared to the big boys' 200, but it's about as close as you're going to get to the real thing.

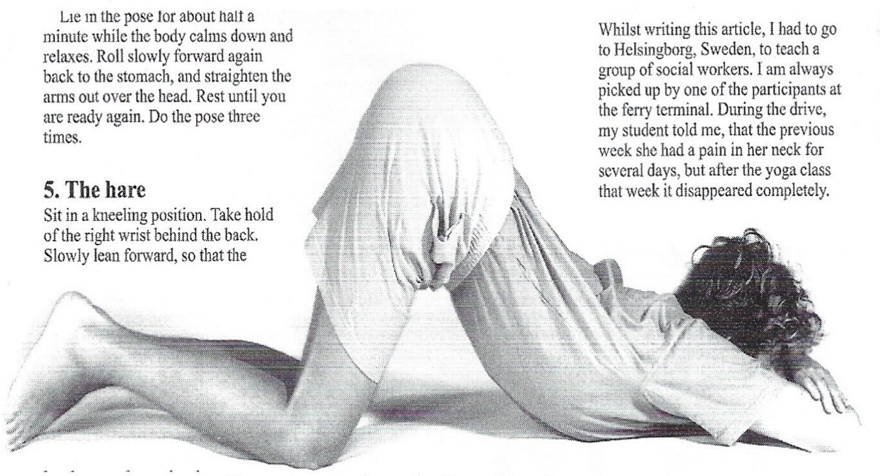
Just what good is this training anyway? How often do you need to be qualified to drive around in circles really fast? When you get right down to it, all these students are getting is a VERY expensive cab ride.

Face it, if you really wanted to be a race car driver and you had what it takes to make it, you would already be one.

**For more information:** phone 800.BEPETTY, 1800bepetty.com

## SCANDINAVIAN YOGA AND MEDITATION SCHOOL

Sure, you can probably find yoga instruction a lot closer to home than Sweden, but where better to escape into yourself than the untamed wilds of Scandinavia? What else do Swedes have to do, really, aside from make Volvos and meditate?



Lie in the pose for about half a minute while the body calms down and relaxes. Roll slowly forward again back to the stomach, and straighten the arms out over the head. Rest until you are ready again. Do the pose three times.

### 5. The hare

Sit in a kneeling position. Take hold of the right wrist behind the back. Slowly lean forward, so that the

Whilst writing this article, I had to go to Helsingborg, Sweden, to teach a group of social workers. I am always picked up by one of the participants at the ferry terminal. During the drive, my student told me, that the previous week she had a pain in her neck for several days, but after the yoga class that week it disappeared completely.

**Learning to sleep the Scandinavian way.**

After all, the sun barely sets for six months of the year—maybe meditation is the only way to get any rest at all. We can't help but wonder if, in the land of ABBA, they have a conscientious objector exception to their military draft policy. Perhaps freaky spaced-out veggie-types don't have to sign-on for military service like everyone else (it's doubtful if anyone can explain why a country that hasn't fought a war since 1812 requires every male citizen to serve).

At the Scandinavian Yoga and Meditation School, you can learn how to relax, breathe without strain, find true inner silence and completely clear your mind (many people call this type of thing "sleep"). You will most definitely learn how to clear your bank account: Costs range from $190 for a weekend course to over $2400 for the whole shebang (three months), not including your room ($15 per day), bedding ($30 per month) or laundry ($2). For a bunch of hippies, they sure know how to act like the Man!

A day in one of their courses includes: awakening (5:15am), nose cleansing (5:50), meditation to calm down (6:00), concentration (6:30), breathing (8:00), tea (8:15), silent meditation (10:10), meditative relaxation (10:40), meditation (11:50), free time (4:00), meditation (6:00) and bedtime (9:30). So, it's getting up early, sitting around in silence and going to bed early—what are you, grounded? Oh, there IS tea, which is nice. Why a company would freely disseminate this information, we do not know. Somehow, we just wouldn't feel like we were getting our money's worth.

There are a few other suspicious edicts in SYAMS's outline: "Do not use your car to go to nearby towns or shops. Leaving the surroundings during the course is the same as leaving the course.... Please tell relatives and friends that you don't want any correspondence, that it is not possible to phone or visit you during the course.... Do not come out of curiosity, just to see who we are." Why does it seem like the beverage of choice at the last meal is going to be Kool-Aid?

**For more information:** phone +46.372.55063, fax +46.372.55036, scand-yoga.org

## SKYLINE SERVICES

Ah, exotic dancing. The images that leap to mind are either that of a sultry, seductive fan dancer, or that of the down and dirty stripper that maybe, just *maybe*, wants to go home with you after a few stiff drinks. Dancers are a part of our culture, from Gypsy Rose Lee to Santa's reindeer. Where do they learn to move like that? And more importantly, how can I (or my "special friend") get hip to the scene?

Enter SkyLine Services, a one-woman operation based in Vancouver, BC, Canada. Canada? Yeah, that seems like a long way to go for a lesson in getting naked for a bunch of drunken strangers. But given the credentials of the instructor, Fawnia Mondey, it may well be worth the trip.

Fawnia was an active dancer herself, claiming seven titles from Miss Nude BC to North American Exotic Dance Champion, until a jealous boyfriend drove her out of the business in 1996. Since then, she has been giving personal and group lessons in the fine art of taking it all off. This kind of training doesn't come cheap (SkyLine charges $30 an hour or $250 per week), and there is no fast-track to success, either.

"I had no dance background, I just watched Madonna. And I just had it in my heart to do my best, and I wanted to be the best. So I think that type of person would do very well in a matter of three or four months." Wow! By our math, that's $3000 to 4000, which is a whole lot of soggy one dollar bills. Just what can you get for three or four large in Canada?

When we visited the SkyLine website, we found that Fawnia's areas of emphasis include attaining a raise, pole work, your body and the pole, hand positions—we suddenly realized just how the tuition might be paid off. Dancing? Come on, Fawnia....

"Yeah, oh my god! You know my video *Pole Work* is for sale in a couple stores, it's right there in the window, and people are wondering, *Pole Work*? You know, they've got these sick things in their minds. People do like to create little scenarios in their minds, which is kind of fun."

**For more information:** phone 604.252.1762, exoticdancelessons.com

**Sully? Looks like an old queen to us.**

**Fawnia exhibits correct pole position.**

## SULLY'S GYM WRESTLING TRAINING

Now here's some instruction we can all use! And perhaps you can land a new career as a professional wrestler—just think how proud your mom will be. Sully's is the oldest athletic club in Canada, established in 1943. Yeah, that's right, 1943. When all good Americans and Canadians were fighting for freedom in the Big One, Earl "Sully" Sullivan was training future Hulk Hogans. Well, in retrospect, who really did more for the human race?

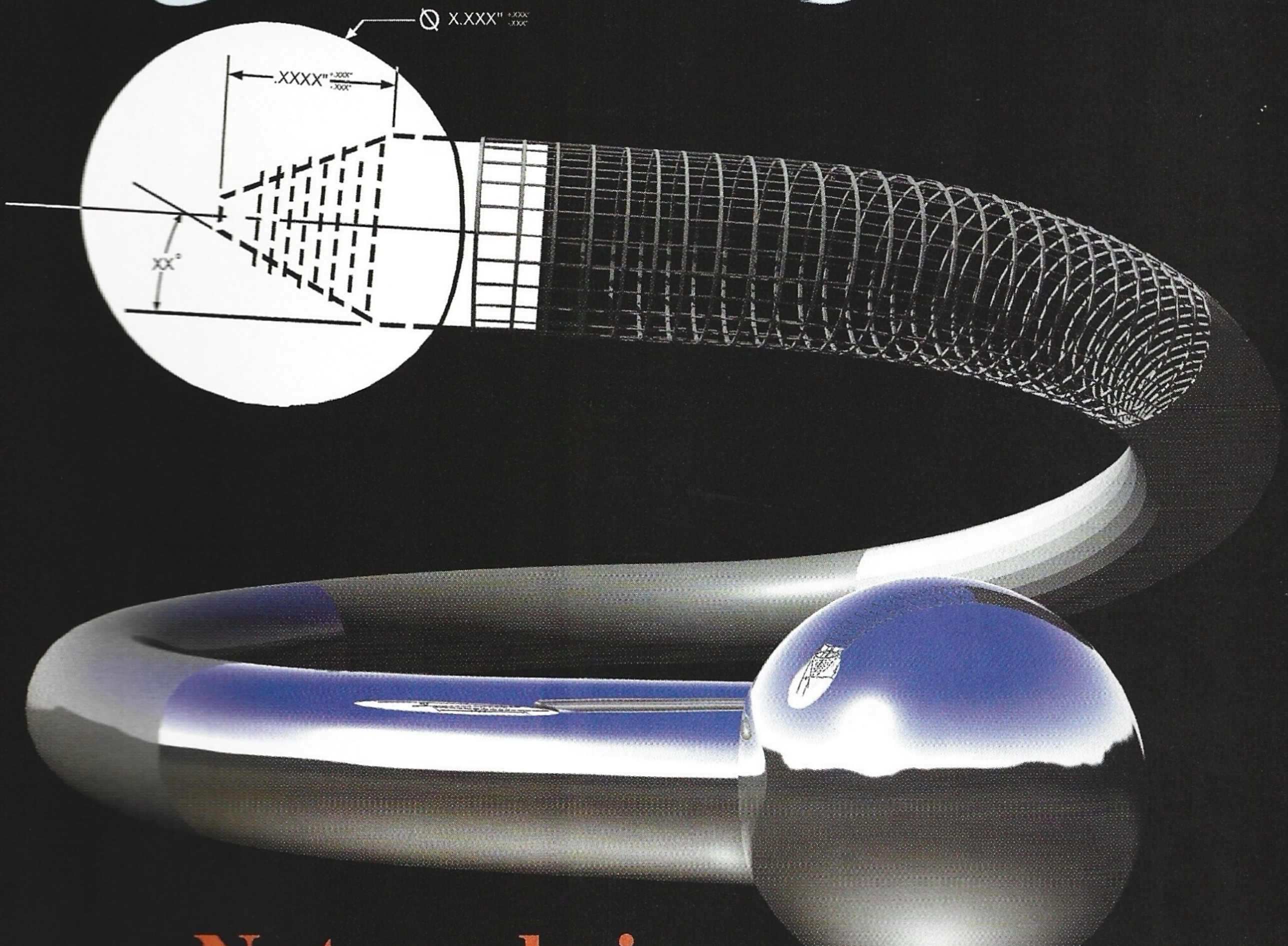
Sully claims that, among others, Muhammad Ali has trained in their hallowed rings. They never say that they actually trained the Greatest, however, and we certainly don't have the patience to wait for a reply from old Mr. Parkinson's himself, so take it as you will.

BEWARE: Sully's proudly proclaims training a WCW wrestler who goes by the name of Johnny Swinger. We cannot endorse any organization that takes an obvious sexual deviant and encourages him to roll about on the floor with other men. This, coupled with "It's better to build boys than mend men" being the first thing seen on their webpage, should give you a moment's pause. Enter at your own risk. ⊙

**For more information:** phone 416.534.8723, angelfire.com/biz/wrestlingschool/

**Parker** tried to attend all of these courses but was unfortunately held back by his late night activities here at *POPsmear*. He did learn a few things however, and now at lunch time we send him to the streets to perform for money.

# Rings and Things



## Not made in your neighbor's garage.

## The Finest Body Jewelry™

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

---

**Rings and Things, Inc.**
The Finest Body Jewelry™
*World Headquarters*
P.O. Box 229
Morris Plains, NJ 07950

| | |
|---|---|
| Call toll-free: | (800) 270-4616 |
| International: | 001 (973) 326-1840 |
| Fax: | (973) 326-1841 |
| email: | rnt@superlink.net |

*RnT Europe*
Steinenvorstadt 13
4051 Basel, Switzerland

| | |
|---|---|
| Phone: | 011-41-61-225-9020<br>011-41-61-225-9021 |
| Fax: | 011-41-61-225-9022 |

***Wholesale*** customers may call us at one of the numbers listed to request a copy of our ***Wholesale Catalog***.

***Retail*** customers please mail $1 in U.S. funds, along with your name and address, for a copy of our ***Retail Catalog***. Also be sure to visit our web site!

***www.ringsandthings.com***

Copyright 1998 Rings and Things, Inc.

It's the end of the night. The slots were generous, the liquor free. But even in the desert, a hotel bed can feel mighty cold. Especially if you stopped by one of Vegas' adult clubs and had your prick teased to the point where you feel like you're 13 again. Some of those gals are mighty cute. Wouldn't it be fun to take one back to your room? Would she cap off a perfect day? Would it hurt to ask?...

# VEGA$ STRIPPERS

by Jennifer Lynn Sweet

artwork by Marnie Wolfford

It's 3 am. The Las Vegas Strip broils with an early summer, but it's cool inside the room at Caesar's Palace. Ginger has one bare foot suspended midair, the other planted firmly on the floor. A chill runs through her lean, naked body. Silicone quivers. Rick doesn't make a sound as he nails her to the sofa, missionary style. His silence is almost eerie. Just a few feet away, David Nesmann has taken the bed. He sweats and grunts in that way Ginger knows well. But he's with someone else tonight. The new bitch. Still in her boots and skirt, the flat-chested tart rides him like a curly-headed cowgirl gone wrong. Any second now the headboard is gonna hit the wall, and Ginger clenches her teeth. Not that she's jealous. Just territorial. Her private sessions with Nesmann have helped pay the rent for the past year. What if this is the end?

Three doors down, another pair of dancers from the Crazy Horse Too screw their way into the pocketbooks of Nesmann's associates from Chicago. As always, Nesmann is buying.

> **If garbage men are sanitation engineers, why can't fucking be called gambling?**

So the million dollar question is: Do Vegas strippers party with the guys they meet at adult clubs? The answer is yes. I know, because I was the flat-chested chick fucking Nesmann. When you come into Vegas, there are about 25 adult clubs to choose from. I've worked at seven of them. Nude or topless, big or small, they all use the same system. The girls go on stage and advertise the goods. Afterward, they mingle in the crowd as conspicuously as lepers begging at the palace gates. What they offer is a dance. That is, the grinding of Ms. Sweet's ass into your crotch until it looks like you spilled your rum and coke into your lap. Twenty dollars, please. A trip to the VIP room for about a hundred will get you more of the same. Good times are had, as long as you don't mind heading back to the hotel and digging out that *Penthouse* you bought at the airport.

It can be better than that.

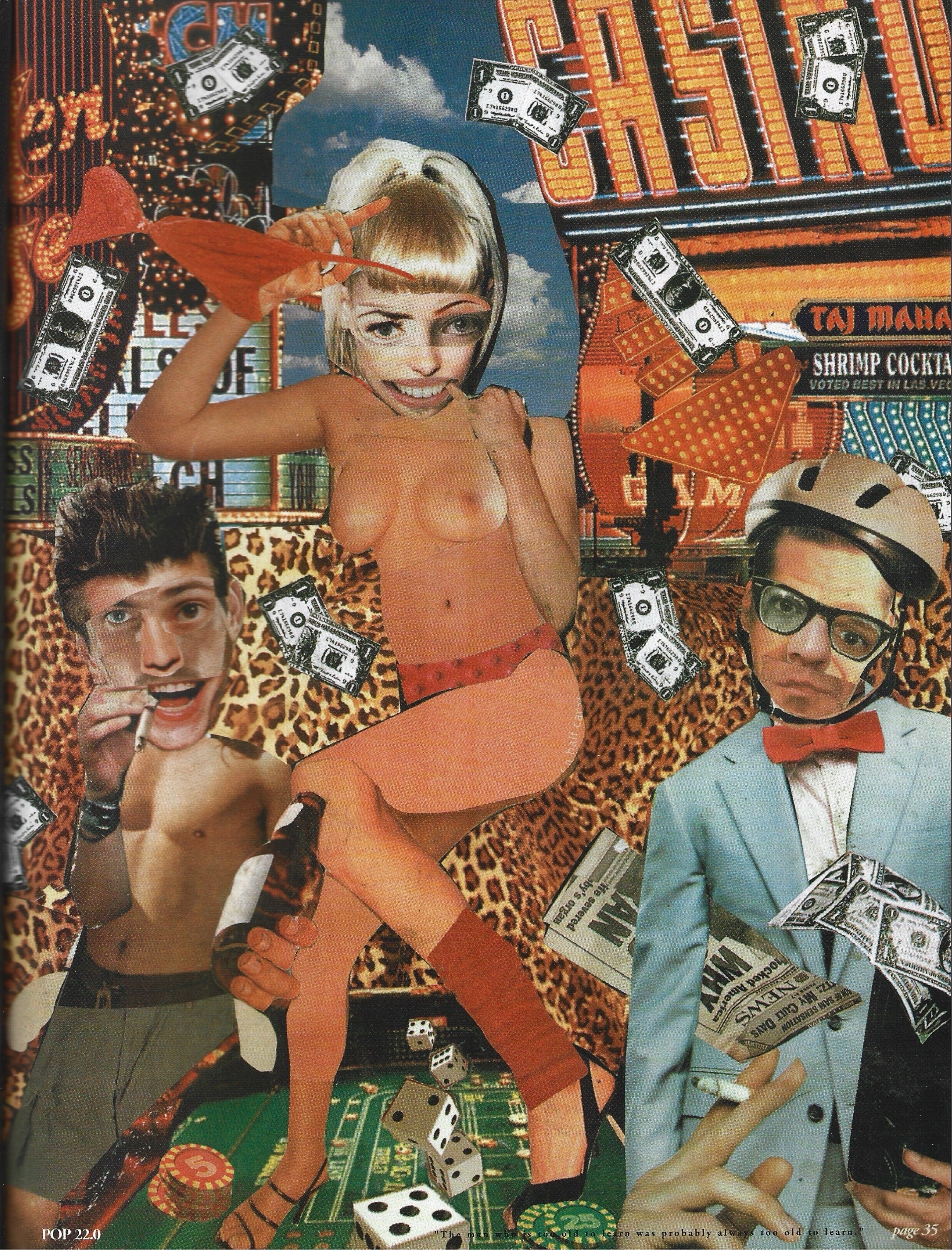
Most of the guys I've seen at these clubs don't quite get the deal. Either they're not sure if the girls screw around, or they don't know how to ask. And the girls are sketchy, too. The cops here in Vegas make their L.A. counterparts look like choirboys. They'll arrest girls just for talking to them. You act like a cop or any other subhuman life form, and you'll spend the night alone. But you've paid your way and deserve a more memorable holiday. Let me help.

First off, the bad news: You need money. If you're at a topless bar that serves alcohol, maybe the girl will do some drinking and decide you remind her of that seventh grade math teacher she'd thought was totally rad. But odds are she'll start ordering light drinks, code for virgin—no alcohol. And no matter how good looking you are or how smooth your line, she's heard it before. And probably six times that night. No, you'll want cash.

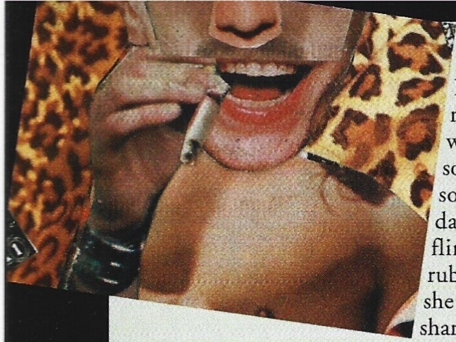
The good news is, something in the neighborhood of $300 should get you professionally, expertly, and flat-out well laid. Now, that might sound like a lot of money. Fine then. Before you come to Vegas, walk into a room full of women. Make sure they're all in the 7-9 range, from quite pretty to knock-dead gorgeous. Pick one and ask her out. Suppose you've got your shit down and she goes for it, right on the spot. Now take her to a movie. Buy her dinner. Take her home. Did you get lucky? Well, sport, maybe next time. Buy her flowers, or some earrings, another dinner. Fly her to Vegas so you can cherish the sainted moment in style (for the sake of argument, let's consider fake volcanoes and neon palm trees as style). Finally, you strike gold. Now what? Let's go shopping! Her family wants six Hoover Dam t-shirts and a slot machine for the den. You get the point.

All the girls say they make upwards of a grand a night at the club. That's bullshit. I've heard these lies, and then watched the sweet young things dying on the floor. Those big nights do happen, but more often I find dancers in the dressing room crying because they didn't make tip-out. That's the house cut, and it usually runs in the neighborhood of 50 bucks. Typically, a girl will make one or two hundred in a 12-hour shift. That's not terrible pay unless you figure that half these chicks are single mothers paying for daycare while they work. At the end of the day, the ladies need a little extra cash to go on with their illusions of high society splendor. That's where you come in.

Arrive at the adult club of your choice toward the end of a shift. Showing up at either 8 pm or 3 am usually does the trick. A girl who isn't with a customer at the end of her shift has probably had a shitty night. Don't worry; that still leaves you quite a few ladies to choose from. Everyone has an off night sometime, and girls are emotional about it. I once turned down a grand for a straight lay, and a few weeks later went to the Flamingo Hilton with a self-proclaimed foot fetishist for two hundred (you gotta admit, an hour-long foot rub doesn't sound half-bad after a hellish night). So go to the club and get a table. Find an available girl of your choice and buy a dance.


CASIN
TAJ MAHA
SHRIMP COCKTA
VOTED BEST IN LAS VEG
NEWS

"The man who is too old to learn was probably always too old to learn."



Tell her you'll buy more, but that you want to talk for a while. If she won't chat for a couple minutes, she's a bitch and not worth your time. Move on. Find someone who'll spend an hour or so with you for three or four dances. Feel her out. Is she flirtatious? That is, apart from rubbing her tits in your face, does she pretend to like you? Will she share fantasies and talk dirty with you? Or does she recoil at the slightest hint of actual sex? Ask her if she's ever worked at one of the legal brothels in Nevada, and pay close attention to her answers. Finally, ask her when her shift is over and if she'd like to go gambling back at your hotel.

There are a couple reasons for posing this last question. One is cops. Las Vegas Metro Police are forward bastards. Long before I ever went out with a customer, one of these assholes arrested me for solicitation of prostitution. His name was Victor Vigna, the only unchanged name in this fucking article. "Hey, Raven," he said after I'd introduced myself. Raven was my stage handle at this club, a smallish all-nude joint that had just opened. Eagerly, he asked, "Would you touch my penis for 20 bucks?"

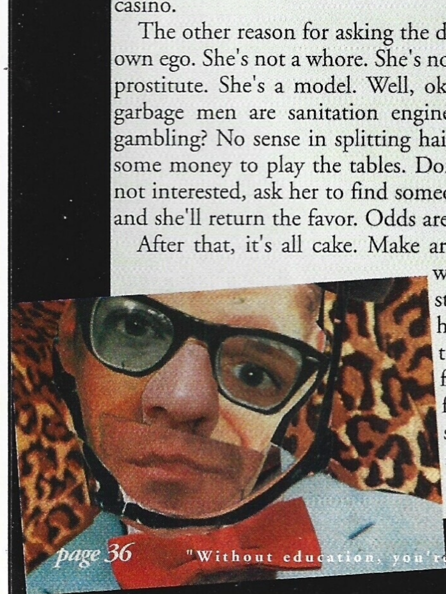
Cops are like most guys in one respect: They like tittie bars. If they want to keep getting hard-ons at the taxpayers' expense they have to make some arrests.

I didn't like it. It's just not the sort of request I usually get. People ask me to call them, go to breakfast with them, travel with them...and I guess it's all the same thing, really. But this request was so specific. So clinical. Hell, it was just cheesy. And coming from someone who looked like he'd just stepped out of a '50s high school documentary, it was a little spooky.

But beggars can't be choosers. So I declined the request and offered a dance. Surprisingly, he took me up on it. I led him to a dancing booth. I kept my short-shorts on since all-nude dances don't allow contact, and most guys like to feel some warmth and tenderness. After three minutes of rubbing my tush in his lap and putting my tits in his face (not at the same time mind you—I'm a good dancer, but not that goddamn good!), he paid me the 20 bucks plus another 20 as a tip. The moment I took the extra 20, I was fucked. Well, this undercover grunt had a nasty bulge in his slacks. He said he needed a moment to catch his breath. When we got back to his table, he and his buddies wasted little time in placing me under arrest. I laughed until I saw the badge. This story isn't uncommon, and not because strippers lie to save their precious reputations. Cops are like most guys in one respect: They like tittie bars. If they want to keep getting hard-ons at the taxpayers' expense, they have to make some arrests. Asking straight up for sex will make you sound like a cop, but no one in Vegas gets shafted for meeting at a casino.

The other reason for asking the dancer to gamble has to do with her own ego. She's not a whore. She's not a hooker, a call girl or a high-class prostitute. She's a model. Well, ok, she's between jobs. Whatever. If garbage men are sanitation engineers, why can't fucking be called gambling? No sense in splitting hairs. Just tell her that you'll give her some money to play the tables. Don't tell her how much, and if she's not interested, ask her to find someone who is. You've treated her well, and she'll return the favor. Odds are she knows just the girl for you.

After that, it's all cake. Make arrangements to meet your angel at whichever hotel-casino you're staying in. When you see her, toss her a few twenties. Don't give her too much, or she'll gamble a fraction of it, promise to fuck you for a few bucks more, and then split. Your friends will ridicule you and say that you were "clipped," and they'll be right. You can't go to the Better Business Bureau for this one, stud.



Buy her a drink, roll a few dice, and take your time. That's what my computer programmer fella did. Nathan wasn't a smooth talker or particularly good looking, but he had his shit down. Nathan got me back to the casino and carefully wasted my time. If a guy keeps me distracted until an hour or two slip by, I won't want to go home empty-handed. No one wants to be played, and time is short when you work 12-hour shifts. My impatience began to show after he finished nursing his third drink. I guess he noticed.

"I'm getting kind of low on funds," he said. I about fell over. I just knew he was going to call it a night, and I was upset because I know we both missed out. That's when he suggested that he had more money up in his room. He took my hand and slipped me a hundred, the first bill with zeros I'd seen in a while. He had my interest. After 90 minutes of waiting, there's no better foreplay than sliding a Franklin into an unsuspecting hand. I knew what was going on, and I wasn't just relieved. I was wet.

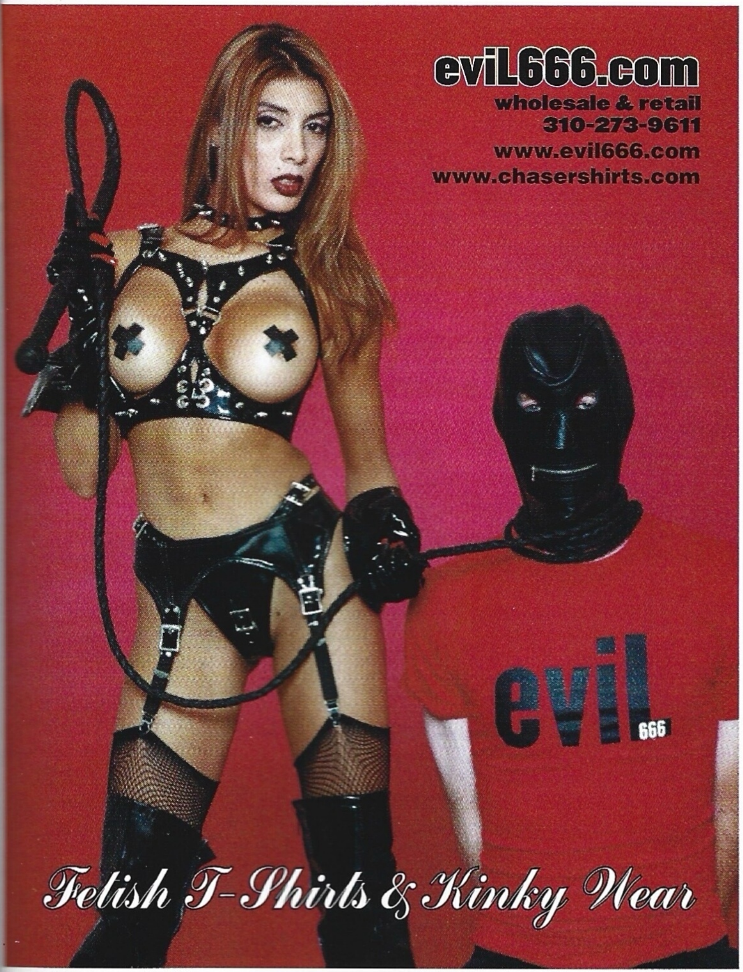
When we got to his room, we showered and I washed every part of his body. I got him hard, and I applied a condom with my mouth. That's the usual, and he reached behind to turn off the faucet. Dripping wet and cold, we moved toward the bed. I prefer women, but guys are nice. From the corner of my eye, I could see the rest of my money just waiting for me on the nightstand. Yeah, baby. Computer-man knew just how to treat a Vegas gal. I was more than ready for him. I sensed that he liked aggression, so I pushed him onto the bed and landed on top of him. My knees locked his hips. Our adventure lasted well into morning, and by the second round, he had me on my back and loving it. He was the first customer to make me cum.

All in all, computer-man spent in the neighborhood of $600 for the entire evening. That's less than he likely would have spent gambling alone. For a working girl, a night like that is better than poetry or moonlit strolls. It's rent, baby! Your princess is not gonna do you for love or companionship. She's gonna do you because you're a nice guy who'll help her move away from that bastard boyfriend she told you about. Or let her invest in a new portfolio. New lips, new tits—whatever. The point is, you're about to get very well laid by an angel who won't ask, "So, like, what did tonight mean for us?" when you're set to crash to your complimentary HBO.

A final word: If you have like-minded buddies, by all means, bring them along. When any one of you finds a gal willing to party, she'll know who else to invite and set everyone up. Plus, girls feel safer in numbers, and for good reason. Make sure your friends don't act like drunken assholes, and it doesn't hurt to hang around guys who've been around a while. The older the better, in fact. Experience has taught the girls that seasoned men spend more, use discretion, and don't have anything to prove with a four-hour fuckfest. Remember, these honeys gotta dance the next day, for Chrissake! Vegas is yours. Enjoy. ⊙

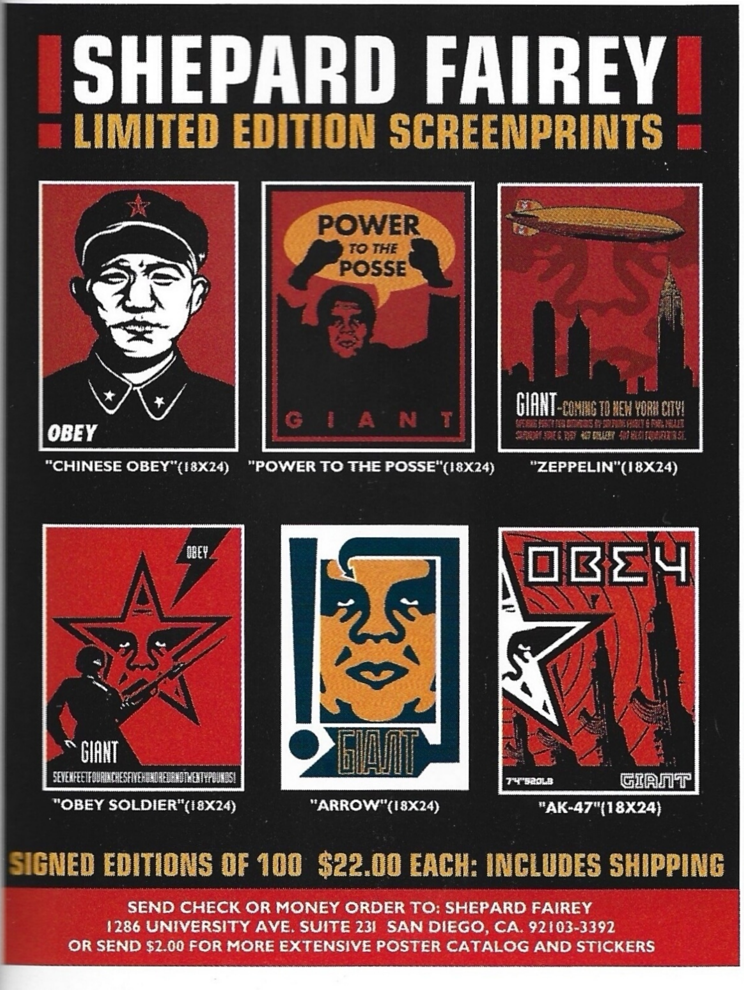
**Jennifer Lynn Sweet** is a stripper in Las Vegas. Her stories and articles have appeared in adult magazines such as *Leg Sex*, *Babyface*, *Powerplay*, *Options* and *Guys*. She has written for several anthologies from Alyson Publications including *Early Embraces II* and *Rough Sex*. She is the webmistress of an adult fetish site, JenLynn.com.
email: jenlynn@popsmear.com

**Marnie Wolfford** is a collage artist from NYC. She enjoys power ballads and Pabst Blue Ribbon. Visit her website at chaoscontrol.com/benniesaysruff



**eviL666.com**
wholesale & retail
310-273-9611
www.evil666.com
www.chasershirts.com

*Felish T-Shirts & Kinky Wear*

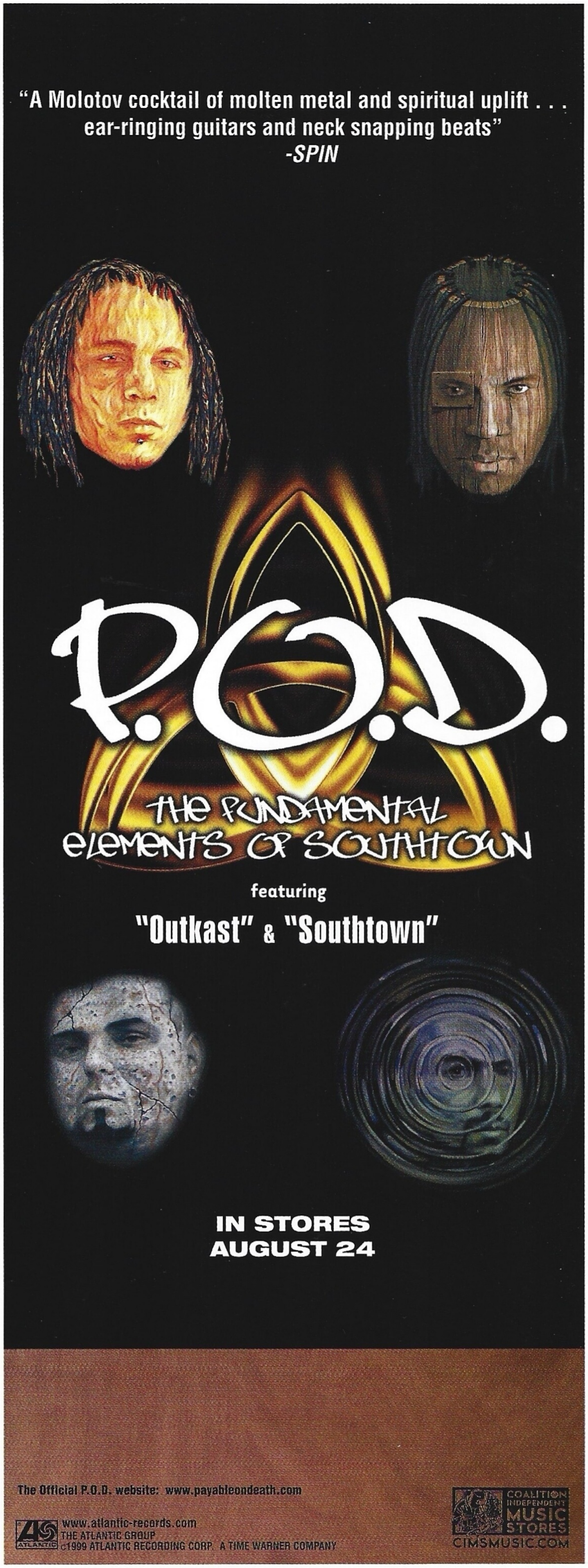

OBEY
POWER TO THE POSSE
GIANT
GIANT-COMING TO NEW YORK CITY!
OBEY
GIANT
SEVENFEETFOURINCHESFIVEHUNDREDANDTWENTYPOUNDS!
GIANT
OBEY
7'4" 520LB
GIANT

**SHEPARD FAIREY**
**LIMITED EDITION SCREENPRINTS**

"CHINESE OBEY"(18X24)
"POWER TO THE POSSE"(18X24)
"ZEPPELIN"(18X24)
"OBEY SOLDIER"(18X24)
"ARROW"(18X24)
"AK-47"(18X24)

**SIGNED EDITIONS OF 100 $22.00 EACH: INCLUDES SHIPPING**

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO: SHEPARD FAIREY
1286 UNIVERSITY AVE. SUITE 231 SAN DIEGO, CA. 92103-3392
OR SEND $2.00 FOR MORE EXTENSIVE POSTER CATALOG AND STICKERS


COALITION
INDEPENDENT
MUSIC
STORES
CIMSMUSIC.COM
ATLANTIC

"A Molotov cocktail of molten metal and spiritual uplift . . .
ear-ringing guitars and neck snapping beats"
-*SPIN*

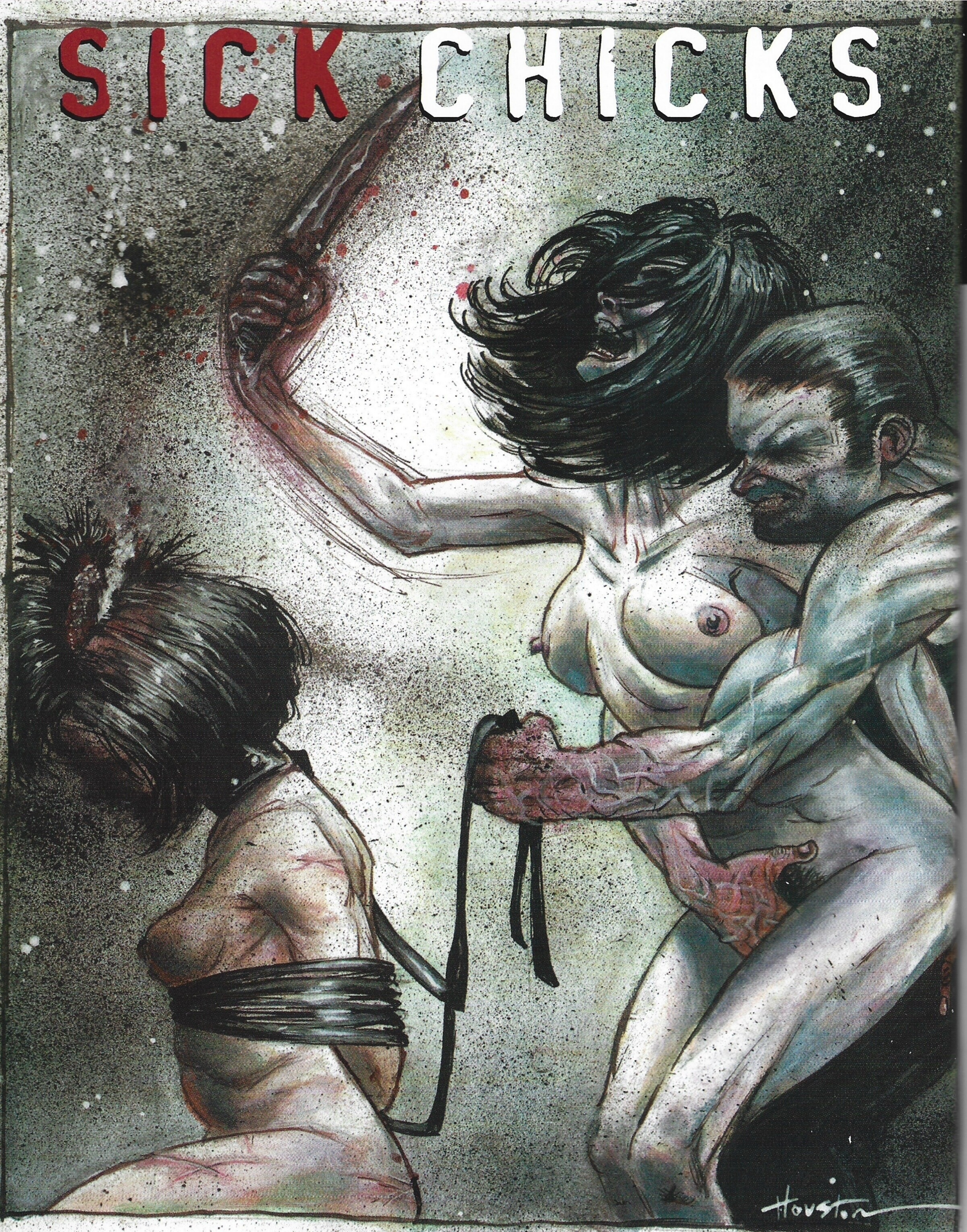
**P.O.D.**
THE FUNDAMENTAL
ELEMENTS OF SOUTHTOWN
featuring
**"Outkast" & "Southtown"**

**IN STORES**
**AUGUST 24**

The Official P.O.D. website: www.payableondeath.com

www.atlantic-records.com
THE ATLANTIC GROUP
c1999 ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP. A TIME WARNER COMPANY

# SICK CHICKS



"Learning is not compulsory but neither is survival."

# To Love, Honor and PERISH

by Janice Erlbaum

artwork by Greg Houston

## Cindy Lea Hendy is A RAPIST.

She confessed as much, while drunk, to an acquaintance of hers in New Mexico, saying she'd participated in sex crimes with boyfriend David Parker Ray "for the adrenaline rush." Two women from neighboring towns, survivors of separate attacks by the couple earlier this year, indicated that Hendy helped lure them to the couple's double-wide trailer home, then joined Ray in their specially-outfitted torture chamber for days of electrocution, bondage and sexual abuse. Both women barely managed to escape; both were naked, bloody and partially chained when they fled to safety. They still fared better than previous victims. At least they lived to tell their tales.

Cindy Lea Hendy's participation in the crimes against these women isn't very surprising. Neither is her claim that she was, herself, Ray's victim. Nor will it shock anyone when she chooses to plead guilty in exchange for cooperating in the case against her ex-boyfriend. To some, this story might seem sensational—a *female* accomplice to rape and torture? In truth, it is not that uncommon. Actually, this kind of thing happens all the time.

They call it "Bonnie and Clyde Syndrome," or, more properly, hybristophilia, from the Greek root *hybridzein*, to commit an outrageous offense. Defined by sexologist Dr. John Money as "being sexuoerotically turned on only by a partner who has a predatory history of outrages perpetrated on others," this syndrome ranges from mild to deadly. It may manifest itself merely as an attraction to sneering pop stars. Or, for women like Cindy Lea, it may result in an irresistible compulsion to seek out and partner with heinous sexual sadists in crimes against other women.

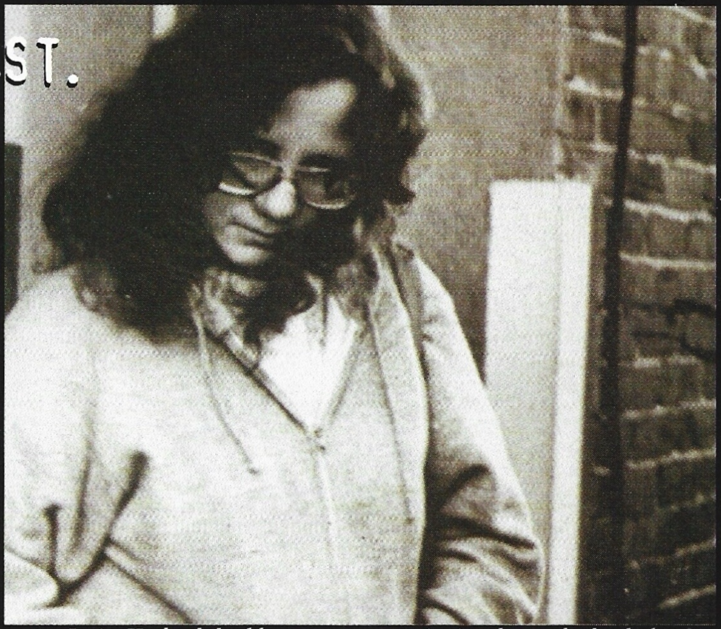
Charlene and Gerald Gallego, aka the Sex Slave Murderers: 10 people molested, beaten and killed. Judith and Alvin Neelley, aka Lady Sundance and Night Rider: 15 molested and dead, all young women. Carol Bundy and Douglas Clark, aka the Sunset Slayer: at least six victims, maybe 50. Killer couples are notoriously brutal, feeding off each other as their acts of violence get bloodier and more brazen. When they are eventually busted, the symbiotic connection between them is suddenly lost. The reality of incarceration tends to cause these women to remember that they were forced to comply with their sadistic partners; that they *had no choice*.

Of course, some hybristophiliacs really are victims. Many come from abusive backgrounds, some continue to suffer at their partners' hands, and a few wind up dead when their partners run out of handy objects for their rage. The accomplice-as-victim theory is reinforced by some of the scant literature on the topic; for instance, an FBI survey characterized the girlfriends of criminal sadists as "sexually naive," coerced into becoming "compliant victims" by their dominant lovers. Rejected is any suggestion that a woman could willingly aid in, or even instigate, sadistic attacks. In court, many hybristophiliacs co-opt the "weak, passive woman" stereotype to use in their defense, claiming battered spouse or Stockholm syndrome to explain their collusion. Again, in certain cases, this may be the truth.

But some of these women are not victims and never claimed to be. Debra Brown, who in 1984 helped Alton Coleman rape and strangle women and girls as young as age seven, said of one of the dead, "I killed the bitch and I don't give a damn. I had fun out of it." Myra Hindley, molester/killer of at least five teens with her partner Ian Brady, was appalled when police arrested Brady and left her behind. "Wherever he has been," Hindley told detectives proudly, "I have been." Some of these women, it would seem, enjoy taking part in brutal sex crime—some, as we will see, even mastermind the plans and coax their men into following.

Unimaginable? It shouldn't be. Pundits from all positions in the gender debate are finally waking up to the harsh truth: Women can feel violent angry lust. Broken homes or chromosomes can make the sadistic predilection stronger. Whether vicariously or hands-on, some women want to feel the power of inflicting suffering, the orgasmic release of their vengeful fury, the messianic command over a helpless human being. Like many women, hybristophiliacs crave control and dominance as much as men. Like most women, they're not accustomed to getting it.

So they sublimate their violent appetites, to whatever extent that's necessary. They may idolize whichever roughneck cretin is currently terrorizing the town on their favorite soap. Or they might write fan letters to convicts, professing their admiration and support. Maybe they found a passive guy to carry out their vicious self-hating desires by proxy. Their compulsive attraction to criminals varies in disposition and degree. The results of these attractions vary as well.



*Janice Hooker helped keep a woman captive in a box under her bed.*

Here, then, are some sub-categories of the hybristophiliac syndrome, arranged in order from least heinous to most, with illustrative case studies for each: A collection of cautionary tales for killer-lovers, and for those who cross their paths.

### WOMEN WHO THINK CRIMINALS ARE SEXY

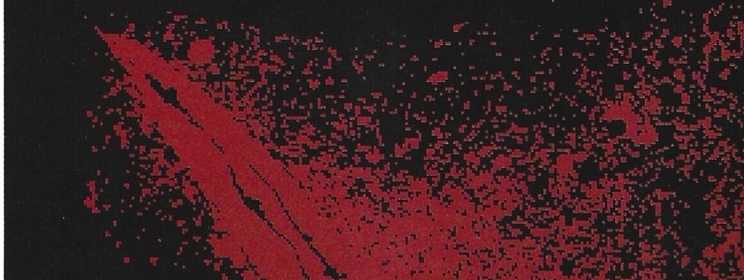
***Most common; least heinous***

The sexy bad boy is a staple American icon. He embodies machismo, individualism and all the other bloody, potent ideals of the U.S. The dangerous anti-social type has been hugely popular with young ladies since the days of Dean and Brando, and the trend in music and film toward eroticizing crime continues to escalate exponentially. In sum: It's, like, the media.

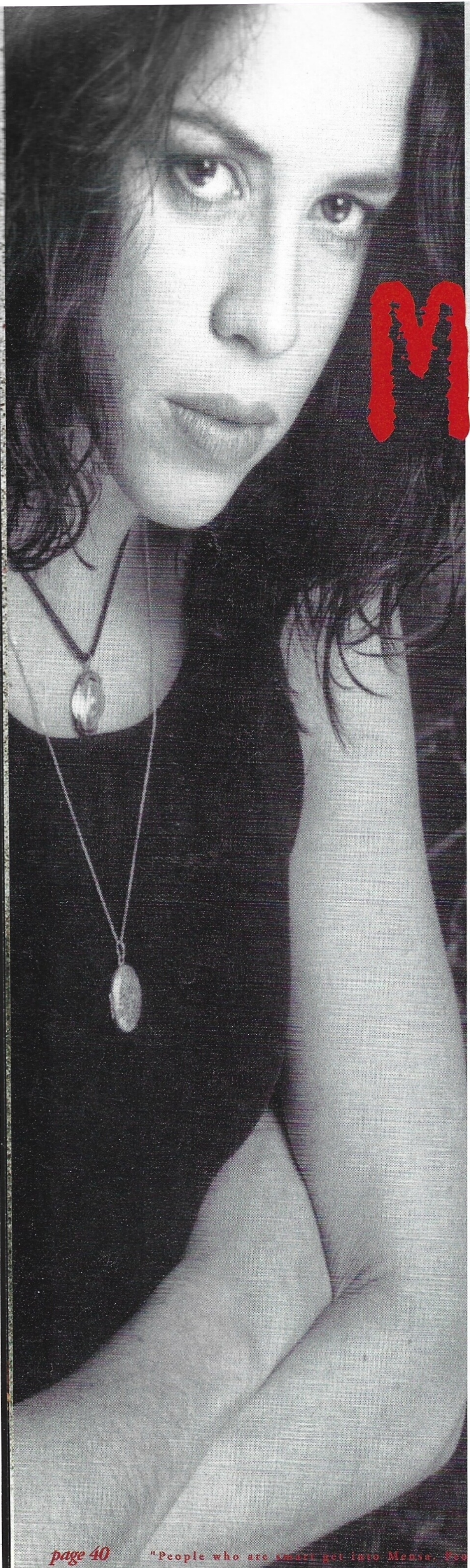
And the media doesn't just reward celebrity impersonations of criminals. The media will be happy to reverse the formula and bring you actual criminals, celebritized for your vicarious pleasure. Robert Chambers, the "preppy murderer" jailed for the 1986 murder of teenager Jennifer Levin, received volumes of fan mail in prison from women starstruck by his good looks and lack of remorse. Of course, they might have confused him with actor Billy Baldwin, who portrayed Chambers in a 1989 movie about the case.

Even criminals who aren't celebrities may fare well with the ladies. An awful lot of personal ads in supermarket tabloids contain the phrase "correctional institution inmate" (usually followed by "seeks understanding woman"). These ads get a surprisingly robust response. Women can be drawn to these pseudo-relationships with prisoners out of curiosity, sympathy, desperate loneliness and/or fear of rejection. They may lack basic social skills and intimate friends, or long for a classic co-dependent redemption script. The relationships may provide them with a reassuring sense of stability. One thing about a man in prison, he's not leaving town any time soon.

These women—from chicks who thought killer Ted Bundy was cute, to chicks who wrote Tommy Lee letters in jail—are merely entry-level wannabes in the world of convict groupies. Very few attain the status of, say, Doreen Lioy. Lioy, a 41 year old magazine editor with a reputed IQ of 152, married notorious rapist/killer Richard



"Intellectual brilliance is no guarantee against being dead wrong."



# POPsmear seeks

# SOFT MANIACS

Have you been a dirty, dirty reader?
Are the voices making too much sense?

Win an autographed copy of Maggie Estep's new book, *Soft Maniacs!*

Describe in two sentences your strangest sexual or psychiatric experience. Only super freaks need apply. Fifty winners will be chosen based upon the content of their entries—the more unusual and demented, the better.

Send entries to:
*POPsmear* Magazine
Soft Maniacs Contest
50 W 23rd St 6th fl
NYC 10010
Or email: maniacs@popsmear.com
All entries must be received by October 31, 1999.

**OFFICIAL RULES**

Send or email two sentences describing your strangest sexual or psychiatric experience. All entries must include entrant's name, mailing address, daytime phone number and birth date. Deadline for receipt of entries is October 31, 1999. Limit one entry per person.

* For complete (and we mean complete) contest rules, check out popsmear.com

"Night Stalker" Ramirez, in a ceremony on San Quentin's death row. She was first attracted to Ramirez when she saw his picture in the newspaper, and wrote to him regularly for months before they were able to meet. They were finally wed in 1996, after almost 15 years of courtship. With no chance of conjugal visits for the lifer and his wifer, we can only speculate as to the nature of the unique bond they share.

## PISSED-OFF TEENAGED GIRLS

***Not exactly rare; sometimes pretty heinous***

For teenaged girls, the appeal of the "bad boy" is often twice as strong. When adolescent rebellion mixes with the first flushes of hormonal attraction, the chemistry can become explosive. This is especially true when the young lady in question has parents who object to her new swain. Her romance, once forbidden, becomes even more attractive than before, and woe to the parents who get in their way.

Young lovers Charles Starkweather and Caril Ann Fugate epitomized the teen couple on a killing spree—their true story provided the foundation for movies like *Badlands*, *Natural Born Killers* and *Wild at Heart.* In 1958, 14 year old Fugate's family forbade her to marry 19 year old Starkweather, a bowlegged, ne'er-do-well punk with a history of violent assault. So her mother, stepfather and infant sister were all summarily murdered as the couple kicked off an infamous eight-day killing spree.

Though Caril Ann aided and abetted Starkweather, collecting newspaper clippings of their adventures as they ran from police and racked up bodies, she later claimed to have been forced against her will to stay with him. She witnessed her family's death, then stayed in the house with Starkweather for five days afterwards, screwing and playing house while keeping relatives at bay. She guarded some of their captives while he napped, and she held a loaded gun on others, but she swore that she was a hostage and not an accomplice. The courts didn't buy it, sentencing her to a hefty term behind bars, and even Starkweather, on his way to the electric chair, testified to her powers. Caril was "something worth killing for," he said before his death. "She put the spark and thrill into the killing."

Even more precocious than Caril Ann Fugate was Wendy Gardner, 13, subject of the book *Kill Grandma for Me*. This, apparently, was the sentiment she conveyed to her 15 year old boyfriend, James Evans, when her grandmother wouldn't let her stay over at his place on Christmas 1994. She stayed with him anyway, and they plotted the hypothetical crime between bouts of sex. They compared the merits of shooting, stabbing and strangling the elderly woman, they discussed the handling and disposal of the body, and even Wendy's 11 year old sister was accounted for in the plan: "When we tie her up you can fuck her instead of me 'cause I'm sick of you doing it to me all the time," Wendy allegedly said.

There's no doubt that James had a history of aggressive behavior, even an apocryphal reputation as a cat killer, though he impresses the reader mostly as a dopey kid, just trying to keep from getting hurt by lashing out. Wendy, meanwhile, was an above-average student, who recorded advanced sexual and violent urges in her diary. She was the brains of the operation, but he was the hands—the hands that strangled Betty Gardner to her death.

***Rapist/killer Paul Bernardo, aka rapper White Hype.***

In an eerie parallel to the Fugate family killings, the young lovers spent the days after the murder at the scene of the crime, Wendy's home. They napped, had sex, went bowling, gorged on junk food, bought matching Reeboks and played video games; meanwhile Granny cooled it in the trunk of the car. They were still discussing the issue of what to do with 11 year old Kathy, who was unharmed throughout the ordeal, when the girl escaped and alerted the cops.

At her trial, Wendy claimed that she did not order her grandmother's murder, and that she was powerless to stop the killing because she was scared of what James might do to her and her sister. She carried a teddy bear to court, and wore a ankle-length flowered dress to take the stand in her own defense. But the taped confession she'd originally given cops was too damning. Her voice cold, the jurors heard her admit:

> I got up and talked to James some more and I said, "I want to kill her so bad." She was making me so angry and then James, "She's making me angry and then James goes, "She's making me angry, too' ...I said, "I just want to kill her." And then [James said] "If I kill her will you love me?"

Both teens were found guilty of murder in the second degree. Wendy will be eligible for parole when she's 21. James Evans, the loaded weapon that she aimed and fired, may serve a sentence as long as life.

If hybristophiliacs are "made, not born," some of them are sure made young. Some young female offenders are legitimately desperate for a knight in shining armor to rescue them from an unhappy situation. Others make sure to get a knight with a big lance, one he's not afraid to use, to bring her not just rescue but bloody revenge. If a girl has suffered abuse in the home since childhood, she's usually been waiting for the onset of puberty to bring her new powers and better options. Now she can seduce someone, find love, and marry out of the family. Together they might even fire a parting shot.

For very angry girls like Wendy Gardner, romance and violence, lust and rage, are inextricably linked from the very onset of their sexual awareness. Other girls, already free of their families, take a few more years to find that abominable crimes are a turn-on. For example, Judith Neelley was an experienced 19 years of age when she and husband Alvin molested and killed one of their first victims, a 13 year old girl.

## COMPLIANT VICTIMS

***Not rare enough; degree of heinous-ness mainly determined by partner***

Another teenager, Janice M., was 15 years old when she met her husband-to-be, Cameron Hooker. It's doubtful that the shy girl with mild epilepsy was looking for a sadist to love, but if she had been, she couldn't have done any better than Cameron. Charming on the surface, Hooker was a dyed-in-the-wool sick fuck, who subjected his young girlfriend (by now his wife) to hanging, whipping, choking, beating, sensory deprivation and death threats, telling her all the time that this was normal. His sexual experiments grew more frightening and bizarre, and after years of suffering his brutal scenes, Janice agreed to help him find another victim, on two conditions: Cameron had to swear to abstain from intercourse with the other woman, to preserve their sacred union. And he had to let Jan's body heal, so that she could have their baby.

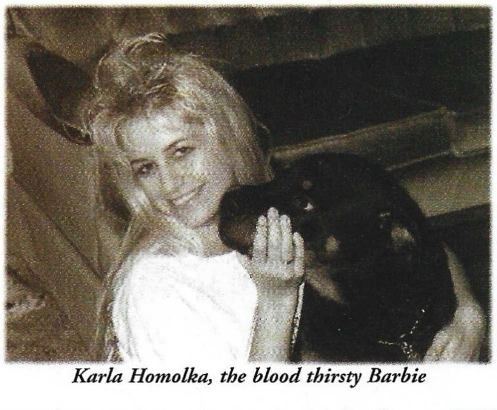
Approximately two years after their wedding, when Jan was 19 and Cameron was 24, they picked up a 20 year old hitchhiker named Colleen Stan, kidnapped her, and kept her as a captive in their home for the next seven years. Stan spent the majority of those years in a series of coffin-like boxes; when she was out of her box, it was to serve as sex slave, domestic help or piece-working wage earner. She spent her first eight months with the couple locked in a box in their basement, taken out only for rapes and beatings, before Cameron made Stan sign a contract of servitude with him on behalf of "The Company."

"The Company" was a fiction he'd stolen from a porn mag—a ring of rich, omnipotent sex slave traders who kidnapped women and then sold them on the black market. They were everywhere, he told her, so it was no use trying to escape, as her family would be killed immediately if she made any trouble. Jan, a whipped and contorted wretch, was a purported example of a girl who'd run off and been found, her knees and hips supposedly mangled by Company agents. Colleen, the disoriented captive, had suffered complete sensory deprivation and intense bondage for months, had heard no explanation for the unbelievable position she was in, and was completely demoralized and broken. She signed the contract and accepted it as her fate.

Colleen and Jan were both continually beaten and abused by Hooker, but Jan remained faithful to the story that kept her rival in bondage. Cameron continued to brutally sodomize, shock, whip, hang and suffocate Colleen, spinning more elaborate tales of The Company. Meanwhile, Jan had two daughters, both of whom became devoted to the nanny they called "K." Neighbors saw this "nanny" with the family, but no one had any idea that the girl was chained to the bathroom pipes for hours, and forced to wear a tight wooden trap over her head as she slept in a box. Janice said nothing to anyone, until she saw Cameron and Colleen getting too close.

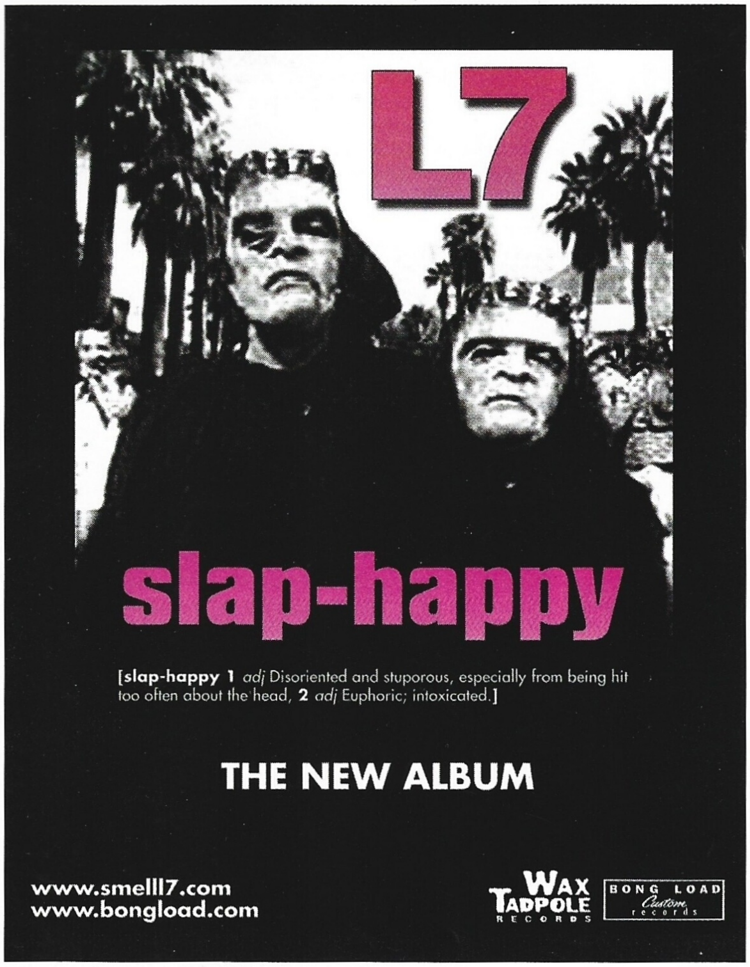
It had taken years for Jan to talk to Colleen, and when they first communicated, it was so bitter and contentious that Cameron joked about having them both "taken care of," just to stop the bickering. But the women became closer, "K" was given more freedom, and as the years passed the women settled into a strange polygamous arrangement. Finally, an angry and fearful Jan admitted the truth to Colleen—she was free to go, there was no "Company," the seven years of servitude were over. Jan could no longer deny that she was a participant, that she could have set Colleen free at any time and had not. Colleen left the couple, absolutely bewildered, but stayed close to them both for a while before telling her story to police.

Janice received immunity from prosecution in exchange for her testimony against Cameron, though it's clear that Colleen Stan's captivity and torture could not have taken place without her help. It is also apparent that she did not confess to Stan out of human



***Karla Homolka, the blood thirsty Barbie***

"It is not clear that intelligence has any long-term survival value."


L7

slap-happy

[**slap-happy 1** *adj* Disoriented and stuporous, especially from being hit too often about the head, **2** *adj* Euphoric; intoxicated.]

**THE NEW ALBUM**

**www.smelll7.com**
**www.bongload.com**

WAX TADPOLE RECORDS
BONG LOAD Custom records

JOIN POP SMEAR MAGAZINE ON TOUR WITH

The Muffs

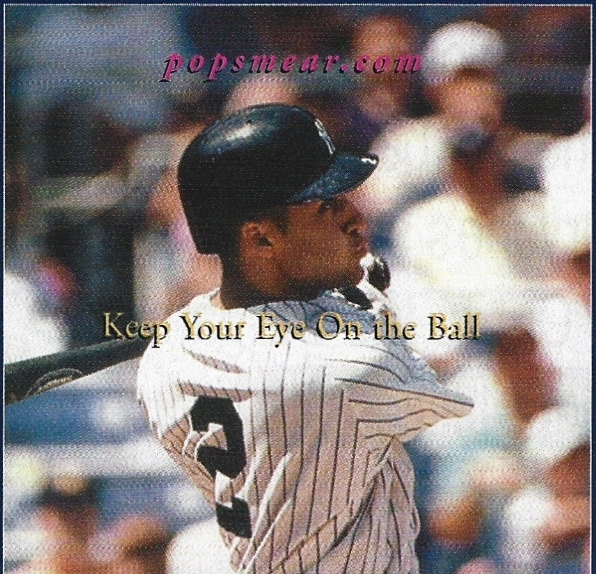
Alert Today Alive Tomorrow

8/11 - Aneheim, CA
8/12 - L.A., CA
8/13 - San Diego, CA
8/14 - Phoenix, AZ
8/15 - Albq., NM
8/17 - San Antonio, TX
8/18 - Austin, TX
8/19 - Dallas, TX
8/20 - Houston, TX
8/21 - New Orleans, LA
8/23 - Atlanta, GA
8/24 - Columbia, SC
8/26 - Washington, DC
8/27 - Cambridge, MA
8/28 - NYC, NY
8/29 - Philadelphia, PA
8/30 - Hoboken, NJ
9/01 - Montreal, QUE
9/02 - Toronto, ONT
9/03 - Detroit, MI
9/04 - Chicago, Il
9/05 - Minn, MN
9/07 - St. Louis. MO
9/08 - Lawrence, KS
9/10 - Denver, CO

HONEST DON'S P.O. BOX 192027 S.F., CA 94119
Tour Updates at www.honestdons.com

In June 1999, the World Champion New York Yankees, as a team, combined for a total of 252 hits.

That same month, popsmear.com rallied for **more than 1,000,000**.


popsmear.com
Keep Your Eye On the Ball

popsmear.com

*The happy couple, just weeks after the rape and killing of Karla's younger sister*

kindness, but out of fear that she would sleep with her husband and bear him a child. The once-cowed hausfrau has since divorced, received counseling, and turned her life around. "I chose not to be a victim," Janice told a journalist. "I hope Colleen makes that choice. Not to just walk out, but to make a total change, to become an unvictim, to take charge."

Can victims be victimizers at the same time? We define victims as those who are powerless, theoretically lacking the power to hurt. Yet every day, we're faced with proof that oppressed people are not innately more ethical than their oppressors, that they are, in fact, apt to take out their frustrations on similarly oppressed people. Janice may have wanted Colleen to suffer her husband's abuse, not only to spare herself the pain, but also to punish someone for what she'd been through. Perhaps she wished to punish herself by proxy. Or whatever—her wishes seem pretty unimportant when stacked against the wishes she denied Colleen Stan.

Traditional feminist rhetoric tends to exonerate women for their weaknesses, no matter how ghastly the results of their "passive" moral disability may be. Janice Hooker was, by all accounts, terrorized and brainwashed by an exceptionally skilled sadist. She was also passionately jealous of him, determined to have a family with him, and bitterly resentful of the woman chained in a box under their bed. She was a participant in the scene, until she *chose* not to be a victim. And so, it seems, she did have a choice after all.

## THE ÜBERMENSCH WENCH

### *Not as rare as she thinks; heinous as hell*

In the case of Janice and Cameron Hooker, there is every reason to believe that it was Cameron who set their pathology in motion. He had been cultivating his extreme fantasies since boyhood, he'd even experimented by abusing an earlier girlfriend, whereas Jan, if left to her own devices, most probably would not have enslaved another person for the fun of it. It was mostly bad luck on her part, to have been lured into a *folie a deux* with this particularly demented sadist. Women like Myra Hindley, on the other hand, are looking for just that type of partner, someone cunning and ruthless with whom to swap delusions of grandeur.

An undergraduate grasp of Nietzsche, a copy of *Mein Kampf* and a minor arrest record—Ian Brady had everything he needed to catch Myra's eye. The couple often went picnicking on the English moors, discussing Myra's Nazi heroine, Irma Grese, or the Marquis de Sade, or Leopold and Loeb, the infamous pair who killed a young boy as part of their "perfect crime." It was 1968, when she was 21, that the pair began to actively emulate their heroes. Over the next two years, they would abduct, molest and kill at least five teenagers, boys and girls, then bury them in the moors.

Myra and Ian grew cocky and pleased with themselves. In this time before advanced forensics, police had trouble finding the bodies or linking the disappearances, and the couple had evaded any suspicion thus far. But the thrills were diminishing. They needed to go further.

They tried to enlist Myra's younger brother into their next plan for sexual homicide. They were sure they were onto the most exciting and fulfilling diversion ever, why would the boy refuse? Yet when he was handed the bloody hatchet that Brady was using on their victim's head, Myra's brother not only refused to finish the job, he went immediately to police with the details. Brady was arrested, but Hindley had to turn herself in to claim her share of the crime.

Brady, diagnosed as schizophrenic, is serving his life sentence in an institute for the criminally insane. Myra Hindley, serving life in prison, underwent a religious conversion in 1986, and has lobbied since that time for an early release. It's one of the few cases in which the male and female partners of a killing team were sentenced almost evenly, as was appropriate. Both of them were sociopaths, not just sadists, and both lacked conscience equally. They were a frighteningly well-matched set of psychos.

This is because the Übermensch Wench will only seek the rare man whom she considers her equal, or better. She wants a partner she can worship, someone special of high status who will be worthy of a woman as unique as she. But while she dotes on her partner, ostensibly pursuing victims for his happiness, he is also highly susceptible to her very pointed criticism. Men who claim they're beyond mortal morality are then expected to act convincingly godlike. If the man isn't godlike, then how to justify such extreme sacrifices in his name? And how is the woman going to claim to have been in his thrall?

Charlene Gallego, a well-off suburban girl with an IQ of 160, seemed to be a total submissive to husband Gerald. She called him "Daddy," tiptoed around his slaps and elbow-jabs, and catered to him in any way she could, even sharing him with other women when she had to. When he developed erection trouble, Charlene suggested that they pick up sex slaves—but only to make her man happy, mind you, not because she was, herself, an admitted raging sex addict who liked little girls. Gerald gave Charlene the excuse she needed to indulge her own sick appetites. They raped and killed eight young women in their pursuit of Gerald's erection and Charlene's orgasm.

Smart, assertive Karla Homolka also wanted a superman, so she chose a flashy blonde yuppie rapist who aspired to be a rap star. She and husband Paul Bernardo became notorious for their excessive materialism, laughable narcissism and callow savagery. Karla claimed to be totally controlled by Paul throughout their criminal career, kept in line with threats, belittling, slaps, punches and sodomy. She, too, claimed that she raped and killed young women—including her younger sister—only to keep Paul happy, because she was afraid of him and yet loved him so much. Nevermind the homemade videos of the couple and their victims, which showcased a bossy and determined Karla engaging in direct sexual assault. No, she wouldn't have done any of it, if it weren't for Paul.

Or would she? Hybristophiliacs who fall into this loose grouping seem capable of anything. They paint themselves as "compliant victims," doing what they had to do in order to survive the madmen who had them brainwashed. But they deliberately sought out and encouraged these madmen, believing that only major-league sadists can make suitable romantic partners. After the rape and death of her sister, Karla made a video with Paul, improvising dialogue while sucking him off:

> We raped a little girl. Down here in my room. You went out and you found her, got her, brought her back to the house. Brought her downstairs, I was shocked. You fucked her…I let you do that. Because I love you. Because you're the king…If you want to do it 50 times more. We can do it 50 times…Because I love you. Because you're the king. 'Cause you deserve it.

Like Karla these women felt entitled to rape, torture and killing other girls, because their men were kings, they were princesses and they *deserved* it. Most of them got what they really deserved in court. Only Homolka was able to successfully manipulate the system. She cut a deal with the Canadian Crown for a shockingly light sentence of 12 years max behind bars. Now she's the fantasy girl of wannabe rapists everywhere—the picture-perfect accomplice of a misogynist's wildest dreams.

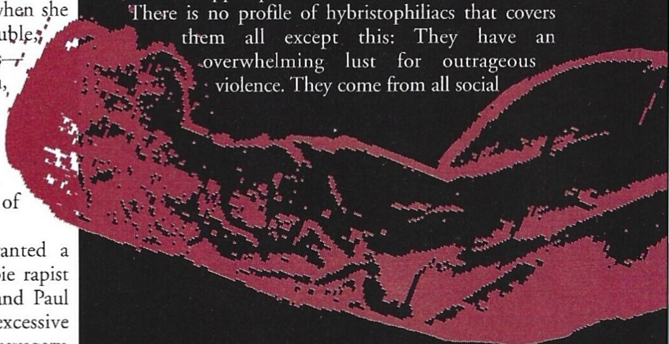
## BRIDES OF CHUCKY

### *Totally nuts, unimaginably heinous*

Then there's the gal who doesn't even try to explain why she did it. What excuse do you give when you're Carol Bundy, and you've just put some makeup on the severed head of a prostitute so your boyfriend can use it for oral sex? Judith Neelley blamed husband Alvin on the stand, but did he really make her repeatedly inject one of their victims with liquid drain cleaner, causing the poor girl slow, gruesome agony? What version of events will our lead-in lady, Cindy Lea Hendy, tell when she takes the stand? She had to force a woman who was bound to a rack to perform cunnilingus on her…why?

Because she's NUTS. Remember? All these women are suffering from a marauding, predatory compulsion to violence by proxy—Freud would add that they suffer from gun envy as well. They are not simply forced into action by outside agents, they are compelled from within. Just as your autonomic system tells you when it's time to eat, theirs reminds them that it's time to violate. Some of them are otherwise sane, some are sociopaths, but they're all fucking nuts. They have issues like Kleenex has tissues. Why else would they be faced with the dilemma of whether or not to sexually abuse a kidnapped prisoner?

There is no profile of hybristophiliacs that covers them all except this: They have an overwhelming lust for outrageous violence. They come from all social classes, all countries, all races. Some are noted for their exceptionally high IQs. Others are noted chiefly for their high blood alcohol and drug levels. They don't all look like Hendy, who at 39 is the very image of a half-dead biker chick. Homolka was a pretty young blonde, and Charlene Gallego, at 24, had no problem passing for 15 when she was luring girls into her van. Some were rural, others suburban, still others preyed in the city. The moral of which is this: Anyone can be a hybristophiliac. You don't have to be a single white male in your mid-20s, prior history of emotional/legal troubles, blah blah FBI serial killer stereotype. You can be black (Debra Brown), obese (Carol Bundy), or even pathologically meek (Janice Hooker). You just gotta love being a moll.



Jennifer Tilly, in the horror-comedy flick *Bride of Chucky*, hires a man to bring her the remains of her dead lover. She uses black magic to resurrect the psychoslayer, because she's been unable to find another guy who can satisfy her freaky needs like he once did. Once reawakened, Chucky's still an asshole, slapping her and chiding her for wanting to be his bride, but the fire between them still burns like hell. The murder and mayhem begin anew, the gore starts oozing, the bodies fall. She purrs to him, "You always did know how to show a girl a good time." ⊙

**Janice Erlbaum** is one of our most favorite (and frightening) writers. We know that there is a fine line between printing a story and pushing up daisies. email: janice@popsmear.com

**Greg Houston** lives in a freaky city called Baltimore. This is his first piece of art in *POPsmear* and damn if we don't think he's twisted enough to do more.

Into serial killers, crime and pornocopolis? Check out the **Mayhem Network** at mayhem.net.

# Nardwuar the Human Serviette vs. ~~Noel~~ ~~Liam~~ PAUL GALLAGHER

**Nardwuar the Human Serviette:** Who are you?
**Paul Gallagher:** Who am I? Good point, Nardwuar. My name is Paul Gallagher.

**NtHS:** You are Paul Gallagher!
**PG:** Yeah. I've got two semi-famous brothers. I don't think they've had a hit single yet, but you might have heard of them. They've got big eyebrows and stuff.

**NtHS:** Do you have a mono-brow, too, Paul?
**PG:** Do I have a mono-brow? No, my eyebrows actually don't meet in the middle. They're actually...normal, if you know what I mean.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, brother of Liam and Noel, do you get any respect? Does anybody give you any—I mean, is it hard to get respect? Do you get any respect, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** Of course I do.

**NtHS:** But like, are you the Billy Carter of the Gallagher family?
**PG:** No, no, no, no, naw. And I'm not Chris Jagger either. Not Pete Best. Or any other people you mean to throw out at me.

"Are you the BILLY CARTER of the Gallagher family?"
—Nardwuar the Human Serviette, Canadian, toque-wearer, five-time National Croquet Champion

**NtHS:** But do you get any respect though? Is it hard to be the brother of the Gallaghers? Because people seem to always be making fun of you—Paul Gallagher, ha ha. The "fattish" older brother of Liam and Noel. What is it like to take that sort of abuse, Paul?
**PG:** I just don't listen to them.

**NtHS:** But don't they always say it to you?
**PG:** Nobody says nothing to me personally. People print it in papers 'cause they won't say it to my face, because they know they will be on the floor if I get a hold of them.

**NtHS:** Have you punched anybody over this?
**PG:** Umm, not yet, but there are a few who have come close.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, why does the first line in your book say—it kind of says, "I always wished I was famous." I mean, aren't you setting yourself up right there?
**PG:** Of course I am.

**NtHS:** Why are you setting yourself up for that abuse?
**PG:** Because I get that anyways, so you might as well set yourself up for it.

**NtHS:** Because on page 76 of *Brothers* you say, "I'll always repay you, Mr. Sifter, by advertising your shop as one of the biggest influences behind the greatest band in the world." You are talking about this guy Mr. Sifter. Who is Mr. Sifter?
**PG:** Mr. Sifter, his name is Peter. I can't remember his last name. But yeah, we've always bought records from him. In fact, I bought some—in fact, no, I actually did buy some last week; I was trying to nick them but he caught me.

**NtHS:** But why do you say, "I will always repay you, Mr. Sifter, by advertising your shop as one of the biggest influences behind the greatest band in the world"? Do you have to use your brothers' fame to pay back this man? What are you? I mean, are you their official spokesman? Can't you get a hold of yourself, Paul? Create your own niche. Break through, Paul Gallagher. You're good, too. You don't have to use your brothers' fame for this.
**PG:** Who's using what? What you on about? What do you mean?

**NtHS:** I am talking about how you're talking about how your brothers bought records at the shop and you're advertising the shop as one of the biggest influences of—
**PG:** Whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow right down. Rewind—

**NtHS:** Of Oasis. Create your own—
**PG:** Rewind—

**NtHS:** Create your own—
**PG:** Rewind—

**NtHS:** Paul—
**PG:** Rewind—

**NtHS:** Gallagher—
**PG:** Rewind. Hold on. I was there before. Now, advertising the facts, yes, many big major companies would like the free advertising, but they won't get it, not from me.

**NtHS:** But it says that you're advertising it.
**PG:** So what? You're advertising me in fucking Vancouver or wherever you are or Toronto or wherever you are. I don't know where you are.

**NtHS:** Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, Paul Gallagher!
**PG:** Oh, is that right? Canada, have you got your big red leaves on your feet?

**NtHS:** Do you have any good Canada jokes besides that, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** You know what I mean, I've got plenty of jokes, but I'm not in a joking mood. This is meant to be an interview concerning a book, and if you want to rip the piss, then go on and rip the piss somewhere else—

**NtHS:** I'm not ripping the piss! I'm not ripping the piss! I'm not ripping the piss, Paul Gallagher!
**PG:** Yeah, well, you're obviously not intelligent enough to rip the piss, then. Go on then.

**NtHS:** Well, I'm reading from direct quotes here, Paul Gallagher, brother of Liam and Noel.
**PG:** Well, that direct quote on page 76 that you are referring to does not exist.

**NtHS:** It does! On page 76 of your book, it does say, "I'll always repay you, Mr. Sifter, by advertising your shop as one of the biggest influences behind the greatest band in the world."
**PG:** Yeah, yeah, yeah. Well, if you go rewind to the start of the story concerning that, I mean, you're taking it from text and making it out as if it were something different.

**NtHS:** Ok, why are there no pictures of you in the book *Brothers*? Why are there no pictures—
**PG:** Because that's on purpose—

**NtHS:** But I want to see—
**PG:** To keep people guessing—

**NtHS:** But I want to see what you look like, Paul.
**PG:** Well, you're going to have to wait now, aren't you? You know what I mean?

**NtHS:** Paul, did you ever think about writing other books, like maybe about Davy Jones? David Jones of the Monkees is from Openshaw. Openshaw!
**PG:** Openshaw, yeah! I know where Openshaw is, but, you know, I don't want to write any more books. I've written one book. I knew I had a book. I dunnit. End of story. It's a big, big seller. I'll move onto something different.

**NtHS:** Davy Jones, from Openshaw!
**PG:** So what? *[in an American accent]* Davy Jones from Openshaw, wowie.

**NtHS:** And Mick Hucknall from Simply Red is from Dukinfield, Paul Gallagher.
**PG:** He's actually from Denton.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher! Paul Gallagher!
**PG:** Paul Gallagher! Paul Gallagher! Hey, man!

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher! Paul Gallagher is currently a band manager and A&R consultant. What band?
**PG:** Brubaker.

**NtHS:** What's the name of the band?
**PG:** Brubaker.

**NtHS:** Boo Baker?
**PG:** Brew. Bee. Beh.

**NtHS:** Buh.
**PG:** Ruh.

**NtHS:** Ruh.
**PG:** Yeh.

**NtHS:** Eugh.
**PG:** Beh.

**NtHS:** Eugh.
**PG:** Aah.

**NtHS:** Aah.
**PG:** Keh.

**NtHS:** Aah.
**PG:** Eh.

**NtHS:** Aah.
**PG:** Reh.

**NtHS:** Rah. Thank you, thank you, Paul Gallagher. Why on page 137 do you comment, "I wish I had a chance to show my talents somewhere"? Why do you say that? You're showing it in the book. "I wish I had a chance to show my talents somewhere." Why do you say that? You're setting yourself up for more punishment, Paul. I feel sorry for you.
**PG:** You do, do you? Well, I don't feel sorry for me, you know what I mean? I'm not bothered, bothered, you know, beh-ah-teh-ah-ah-ah. Not bothered. Not bothered. It doesn't interest me.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, on page 137 of your book—
**PG:** What is this?

**NtHS:** "It is hard to imagine your younger brothers becoming the new Keith Richards and Mick Jagger" you say, Paul Gallagher. Your new brothers becoming the new Keith Richards and Mick Jagger. How can you compare your brothers to Richards and Jagger? Liam doesn't write any of the songs, does he? He doesn't co-write anything with Noel.
**PG:** No.

**NtHS:** So why did you use that, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** Because I felt like using it, you know what I mean, it is just a term. Now, Liam is only 24. Who says he's never going to write songs? You don't know that—

**NtHS:** Keith Richards and Jagger co-wrote songs together. Liam and Noel don't co-write songs, so how can you compare them to that?

*Sigh. Big breeze coming over the phone. Whewwwwwwwwww.*

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, are you still there? How are you doing, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** I'm fine and you're running up my fucking phone bill. So say what you've got to say or I'm terminating this interview—

**NtHS:** Thank you, Paul Gallagher.
**PG:** —ok?

**NtHS:** We really do appreciate your time. Continuing on here, on page 137, you go on to say, "But our Noel was very talented." "Our Noel." Why do you say, "Our Noel"? What's the deal with "Our Noel"? It is kind of sucky, isn't it? "Our Noel." "Our Liam." Why so much "our"?
**PG:** "Our" because it's a Mancunian term, like "our kid." Obviously you Canadians.... What would you say if you had a brother? "Hey, Lukin, how are you, man?"

**NtHS:** I would say, "Liam."
**PG:** But would you call him "your" or "our" or "him" or "who"?

**NtHS:** I'd just keep saying, "Liam, Liam, Liam."
**PG:** You don't live here, right? You've never even been here. You've never even fucking heard of Manchester—

**NtHS:** Hey, what's wrong with me—
**PG:** Everybody uses "our." Our kid, our brother, our fucking team, our this, my cup of tea.

**NtHS:** You were Bod the Mod!
**PG:** Yeah.

**NtHS:** You are Paul Gallagher, brother of Liam and Noel. You were Bod the Mod. Are not the Secret Affair, the Squire, the Purple Hearts or Prisoners.... I mean, the Prisoners...aren't they just as good as—or better than—Oasis, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** No, they're not.

**NtHS:** Why? You love those bands though? Why aren't they as good? The Prisoners!
**PG:** No, no, no, where are they now, you know what I mean? Oasis is going to be around for a good few years yet.

**NtHS:** But you must admit those bands were good. You were down with them. You did like them, Paul Gallagher.
**PG:** They're influences. Influences made it into a better equation.

**NtHS:** But the Prisoners probably influenced Oasis. The Prisoners are better than Oasis.
**PG:** What is this, a fucking tv show I'm on, know what I mean? Shit.

**NtHS:** Why have you given us this information, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** Why? Because I've written a book.

**NtHS:** But, but, but—
**PG:** To write a book, see, you've got to memorize quite a lot of stuff and you've got to research. Now, I didn't do no research because the research is in my fucking brain—

**NtHS:** I know, you're great. You're Paul Gallagher. Paul Gallagher, just one second. You just said, "Who cares that Noel liked tents." Then why did you put that in the book? Why did you put all that stuff about Noel getting a dog bite—
**PG:** You've got to make the thing interesting. These are original things that happened.

**NtHS:** But you just shot me—
**PG:** You may not be able to relate to them in Canada, but people in Britain can, same as I can't relate to a fucking Eskimo in Alaska. Or a sheep dog or whatever—

**NtHS:** But Paul Gallagher, you just scolded me a second ago for asking you about Noel liking tents, and yet you've put it in the book. I'm allowed to ask that question, aren't I? It's in the book.
**PG:** Whatever.

"I don't know, if all you people in Canada are like you, man, I DON'T WANT TO DO NO MORE INTERVIEWS, you know what I mean?"
—Paul Gallagher, who is AMAZINGLY PALE after spending so much time in the shadows of his brothers

**NtHS:** I'm from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Long John Baldry lives here! Long John Baldry lives here, Paul Gallagher.
**PG:** Oh well, whatever.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, brother of Liam and Noel, quoting from page 151 of *Brothers*, "Oasis' performance was magnificent, eclipsing the much raved-about Soul Asylum." What are you referring to, right there?
**PG:** Go back to it and read it out. I don't have the book in front of me so I really don't know what you're on about.

**NtHS:** You are saying their performance was magnificent. Are you objective? Are you objective, Paul Gallagher? How can you be objective and call them magnificent when they're your brothers? You love them. You love your brothers, don't you, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** Umm, yeah. Yeah, sometimes. Not all the time. But yeah.

**NtHS:** But comparing Oasis to Soul Asylum—
**PG:** Soul Asylum are shite.

**NtHS:** Yeah, they are shite. It doesn't take that much to be better than Soul Asylum, does it?
**PG:** I'd say you'd probably form a band that would be better than Soul Asylum.

**NtHS:** So we agree on something, Paul Gallagher! Soul Asylum are shite!
**PG:** We do. We agree to disagree, you know.

**NtHS:** We are connecting here! We are connecting!
**PG:** Solar power.

**NtHS:** Now, Paul Gallagher, what do you really think about Oasis? I mean, honestly, Paul Gallagher, are they really something special?
**PG:** Yes.

**NtHS:** I mean, come on. You were a mod, weren't you?
**PG:** Hmmm.

**NtHS:** You were a mod.
**PG:** Once the mod, always the mod.

**NtHS:** Hello, Paul Gallagher. How are you doing? We are speaking here to Paul Gallagher, author of the book, *Brothers*. And Paul Gallagher is the brother of Liam and Noel of Oasis.
**PG:** I don't know, if all you people in Canada are like you, man, I don't want to do no more interviews, you know what I mean?

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, how do you remember so much about your youth? You remember every toy, every cereal, all these things. How do you remember all this stuff?
**PG:** Obviously I'm clever, but there you go, eh?

**NtHS:** Because "Noel liked tents." "Noel had a favourite toy wigwam." What was that all about?
**PG:** Do you know what a wigwam is?

**NtHS:** Yes, we know what a wigwam is in Canada, Paul Gallagher. You really have something against Canada, don't you, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** No, I don't have anything against Canada. I have something against people who don't ask proper questions, who don't, ummm, I don't know if you're trying to glorify yourself in this interview by winding me up....

**NtHS:** We're not trying to wind you up. We're just going through the actual book. "Noel liked tents." "He had a favourite toy wigwam."
**PG:** Yeah, a wigwam. It is no big deal—

**NtHS:** I know, that's what we're trying to elaborate.
**PG:** It's no big deal. Kids have toys, you know what I mean? I've got a memory, and I've fucking memorized it. I've got—

**NtHS:** Noel got a dog bite at age six. Brave Noel was the only one "manly" enough to pull a dart out of your head. There were schoolyard fights with Tony Rafferty and Youngy. Like, what is the significance of all this little information you've put out there? Isn't it kind of blah, as you've said earlier?
**PG:** Is it what?

**NtHS:** Now, Paul, continuing—
**PG:** I am terminating this interview. I don't know who set you up to interview me. I thought I was doing an interview.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, winding up here—
**PG:** No, no—

**NtHS:** Just a few more questions—
**PG:** No, no, you—

**NtHS:** Just a few more questions. Please, Paul Gallagher. Please, Paul. Are you still there? Please, Paul.
**PG:** Get on with it—

**NtHS:** Just a few more questions—
**PG:** I'm wasting my time.

**NtHS:** Recently it was reported that you were with Liam when he allegedly did coke on November 9 and was caught by the fuzz.
**PG:** What did you say there?

**NtHS:** Recently it was reported in the papers that you were with Liam when he allegedly did coke and was caught by the fuzz.
**PG:** No, no, I wasn't with Liam.

**NtHS:** Have you seen anyone offer—
**PG:** I was with Liam the next day when I called to his house. I wasn't with Liam. I was at a fucking gig somewhere in London.

**NtHS:** Have you ever seen anyone offer Oasis coke? You know, Blow-ace-sis? Get it? Blow-ace-sis? Who hangs around Oasis? Who is offering them coke and stuff?
**PG:** That's up to you to find out, isn't it?

**NtHS:** Continuing on here, winding up—
**PG:** Why don't you go and ask the newspapers, because they usually make up a story like what you're trying to do, eh?

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, Bod the Mod, continuing on here on page 143 of *Brothers*—
**PG:** Yadda, yadda, yadda….

*Gallagher whistles*

**NtHS:** You say, "Then one of Liam's mates asked Liz Phair to get her tits out for the lads, which we all find highly amusing." Why did you say that? Isn't that, like, slothlike, Paul Gallagher?
**PG:** Har-har-har-har-har.

**NtHS:** "Get her tits out for the lads." Isn't that kind of mean?
**PG:** Get your tits out for the lads, you know what I mean?

**NtHS:** That's very slothlike.
**PG:** Ah, do you know what I mean? It happens. You wasn't there.

**NtHS:** What do you mean I wasn't there?
**PG:** You wasn't there. You're just taking excerpts from a book—my book—and trying to turn it around as if I'm some sort of fucking asshole.

**NtHS:** We're not trying to turn—
**PG:** At the end of the day, you're the asshole.

**NtHS:** We're not trying to put anything around here, Paul Gallagher. You're just saying, "Get her tits out for the lads."
**PG:** I'm telling you, if I ever come to Canada, you'd fucking better watch out—

**NtHS:** Right.
**PG:** If I come across you, you'll be snowboarded, I'm telling you.

**NtHS:** I'm going to be snowboarded? Nardwuar the Human Serviette, I'm going to be snowboarded?
**PG:** Snowboarded.

**NtHS:** Winding up here, again, winding up here, winding up here with Paul Gallagher—
**PG:** Winding, yeah, yeah. I don't know who else you interview, but no doubt they'll want to kill you the same as I do.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher—
**PG:** You know what I mean?

**NtHS:** What do your fingernails taste like these days?
**PG:** What is what?

**NtHS:** What do your fingernails taste like these days?
**PG:** My fingernails? At the moment, horse manure.

**NtHS:** When is the last time Noel or Liam punched you? I know you want to punch me, don't you? You want to whip me—
**PG:** You're fucking right. I want to rip your fucking head off, and I will, one of these days, you know what I mean? I know where you are.

*Gallagher laughs*

**NtHS:** Thank you, Paul Gallagher.
**PG:** You aren't getting away with trying to wind me up on the phone. I don't fucking care where you are—

**NtHS:** Nobody, *nobody* screws with Paul Gallagher. Nobody—
**PG:** Nobody screws, not even you, fucking Nardwuar, or whoever you're called. I mean, Nardwuar, what's up with your fucking nickname, Nardwuar? Did you come from outer space?

**NtHS:** You are teasing me in my little country house here.
**PG:** I'm fucking—my country house, ha ha. Some might say I'll cast no shadow across your fuckin'—you will roll with it, you cunt.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, the brother of Liam and Noel, please tell me when was the last time you punched somebody? Like, did you punch Liam or Noel? When was the last time—
**PG:** I find it hard to punch Liam or Noel—they're actually three hundred miles away from me, unless I've got a big fist, you know what I mean, like fucking Superman flying through the air.

**NtHS:** You seem to be very opinionated. Has anybody ever got mad at you or punched you at all?
**PG:** Punched me? No.

**NtHS:** Liam or Noel have not punched you? They've got mad at you recently?
**PG:** No. We're brothers.

"I don't know who else YOU INTERVIEW, BUT no doubt they'll want to kill you THE SAME AS I DO."
**—Paul Gallagher, party animal**

**NtHS:** Would they be happy with the way you're carrying on yourself in this manner right now?
**PG:** Yes.

**NtHS:** Paul Gallagher, you describe here how you Gallaghers had such a hard upbringing. You know, Noel stole stuff, did drugs, fought bikers. So why did the boys—oh sorry, "our Liam" and "our Noel"—walk off stage here in Vancouver when a little penny hit them? Why did they walk off stage—
**PG:** A little penny hit them?

**NtHS:** A little penny hit—
**PG:** I thought this happened before with you Canadians. At the end of the day, they're there to play music. That stage is their stage. Anyone who invades it or who throws fucking coins, they might end up for the rest of their life blind. I don't know what it is with you Canadians and you Americans, but when you're at a gig, you fucking throw bottles at people. It isn't acceptable, and if it happens again, they're off. It's as simple as that. And that's what they did. They went off.

**NtHS:** But the Gallagher family is tough. You're tough, right? You're tough, Paul Gallagher.
**PG:** We're not fucking—we're not even bothered, you know what I mean?

**NtHS:** But if you're not bothered, then why does a penny make you bothered? You're teaching us—
**PG:** A penny. All right, put it this way, I'll fucking put you up on stage and I will throw a fucking plastic bottle of water full and with force and I will throw a coin and I will throw a stone to a speed of 50 miles an hour. I'd like to see how fucking clever you're going to last, you know what I mean?

**NtHS:** So you want to teach us—
**PG:** You'll be straight on your snowboard and off to fucking Vancouver, mate.

**NtHS:** So Oasis, when they walk off stage—Paul Gallagher, brother of Liam and Noel—are they teaching us manners? Is that what they're doing?
**PG:** You need educating, don't you, really?

Popular British rock group **Oasis**.

**NtHS:** They're teaching us manners? They came to Vancouver to teach us manners?
**PG:** You know what I mean? If that's the way you behave....

**NtHS:** They came to Vancouver to teach us manners?
**PG:** They came to Vancouver to play music.

**NtHS:** And then also—well they didn't play music because they walked off….
**PG:** Do you know what that is? Music. M-U-S-I-C. They were there to play music.

**NtHS:** How come when Oasis—
**PG:** They're not fucking King Kong in a cage, you know. You know what I mean?

**NtHS:** But Paul Gallagher, you spokesman you—
**PG:** Ohhh.

**NtHS:** When Oasis came to Vancouver they held a press conference, the first time they came to Vancouver. Isn't that kind of being assholes?
**PG:** Why?

**NtHS:** You know, having a press conference when they were barely selling out a 200-seat venue. It was eventually moved to a larger venue, but in America, at that time when they first came, to warrant a press conference, that was kind of being assholic, wasn't it?
**PG:** Is it? I don't know, but there again, see, I don't know a lot about Canada and America, and would I want to know? This is the point. My book is going on sale in Canada because my publishers want it to go on sale in Canada. That doesn't...that means I will speak to any other person who wants to interview me, not just some fucking asshole who is trying to take the piss. So I suggest you go to your country house, you get your fucking Blur album out, you go….

**NtHS:** Hey, just a second!
**PG:** —play with your Burl Ives. You play with your fucking...roll with it and leave me alone, ok?

**NtHS:** I like the Prisoners! I like the Prisoners! I like the Prisoners! Paul, are you still there? Paul. Paul?
**PG:** This interview is terminated.

**NtHS:** Oh Paul, can we at least go doot doola doot doo to you?
**PG:** You've had 20 minutes of my fucking money—

**NtHS:** But Liam is so hot!
**PG:**—and we're not getting anywhere.

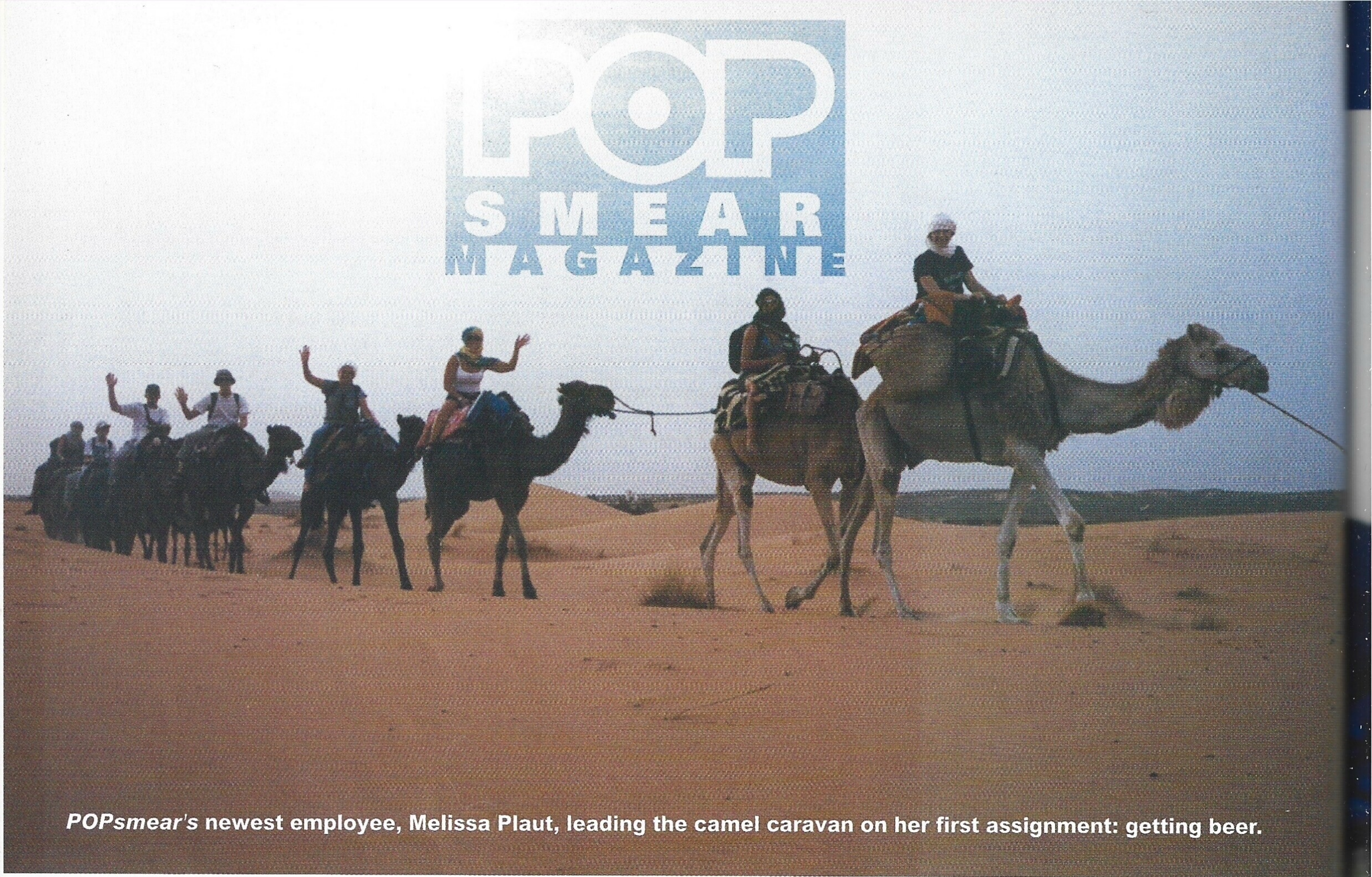
**NtHS:** Liam is so hot!
**PG:** See you later, Nard-fucking-wuar.

*Click. Line goes dead.*

**NtHS:** Paul, Paul. Please. Please. Paul? Paul? Paul? Paul Gallagher, brother of Liam and Noel? Paul? ⊙

**Paul Gallagher**'s book, *Brothers*, is published by Mass Market Paperbacks and likely in the dollar racks. (Actually, we looked it up on amazon.com and found the list price is a whopping $5.56!)

**Nardwuar the Human Serviette** is hiding out from Mr. Gallagher somewhere on the outskirts of Vancouver, BC, Canada. He's losing his hair and is terrified of snowboards. Check out his website at nardwuar.com for more fun! email: nardwuar@popsmear.com



***POPsmear's*** **newest employee, Melissa Plaut, leading the camel caravan on her first assignment: getting beer.**

PSYCHO.MOTO ZINE and alt.coffee present

ROYALFEST 2
ELECTRIC BUGALOO

zines! films! bands! fun!

nyc's own underground zinefest!

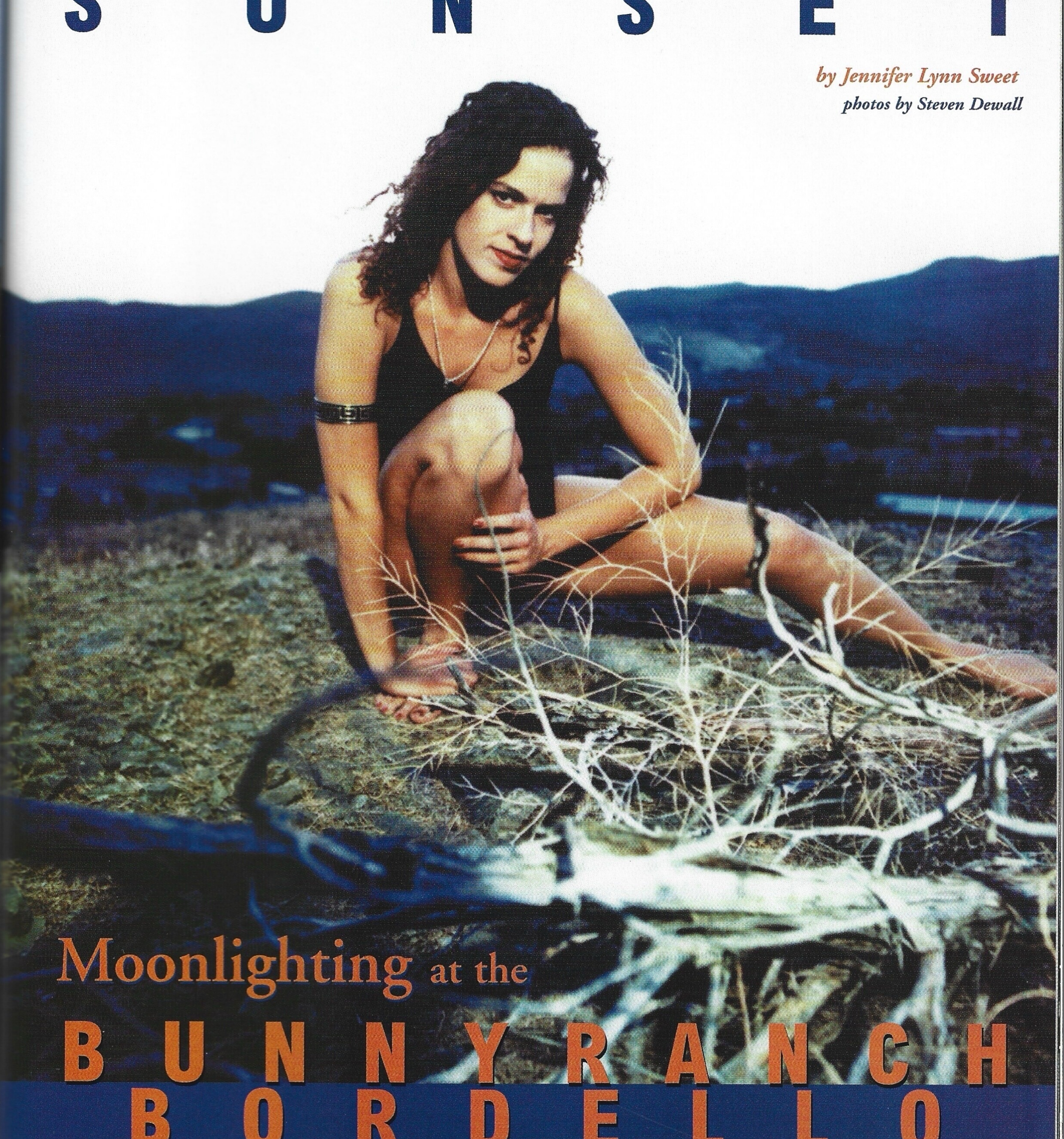
september 25th & 26th, 1999
@ alt.coffee
brownies
library bar
lower east side, nyc.

for info call 212.979.8165 or e-mail bobashtray@aol.com

# SWEET ON SUNSET

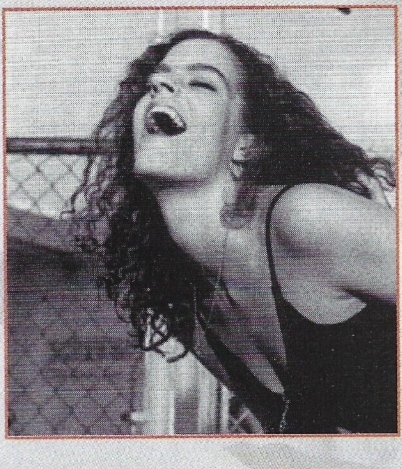
*by Jennifer Lynn Sweet*

*photos by Steven Dewall*



## Moonlighting at the BUNNYRANCH BORDELLO

***I'd come here as a journalist, looking for a story. Now I was just a mass of quaking flesh.***



**Names and distinguishing characteristics changed where appropriate**

## Part 1: A Date with Sunset

Sunset Thomas. Take an intelligence that glows through sparkling blue eyes. Add a figure that would turn pre-feminist Barbie green with envy and an intensity that summons images of ancient bathhouse orgies. If she has a tasty, home-style Southern accent, then you've got her. Sweet Sunset.

And I could feel her there. Standing next to me at the Moonlite Bunnyranch, a legal brothel in Carson City, Nev. Her breath drifted teasingly over my neck as she brushed my shoulder and whispered in my ear.

"All this sex is making me hungry."

Oh shit. She followed the comment with a delicious laugh that I could've licked from her mouth. Christ, I had it bad. She smelled of perfume and sex. All 5'5" of her hard, tan, 36-24-36 body was alive with desire. Freshly fucked, her skin just glowed. Yeah, she lived on the stuff. I learned that, for her, sex is like food. Always satisfied but never sated, she'd left her customer half-conscious in her bed. Now, she was on the prowl for more. An easy task: The guys were taking numbers.

This particular evening she wore a tiny, pink tube dress made of silky cotton so sheer that her nipples showed through, and the bottom kept creeping up her cute ass. And me? I wasn't exactly dressed for church myself. Like all the girls at the Moonlite Bunnyranch, I wore my working clothes. Fun clothes. A silky snakeskin camisole with matching panties that tended to slip down my ass when I got hot. And I'll tell you what—standing that close to one of the sexiest adult actresses going (and going) got me hot every time. She made my clit tingle and my mouth water for a taste.

But you know, she has that effect on everybody. That's her job. Performing in over 150 adult films in a career spanning seven years, this 27 year old bombshell has done it all. I mean, she's really done it all! She's starred in such adult classics as *Sex*, *Sex 2* and *Latex*. I tried buying one of her videos at an adult store in Vegas; although she had her own display area, every single title had sold out. She's appeared in *Hustler, Playboy, Penthouse, Club, Oui* and dozens of other magazines. She and her husband Zach Addams own an adult nightclub, Sunset's Fantasy in Corpus Christi, Tex., and Sunset headlines adult clubs around the world. A year ago, she became the first porn star to work as a legal prostitute, performing as intimately as it gets here at the Moonlite Bunnyranch. Of course she was a hit. Since then the Moonlite has continuously had at least one adult actress on its menu, including Teri Weigel, Alicia Rio, Kathy Willets, Suzi Suzuki, Porsche Lynn and more than a dozen others. Sunset was a pioneer. She'd set a standard while giving a proxy "fuck you" to those few who thought screwing for money for a camera was somehow "cleaner" than other forms of safe and legal prostitution. Who the hell wouldn't want to meet (and eat) someone like that?

So when Fuss forwarded me the press release about Sunset's impending arrival, I got excited. The "Princess of Porn" was back at the Moonlite for her sixth visit, this time with her husband entertaining as well. They said they wanted to get "close" to their fans. There's an understatement.

I lit a cigarette. I let it dangle, smoke in my eyes as I imagined meeting her. With one hand on the keyboard, the other with my thoughts, I found Sunset's website and contacted her. Not only was she interested in an interview, but she thought it might be cool if I played courtesan with her for a week. That way, we could get close and personal. And what the heck, why not fuck her and her porn star husband Zach Addams? You know, since I'd be there anyway. Then I could give an honest review of their talents to their home viewing customers. Was that ok?

Yeah, it was ok.

## Part 2: Good

I was nervous. The plane ride from Vegas to Reno was short, but not short enough. I had plenty of time for second thoughts. Not about Sunset or Zach—I'm not an idiot—but about working at the brothel. I didn't know what it would be like.

What if they *never* chose me?

I was still thinking about it when I landed in Reno and called the Moonlite for a ride. Next thing I knew, I was waiting outside with my bags full of high heels, makeup and lingerie. A limousine pulled up for me. I got in while the driver loaded my things. I was still thinking up excuses to back out during our 30 minute drive to Carson City. I needed to figure out what the fuck I really wanted. I mean, shit—eight months ago I worked in an accounting office in Pennsylvania. Exotic dancing in Vegas seemed a big enough change. But *this*? A sign along the way read "WARNING: HOT & NASTY WILD SEX 300 YARDS AHEAD." Huh...guess that would be my office.

But worry quickly turned to excitement when I saw the bordello. A button opened the gate. Beyond, a cozy white home sat by itself, surrounded only by harsh, arid desert. But there was life inside those walls. Entering through a door of tinted glass, I found myself in a new world. Zebra-striped carpet stretched from wall to wall, with couches and tables and a bar. There was a fireplace framed by autographed photos of feature stars who'd entertained there. And there were girls; plenty of lovely, scantily dressed girls. They were downright gorgeous. They talked and laughed and waited....

And it was good.

## Part 3: Just a Taste

I met some of the girls briefly. The owner, Dennis Hof, introduced himself. A colorful and intelligent businessman, I came to see him as a friend during my visit. I also met Suzette and Phyllis, housemothers who took impeccable care of their ladies. They pampered us and were there for our every need and concern. But on this first night, I was distracted. Everyone talked to me, but I hardly heard a word. Like so many customers who'd later come through that door, I wanted to meet the celebrity guests. They'd missed their flight, and the long wait didn't do much to settle my nerves. Finally, they arrived late in the evening.

Anyone who's seen Sunset and Zach in magazines or video knows how hot they are. Zach has strong, manly features. Eyes that not only penetrate you, but let you know *he* will, too. Chiseled chin, broad shoulders, an easy smile. And Sunset...well, she looked like Sunset.

We all settled in and talked. It was soon time for bed. The next day, I asked Sunset for an interview. Zach wasn't there at the moment and Sunset smiled and said, "You're going to be working here, right?"

"Yeah."

"It's your first time," she said, wearing a lascivious grin I'll never forget. "Maybe I'd better teach you a few things."

I dropped my notebook. She led me back to her room. My heart pounded. Part of me didn't think she was serious, or that I'd jumped to the wrong conclusions. But when she closed the door behind me and asked me to lie down on the bed, I thought I'd lose my mind. Silently, she crawled on top of me and straddled my hips. She looked down at me, hair gliding over her shoulders, nipples of her D-cup breasts peeking through her lingerie. She asked me if I liked to kiss. Wide-eyed, I nodded.

She leaned in close. Her hands held my shoulders to let me know who was in charge when her lips met mine. Sweet full lips...delicious tongue. Heaven ended too soon when she sat up again. I opened my eyes, temporarily blinded, and saw her smiling. She ran her hands slowly up

> **"Zach," I breathed. I felt shy, but I couldn't stop myself. "Zach, I want your cock in my mouth."**

my sides. It tickled just right. Her eyes bolted me down as her delicate fingertips made their way to my breasts. She teased my nipples. They were already hard, but they just got a bit harder.

"What kind of party do you want?" she asked. Now I understood. I was playing the guy again, just like with my girlfriend back home.

Well, maybe not *just* like that. Sorry, cutie, but Sunset's a paid professional. So I pulled myself together and asked what kind of party she recommended.

"Well," she said. "There's a Sunset and Zach Addams special. Would you be interested?"

I told her I thought I was interested.

We went through all the motions, including taking me back up front to pay the cashier. I tried to pay attention to something besides Sunset's ass, but that was difficult. She explained that kissing is normally not right for everyone, but since we weren't on the Bunnyranch clock yet, we could have some extra fun. Sure—I was up for fun. And there was Zach, sitting in the parlor and waiting. Even after all the films he's done and all the women he's had, he still wore a big ol' grin like a kid at prom with liquor and a condom in his jacket pocket. I liked that. I liked that sex still excited him, and not just in the physical sense. He later told me that each encounter is a new adventure. Still, a guy working at a brothel for the ladies' pleasure is a hard sell. Women can pretty much get guys to bust a nut at will. But that's just it. Your average fuck is a far cry from a professional no-strings attached fuck by one of the most handsome men I've met. And girls...you might think your husband or boyfriend knows what he's doing. He's told you enough times that you even kinda believe it. That's nice. But guess what....

Back in the room, we shed what clothes we had. I touched myself absently while I watched the couple kiss like newlyweds. If ever I've seen a *muscular* cock, it would have to be Zach's. He hardened before my eyes, and I took him in my hand to feel the growth. Thick and meaty, I could hardly wait for a taste. Fact is, we'd all cleared our tests and hadn't seen any customers or even left the premises. This would be the last *au naturale* sex I'd have, and as I savored the feeling of Zach growing in my hand, I slowly slid my face down Sunset's chest. I sucked her nipples, and I left a glistening trail down her belly with my tongue. She opened her legs to let my face in.

Zach put his hand on my shoulder. I looked up at him, his masculine face close to mine. "If you want her to cum," he said, "she likes it a certain way."

He explained briefly. I could relay this information, but I hope you'd like to find out for yourself. Let's say the description made my tongue all the more eager. I nibbled her thighs and made her laugh, then gently moan. She put her hands in my hair. I smelled her sweet excitement and couldn't wait another second. I licked her, eating up her cute cherry clit. The tip of my tongue probed slowly at first. Then faster. I held her soft, smooth thighs as they started to shake around me. I heard her cum. The sound of her voice during orgasm rang in my ears. A familiar sound—one I'd heard dozens of times at home with the lights dim and the vcr running. It struck me again just who I was with. I wanted to finger myself, but Zach was already there. Their instincts for pleasure were right on.

## Part 4: Culmination

Sunset put me on my back. She moved away for a better view, watching like a scientist while Zach kissed my body all over. He was gentle, but never let me forget he was a strong man. My skin awakened again at the touch of his lips on my neck and shoulders. He oiled my clit and rubbed it so expertly I knew I'd cum. It's not easy for me with men, but he had a way of relaxing me even in this unfamiliar place. I looked at his wife again, then back at him. I don't know what came over me. Moments have a certain flow, but suddenly I had this unstoppable need to break it.

"Zach," I breathed. I felt shy, but I couldn't stop myself. "Zach, I want your cock in my mouth."

He obliged my impulse. He leaned back on the bed, sitting on his haunches. His cock stood tall in front of him, the object of my desire. I flipped around on my belly, taking his manhood in my eager hands and opening my mouth above the crown. I bathed him in warm breath and watched Sunset from the corner of my eye. Suddenly, I understood my whim. I knew they got off watching each other, and I'm confident in my oral capacities. It was like a fetish. I just had to suck him off in front of her, and in one swift move I wrapped my lips and tongue around him. He filled my mouth as I slid down his shaft, taking him pretty deep. He rubbed my back and shoulders. I fingered myself while I gave him head, and I licked him while I jerked him off until he came. After washing up, I wondered if I'd made some terrible mistake. There was nothing quite like the image of Zach's face when he reached climax—it's a picture set in my mind forever, hot and lurid yet somehow sublime. But I was a bundle of nerves. I still needed to cum. And Zach, the man with the prick that won't stop, gave me a look that told me, "Everything's ok, Sweet."

Zach took charge. More forceful now, he put me back on the bed and touched his prick to my slit. He felt that I was still wet and ready. He pushed inside in steady strokes, deeper each time. It had been a while since I had a man. I felt his slightest move and every contour of his cock, cleaving me and shaping me from the inside. He paid careful attention. I loved that he enjoyed himself, that his eyes were alert and so right-fucking-*there*. His hands were attentive, too, holding and squeezing and petting at all the right times, in all the right places. He pampered my neck, my shoulders and arms. Zach knows how to look good on camera; he also knows how to please a woman in private.

Before I came, he slipped his cock from me and slid his head down my body. His lips kissed my tingling clit and labia. He licked me, and finished me off. I'd come here as a journalist, looking for a story. Now I was just a mass of quaking flesh. When sex is done right, it's the great equalizer. Prime ministers and waitresses, prom queens and scientists—we all become a heaving bundle of delight. When it's good, we lose ourselves. I looked up and saw two faces smiling at me, and I didn't know who the fuck I was or why.

Ladies, when has that last happened to you?

## Part 5: A Catch of Breath

I talked to Dennis about the Moonlite. I talked to the girls and heard some crazy-fun stories. The housemothers, Suzette and Phyllis, helped me with everything I needed, every concern I might have had. The chef always made hot meals for us, a long cry from the coffee, cigarette and ramen noodle diet I'd become accustomed to over the years. They catered to all the girls, kept us happy and at ease while I interviewed the ladies between their shifts. I'd start work as a prostitute in a few days, but I hardly had time to think about it. When I wasn't taking notes, they sent me to conventions. The first one was called Lifestyles, and I hopped into my *POPsmear* t-shirt to get the word out. I shared the limo ride there with Zach and Sunset, and I took the chance to ask some questions. I wanted to know a little more about Sunset and what she had in mind for the future.

"I plan to keep coming back to the Bunnyranch," she said. "And to stay in porn, until I'm tired of it. I'll keep doing it as long as it's fun. After that, I'll concentrate more on the club."

That would be Sunset's Fantasy, an upscale topless cabaret in Corpus Christi, Tex. Zach manages the club himself. They're a "hands-on" couple. And even in the limousine, this pair of newlyweds hardly kept their hands off each other. I knew they were swingers in private as well as on screen. I wondered how two people so into each other stayed happy, whether they had any rules or limits.

"Just that we're each other's *first* priority," Zach explained. "We put each other first, but we both see other people."

"I prefer it when Zach's girlfriends like me, too," Sunset said.

Currently, Zach has a girlfriend in Corpus Christi, and while Sunset isn't seeing anybody in particular, men lined up every night at the Moonlite and took numbers to see her.

"We're secure and love each other openly," Zach said. "Once you have that, exciting things can happen."

We soon entered Lifestyles at the beautiful Reno Hilton. I worked at a booth with Dennis Hof and his stunning girlfriend, Tara, impersonator Sasha Gabore, some gals from the Bunnyranch, Zach and Sunset. We handed out our house menus and keychains. Sunset signed free glossy photos for her fans, and we all met droves of interesting people. Of course, California's notorious *Spectator Magazine* was represented at our booth, featuring a cover story on Sunset. Other booths displayed the brochures and wares of countless sex industry clubs, clothiers and services. Notables included Liquid Latex, Whiplash! club and fetishwear, Fort Lauderdale's couples' nightspot Plato's Repeat and EroticArt of San Francisco. There was so much more, too much to list. But if you can imagine a large room full of fun, sexy, horny swingers dressed in latex, leather and lace; teasing and playing with each other, touching and exchanging phone numbers, you get some idea of how hot it felt in that convention hall. I hardly had a chance to catch my breath.

## *Part 6: "...an angel gets its wings."*

"Every time the bell rings," the house madam explained, sounding not at all like Jimmy Stewart, "you should be ready for love."

So a bell would ring (or buzz, I suppose) whenever a customer came through the door. This was my first night on the job. The bell would be working overtime tonight. A convention of the CWMC (Cyber-WhoreMongers Club) had come to town, and they meant business. Their website tells a bit about them, and they post reviews of all the Nevada brothels and the ladies who make them famous. They discuss these matters at the Georgia Powers message board and info site, the place where I learned all I could about Nevada prostitution before I came here. I'd met some of the guys earlier at their picnic. Of course, everyone had come to town to see Sunset, but there were old friends and sorely missed courtesans, too. Some of the guys took pictures, and I squeezed myself into every shot I could, lifting my top if that was the only way I could get some attention. Much to everyone's delight, Dennis arrived, and he helped me relax and told me I'd do just fine tonight. Looking around, I knew I'd see a couple of these people again. At least, I hoped so.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Suzette and Phyllis explained things to me one more time. They clarified matters of safety and hygiene. They explained negotiation and the house cut. They'd already told me these things, but they wanted to make sure I knew exactly what I was doing. And besides, if I was talking and listening, they knew I'd have less chance to worry.

Well, maybe.

Our menu spells out our services, the most basic of which is a half-and-half. That's half oral, the lady performing for her man, and half intercourse, one position. But the menu also offers so much more. Lingerie shows, oil massage, dancing. There are acts of bondage and even an elaborate dungeon, as well as vibrator shows, Jacuzzi parties and a special *menage a trois.* Wives and girlfriends are welcome, and many come through the door. We have orgies, 69 parties and our own "Bunny Style" treat. The Moonlite slogan rings true in my ears: *Not just sex—An adventure.*

I'd seen the girls talking to the customers at the bar over soda, liquor or beer. Like at any bar, a lot of flirting goes on there. When a man is ready, a girl leads him by the hand to her own private room. That's where we negotiate the price. On a slow night (and there's not many) a guy can get laid pretty cheap if he's not very particular. But most men want something more than a cheap lay. They come to the Moonlite for the sexiest, best-trained girls around, and they come for the adventure and the experience of a lifetime. There are sweet, hometown girls here, and the popular, expert dominatrix of adult film, Goddess Gina. There's a full array of personalities and ethnicities, of special charms and talents. Any girl here can affordably and comfortably blow your mind, as long as you know what you want.

## *Alternative Pleasures*

One of the Bunnyranch girls tells me of her strangest trick—the guy wanted to be pissed on in the shower. "I'm not usually the one they come to for humiliation," she says. "I told him I was inexperienced in that area, but he still wanted me. Afterwards, we went back to my room, and I fucked him up the ass with a strap-on dildo."

Suddenly, her grin is impossible to miss.

Another girl remembers a time when a customer wanted her to wear a pair of "little girl" underwear. "I put them on, and he had me say over and over, 'I'm sorry I was a bad girl, daddy.' So while I did this, he sat and watched, jerking himself off. He came that way, and that was it."

Unfortunately, she wouldn't model the underwear for me, no matter how hard I tried to convince her I needed it for the article.

The most unexpected story came from the last gal I talked to, a cute and quiet vixen with short, black hair. According to her, a certain customer had an unusual way of reaching orgasm.

"First, I had to get him hard. Then he got down on the floor, kind of on his side but almost on his stomach. His dick was stretched out on the floor in front of him. He wanted me to stand on it with one bare foot. I tried not to apply too much weight. He looked like it hurt, but he kept wanting more pressure. Finally, he came that way. Funny thing is, I kind of liked it, too."

I can tell.

reo speedealer

"One of the Best of 1998. Your New Favorite Band!"
-Ken, Flipside

"Fiendishly pre-meditated punches in the face."
-Kelso Jacks, CMJ

"Buy it, Pussy"
-George Tabb, NY Press

NEW CD OUT NOW!

Royalty records

the rock and roll company
176 Madison Ave 4th Fl, NY, NY 10016 Tel: 212.779.0101 Fax: 212.779.3255
E-mail: Royaltyrec@aol.com Web: www.royaltyrecords.com

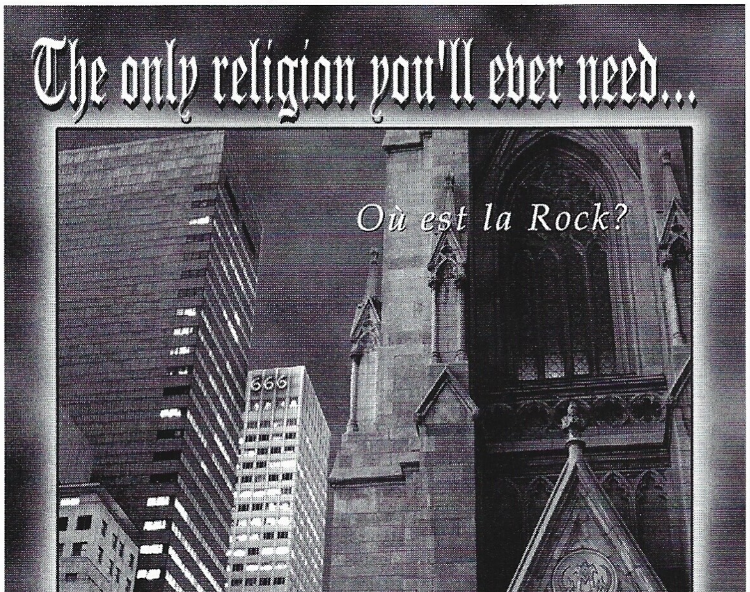
★★★★★★

DAREDEVIL TATTOO
LOWER EAST SIDE

174 LUDLOW
212.533.8303

CITIZEN 7
SUBVERSIVE STREETWEAR

WWW.CITIZEN7.COM 1.800.707.3877



The only religion you'll ever need...

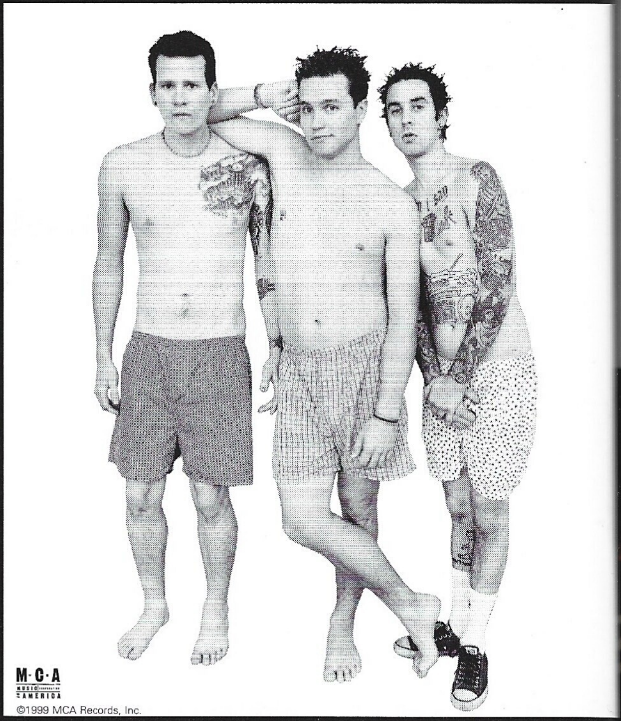
Où est la Rock?

Fireball Ministry

THE DEBUT ALBUM
*from the first church of rock n' roll*

WWW.FIREBALLMINISTRY.COM † WWW.BONGLOAD.COM

BONG LOAD Custom records



Enema of the State

M·C·A
©1999 MCA Records, Inc.

blink-182-

www.blink182.com

New Album
In Stores
featuring
"What's my
age again?"

TELEPHONE NUMBER
1-888-BUNNYRANCH
WARNING
HOT & NASTY
WILD SEX
300 YARDS AHEAD

TELEPHONE NUMBER
1-888-BUNNYRANCH
WARNING
HOT & NASTY
WILD SEX
300 YARDS AHEAD

> ***Something about licking plastic just doesn't work for men if they can lick soft, pink flesh. Of course, I wouldn't know, I've never eaten plastic.***

After the negotiation, the lady takes the money up front and performs a quick check of the customer. This is for safety and hygiene, but these ladies don't do it like any physician I've ever met! Usually, this "check" gets the guy hard. Condoms are always used, and used properly. Studies show that Nevada brothel sex is probably safer than sex with your husband (who's been driving past the high school on his way home from work lately) or your wife (hey, you told her to turn off Rosie O'Donnell and get her fat ass out of the house). The ladies are inspected regularly, a job few physicians can refuse.

Parties might last 20 minutes, while others go on for several hours. Whatever you like, babe.

I felt ready. All night, the place had been a buzz of sexual activity. I could feel it, almost taste it in the air. That bell kept ringing and ringing, keeping Sunset and the girls busy and happy. I anxiously dressed for the evening. I didn't realize it, but the last ring of the bell would be for me. When I entered the parlor, I saw a familiar face from the CWMC. He was at the bar talking to Dennis, who introduced us.

"We've met," one of us said, I forget which. The way he looked at me, I had a feeling I was about to earn my wings. The old-fashioned way.

## *Part 7: Work at the MLBR*

His name was Gerry. He'd just gotten done partying with Sunset and confessed that he liked me, but was feeling pretty drained. I understood, and my disappointment probably showed. But Dennis, his mind always working and geared for killer business instincts, didn't miss a beat.

"A shame," he said. "It's her first night."

"She hasn't had a customer yet?"

Dennis casually explained I'd just started my shift, and he seemed about to change the subject when Gerry made clear his interest. I took him to my room and negotiated, patting Dennis' shoulder on the way. After I cashed in, I returned to my room. I had every reason to feel nervous. After all, he'd just finished a round with the hottest woman I'd ever met—a pro in every sense of the word. An impossible act to follow, but Gerry had his own uncertainties.

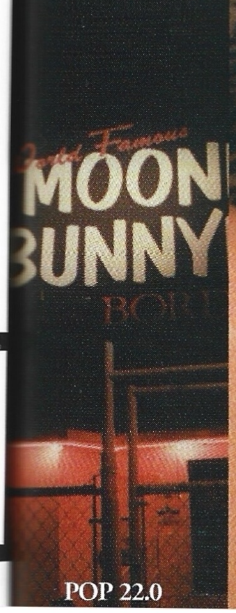
"I don't know how I'll perform," he said. "Sunset really took care of me."

"I think we'll do just fine," I said, surprising myself.

I had the condom at the tip of my tongue with the edge rolled in front of my teeth. I went down on him, sheathing his tip and rolling the condom down his shaft with my fingertips. I think Gerry surprised himself, too, because I had him hard in almost no time. I enjoyed going down on him, and I continued to do so until he made clear he was ready for a change. He wanted a closer look at my pussy. I obliged, but first covered myself with a barrier, something like a piece of plastic wrap. I've since traded this "female condom" for an antiseptic mouthwash the gentleman uses instead. They seem to prefer the real thing. Something about licking plastic just doesn't work for men if they can lick soft, pink flesh. Of course, I wouldn't know, I've never eaten plastic.

Gerry fucked me for something like half an hour. He seemed a little self-conscious of his fatigue, but I saw no problem at all. It wasn't until he came back the next night for a second round that I understood. Fully rested, Gerry was taking no prisoners, and he gave me one of the best parties of that weekend.

Three gentleman followed that first night. The parties ranged anywhere from 20 minutes to two hours, depending on the needs of the customer. Some men like to pay for an orgasm, straight and simple, and that's what they get. They leave happy. Others like something more special, and parties can switch gears from hot and heavy to quiet and intimate, then back again. You can't, and shouldn't, fake these things. I really started to understand the difference between a hooker and a courtesan. There are few women willing to lie on their backs and prostitute, but there are fewer ladies still who can understand the moment, and easily become it. My evening ended around sunrise. I wondered how I'd done. I wondered if the men had more than sex—if they had that adventure Dennis had promised. As with any job, I felt a certain sense of obligation. I have an old-fashioned work ethic. But this time, it was something more. After all, most of these people come out here no more than once or twice a year. For others, it was their first time in Nevada. They deserved to go home with good memories. I didn't have time to think for long.



### *Goddess Gina*

**A regular feature of the Moonlight Bunnyranch brothel is Goddess Gina. According to her website, she "specializes in extended, overnight and week-long fantasy abduction, incarceration, and interrogation scenarios including forced feminization." She's a trained expert in dominant sadist and bondage authority, leather and latex fetish, mummification, immobilizing bondage, verbal abuse, slave training and a host of other fantasy acts. An attractive woman with one incredible presence, I couldn't resist talking to her.**

JL: How long have you been a dominatrix?
GG: Eleven and a half years.

JL: Did you start out in the sex business as a dominatrix?
GG: No. I was a slave for two and a half years. I served a mistress who was 25 years older than myself.

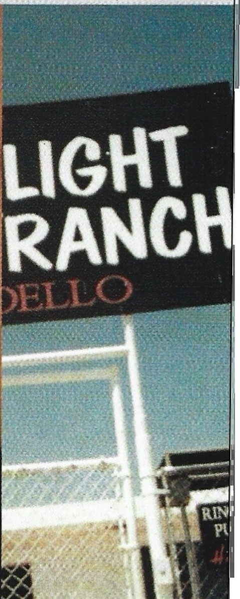
JL: Do you find your performances draining?
GG: Not at all. It's a rush. It gives me a natural high.

JL: When did you first start working in brothels?
GG: About seven years ago. I perform S&M on the outside. People can contact me at my website. But I only perform sex inside the brothel.

JL: What is your favorite thing to do to your slave?
GG: I like spanking my slave. But it's best if it's part of a prolonged session. A prolonged session lets me create my own world and completely dominate my subject. What I do is something that is a split between S&M and the sensuous. I love to have a man in bondage and fuck the shit out of him.

JL: What won't you do?
GG: Bloodletting. Bloodletting or anything that breaks the skin.

Interested parties can contact the Goddess Gina via her website, goddessgina.com, but don't say we didn't warn you. She's gonna kick your ass.



*Any girl here can affordably and comfortably blow your mind, as long as you know what you want.*

MOONLITE
BUNNYRANCH

Exhausted, I crashed in my room, the smell of excitement still heavy around me.

The next day, I talked with Sunset and Zach and all the girls. No one talked business much. It was a time to relax and be ourselves. The Moonlite Bunnyranch is open 24 hours, but during the day we had a lot of opportunity to get to know each other. It's like a tight-knit family with Dennis at the helm, acting like the coolest dad you can imagine. Maybe this is what surprised me the most. I'd found some of the girls rather catty at the nightclubs I'd worked. They were competitive, sometimes to the point of rudeness. But it was friendly here, there's no room for bitchiness when you all live together. Besides, waking up in the morning and walking into a parlor full of gorgeous working gals in their sexiest attire...it's a little slice of heaven.

That night, a Saturday, I had five customers. All but one of them had come from the CWMC convention, and I recognized most of them. I really began to enjoy leading them back to my room one by one. I felt a little like the high school slut. It was a role I'd never played, too concerned about hard reality for a safe, fun time. But now I was paid to live the fantasy. I was expected to give the men a good time, and I liked it. I was thrilled to ask the gentlemen what they desired, listening to their pleasures spelled out for me like a *Penthouse* letter. Yeah, I liked all of that. And I was happy to see Gerry return. We had a lot of fun, and we even broke in a new toy I'd bought from the gift counter.

One of my more memorable experiences wasn't a straight sex party at all. The common notion is that men come to brothels to pound away until they cum, and then leave. That's not the case. If that's all a guy wanted, he'd probably take care of himself in the shower or the car ride over, and go and fetch a beer somewhere instead. When I met Larry at the bar, and his large brown eyes took me in with a smile, I knew he wanted something much sexier. We ended up having a long oil massage party. We took turns rubbing each other's glistening bodies while we talked about everything under the sun. Sometimes, I had him on his stomach while I sat on his butt and soothed his back and shoulders. Other times, he poured oil over my thighs and treated me to the hottest leg massage I ever had.

What followed was an invitation from one of the girls, a knockout with long red hair and green eyes. She asked me to join her and her customer in a girl-girl-guy party that lasted almost three hours. He got our undivided attention as we went down on him together, tongues fighting for his cock. A man of some stamina, he took me on top first, then my friend, then took me again missionary style. We had short breaks to watch a porn video in our room, but before I knew it, he was ready to go again. Fine, because so were we.

## Part 8: The Beginning

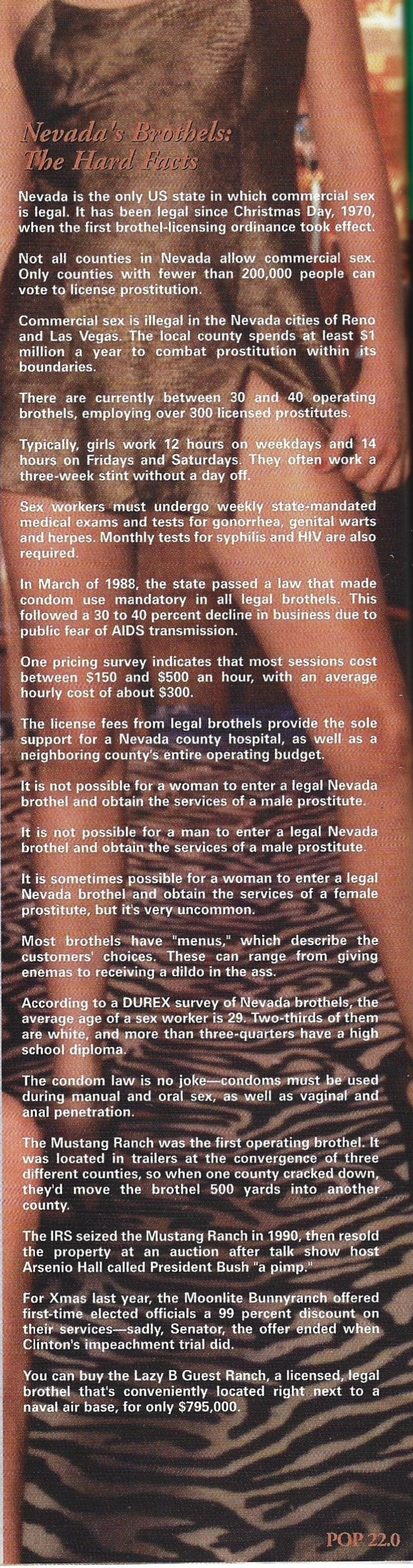
Sunset left for home the next day. I hated to see her and Zach go. But a lot of guys had come from far and wide to get close to their favorite adult actress. So full of energy, I think she could've kept that schedule up for quite awhile more, but she and Zach follow William Blake's proverb that the most sublime act is to set another before you. There's work to do, not the least of which was checking back at their club. Still, I wished they could stay.

Of course, with Sunset gone, I didn't really have much reason to stick around. I had the interview wrapped. I'd been with Zach, I'd been with Sunset...I'd even tried my rather inexperienced hand as a courtesan. But you know, there were still plenty of guys in town from the CWMC. Some were even coming back that night. And the other girls—well, they were keeping busy, having as much fun as I'd ever seen women have. Besides, I still wanted to talk to some of the new arrivals; fresh girls come in all the time, including porn star Kathy Willets. And I still hadn't talked to Goddess Gina like I'd wanted.... Well, I faced the facts. I just wanted to stay. I talked to Dennis, and he agreed to let me into the fold, so to speak. I'd work through the end of July. Then come back for August. Maybe even September....

I'd just begun to understand the feeling I'd associated with Sunset over a week ago. At the Moonlite Bunnyranch, I felt satisfied. But never quite sated. ⊙

**JenLynn Sweet** is a Nevada resident. She has written and/or modeled for *Babyface*, *Naughty Neighbors*, DAW Books, Alyson Publications, dark-angels.com, fetish-girls.com, smokesigs.com, *Options* and others. Some of her pictures, stories and other info are free at jenlynn.com.

**Moonlite Bunnyranch** (888-BUNNYRANCH) is one of the legal brothels in Nevada that continue to keep the world's oldest profession alive and well. If you've got some extra dough and are in the area, stop by for a date!



## Nevada's Brothels: The Hard Facts

Nevada is the only US state in which commercial sex is legal. It has been legal since Christmas Day, 1970, when the first brothel-licensing ordinance took effect.

Not all counties in Nevada allow commercial sex. Only counties with fewer than 200,000 people can vote to license prostitution.

Commercial sex is illegal in the Nevada cities of Reno and Las Vegas. The local county spends at least $1 million a year to combat prostitution within its boundaries.

There are currently between 30 and 40 operating brothels, employing over 300 licensed prostitutes.

Typically, girls work 12 hours on weekdays and 14 hours on Fridays and Saturdays. They often work a three-week stint without a day off.

Sex workers must undergo weekly state-mandated medical exams and tests for gonorrhea, genital warts and herpes. Monthly tests for syphilis and HIV are also required.

In March of 1988, the state passed a law that made condom use mandatory in all legal brothels. This followed a 30 to 40 percent decline in business due to public fear of AIDS transmission.

One pricing survey indicates that most sessions cost between $150 and $500 an hour, with an average hourly cost of about $300.

The license fees from legal brothels provide the sole support for a Nevada county hospital, as well as a neighboring county's entire operating budget.

It is not possible for a woman to enter a legal Nevada brothel and obtain the services of a male prostitute.

It is not possible for a man to enter a legal Nevada brothel and obtain the services of a male prostitute.

It is sometimes possible for a woman to enter a legal Nevada brothel and obtain the services of a female prostitute, but it's very uncommon.

Most brothels have "menus," which describe the customers' choices. These can range from giving enemas to receiving a dildo in the ass.

According to a DUREX survey of Nevada brothels, the average age of a sex worker is 29. Two-thirds of them are white, and more than three-quarters have a high school diploma.

The condom law is no joke—condoms must be used during manual and oral sex, as well as vaginal and anal penetration.

The Mustang Ranch was the first operating brothel. It was located in trailers at the convergence of three different counties, so when one county cracked down, they'd move the brothel 500 yards into another county.

The IRS seized the Mustang Ranch in 1990, then resold the property at an auction after talk show host Arsenio Hall called President Bush "a pimp."

For Xmas last year, the Moonlite Bunnyranch offered first-time elected officials a 99 percent discount on their services—sadly, Senator, the offer ended when Clinton's impeachment trial did.

You can buy the Lazy B Guest Ranch, a licensed, legal brothel that's conveniently located right next to a naval air base, for only $795,000.

# SUBSCRIBE!

Best seat in the class!
FAKE

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

*POPsmear* Magazine is now required reading in all the finest schools and universities. So is wearing pants. In order to help alleviate the cost of these new scholastic necessities, *POPsmear* and Kingpin will cut you some slack. We are offering both a pair of Kingpin jeans and a one-year (six issues) subscription to *POPsmear* for only $20. Better yet, get two years (12 big issues) for $38, or graduate to a three year subscription ($55). With the savings you could buy a box of condoms and two gallons of cheap vodka!

## THIS JUST IN: ANOTHER SCHOOL KILLER!

Or rather, a another killer back to school deal. Students all over America are dropping like flies, and you can be next–and become famous. Subscribe now and you'll be entered in *POPsmear* and Troma Entertainment's "Victim for a day, killer for life" contest. One lucky winner will receive an all-expense-paid trip to be killed in *Citizen Toxie* (the Toxic Avenger IV). Then you'll fly to France for the Cannes Film Festival in the year 2000 to hob-nob with other movie big-shots. Better than a hole in the head!

TROMA

KINGPIN.NYC

Send check, money order or credit card information to:
*POPsmear* SUBscriptions
100 Wilshire Blvd 1060
Santa Monica CA 90401
You can also subscribe at popsmear.com. For more information email: subscriptions popsmear.com.
Include your mailing address, daytime phone number and jeans size!

Domestic subscriptions mailed first class USPS. *POPsmear* is not responsiblefor missed issues or shipments lost by the USPS.
No refunds. If mommy doesn't want you reading *POPsmear*, have it sent to a friend's house. We'll have spent your money by the time you receive your first issue.

# The Outsider

*by Steven Dewall*

Whenever I get a photo assignment I try to relate it to a past experience. Getting assigned to the Bunnyranch story threw this process out the window! A legal brothel? What can I relate this to?

I arrived in Reno at noon and proceeded to drive my rental west on Route 50. I expected to drive on Route 50 until I came across a sign for the Bunnyranch leading me into a very remote desert location.

I was entirely wrong.

I hit mountain terrain and saw signs pointing the way to Lake Tahoe. Confused, I dialed the number to the ranch and spoke to a kind lady who verified I was going the wrong way. The woman was giggling. "I'm sorry honey, but there's a big ol' circle jerk going on right now and I have a courier I need to deal with." Ok...I got off the phone and turned the car around.

Finally, I spotted a roadside sign surrounded by desert bush (no pun, really), an abandoned truck and ugly grey industrial complexes.

Miles passed. As I cruised by beige stucco strip malls and fast food joints I began to wonder if I was lost again. This can't be where the brothel is! What about privacy and exotic desert landscape?

In the distance, I spied its boxy white structure wedged in between a day care center and a junk filled empty lot.

It didn't look like I'd imagined a sporting house would look.

The brothel, an oversized shed-type edifice, was surrounded by a freshly painted chain-link fence. The customers entered by pressing a doorbell that read "Ring Buzzer Push Gate Have Fun!" As I entered the place, blinding desert sun was replaced by inky darkness. Two girls sat in lounge chairs displaying long legs and lanky bodies. My eyes slowly adjusted to the dark red atmosphere. Immediately, offers for sex were thrown at me.

What?

Before I could say anything, the younger of the two offered me a freebie. She looked bored and obviously wasn't raking in the cash on that blindingly sunny Monday afternoon. She pretended that she just wanted some action, saying that she was going to masturbate anyway so why not take her up on the offer? Her desperate eyes moved me, but not in her direction. "Yeah, um, I'll get back to you on that later." I asked the other woman where I could find JenLynn Sweet or Sunset Thomas, the other subject of the story. The girls didn't know where or who JenLynn was and didn't seem to much care for Sunset, the visiting porn star, who'd surely rake in the cash that week.

Slowly, the entry way filled with more women displaying their lengthy legs and oddly circular breasts. Some were dressed in see-through nightgowns and leather leotards.

This sounds like every guy's dream, but the situation was rubbing me the wrong way. I enjoy the company of sexually forward women quite a bit, but the McDonald's approach to sex just didn't tempt me. First off, mandatory condoms! For everything. This means no hand job, no self-masturbation, no nothing without a condom. Ok, that's fine, I don't want the last guy's fluids touching my instrument. But what really caught me was that the girls also wear surgical gloves. This is to check out the patrons' private areas for scabies, lice, etc. before the main event. After a clean bill of health, the process begins. Fifteen minutes later, and $500 lighter, the John emerges from the room and heads toward the cashier. Wham bam, in heads the next guy. What, you thought they showered in between you and the other dudes? Yeah, right. That'd be one less $150 hand job to add to the day's take.

I don't know, but this whole process leaves little to be desired. As I sat in the main room, I couldn't help but feel like I was waiting for the nurse to call me in. Take away the mirrors, red lights and snazzy bar, and the place reminded me of a doctor's office.

Hours passed and there was still no sign of my subjects. Bored, I agreed to go on a tour of the place with Suzi. She brought me straight to her room which was small and decorated like that of a middle-class 13 year old girl, only the toys were dildos and vibrators. I couldn't help but remark how awful the room smelled. She opened the window and explained that she had just been with a customer who was none too pleasant.

"Every girl gets to decorate her own room," she said, "and a lot of us share the rooms, except for the visiting porn, they get their own room with bathrooms. I'm only here for the summer so it's not so bad." She brought me to a couple of other rooms and they all had a similar vibe with canopy beds and mismatched furniture. I thanked her for the tour and I went back to the main room to wait for JenLynn and Sunset. She seemed to pout, but I didn't think it was my cute mug that she would mourn—more likely the thin wallet in my back pocket.

Every now and then I would ask to photograph the girls. Many of them wouldn't participate, explaining how they had kids at home or were secretly working at the ranch. It was difficult to capture the reality of the very dark brothel, and when I did pull out the camera, the girls would leave the room.

Whenever a John would come in, all the girls would enter the main room and flaunt their stuff while the client adapted to the environment by running straight to the bar. The men streamed in regularly all day, and many seemed to be most attracted to Candy, the blond 18 year old in the see-through nightgown. School girl fantasy, anyone?

After my own unofficial demographic survey, I noted that the men were consistently white, middle-class executives, locals, with an occasional weary traveler thrown in.

The youngest to enter couldn't have been more than 16, he was riding a bmx bike around in the parking lot. One of the younger girls yelled out to him to come in. He brought his bike up to the gate and was buzzed in, ran straight to the bar, drank a glass of water, hung out with his head down for about a half hour and quietly took off.

I must have spent five hours in that room fiddling with my (photo) equipment and watching the ladies work. JenLynn finally arrived from her day shopping with Sunset and her husband Zach. JenLynn, a very tall girl with beautiful dark brown, curly hair, possessed a hospitable southern manner; very kind and concerned about my comfort. We shared ideas about the photos we were going to do with her and Sunset.

Since it was a Monday, and Sunset Thomas was the visiting porn star for the week, it was hard to get shooting time. I started to get frustrated. Five hours of fending off desperate requests for sex and dealing with Sunset's huge flake-factor in this dusty, tin roof town were a bit more than I could take.

I finally met Zach, a stocky man sporting a blond mullet and diamond stud earring. He told us that Sunset was ready for the shoot. We headed to the horse stable next to the main building so Sunset could be within reach, in case her company was needed again. So with little sunlight left, I shot off a couple of rolls outdoors while Zach stood behind me directing Sunset's every move. The clothes didn't stay on for long and every shot started to move further away from the arty erotic photos I had envisioned. As if he read my mind, Zach then suggested we go to the ranch's cheezy limo and shoot there: Two naked chicks on a dusty white stretch next to an empty lot.

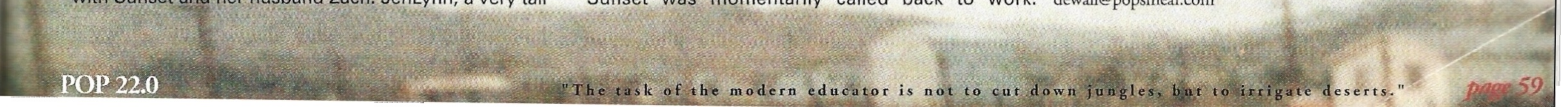
While I was shooting I noticed a sign to my right. I found out that it was a warning about leaking sewage caused by a backed up pipe. I guess the mounds of tossed off rubbers and cum had built up a tight dam which caused toilet water to flow from the sewage system to the surrounding area.

Sunset was momentarily called back to work. Apparently a John was offering her $500 for a hand job! Zach seemed proud as we waited in the tv room for her to finish. As the Simpsons came to an end, Sunset finished and was ready to move on to the next location.

The girls climbed on the roof and the wind blew through Sunset's straight blond hair while JenLynn grabbed her silicon breasts from behind. What a sight. I kept asking myself if this was actually real. All those days in college studying the aesthetics, history and conceptualization of fine art photography, and I'm photographing a minor porn star spread-eagle with silicon breasts on top of a limo.

Sunset and Zach retired to their room to watch a movie. JenLynn called her girlfriend in Vegas to share her 25th birthday and update her on her latest endeavor. I sat around a little longer watching the girls color unicorns with florescent markers in the black light. One girl shouted at me from across the room, "Are you gonna party or what?" as another interjected with, "You've come all this way you might as well experience it." I felt exhausted, and all I could think about was being alone in my room, far away from the money-hungry eyes and desperate pleas that made up the cacophony I had grown to know as the Moonlite Bunnyranch.

**Steve Dewall** is our LA based *POPsmear* Staff Photographer. Even though he claims no knowledge of it, he turned in a receipt for this job in the amount of $500. What was this for, Steve? email: dewall@popsmear.com



http:/

Press Club, General McCaffrey stated that only a tiny percentage of the 90 million Americans who experiment with illegal drugs become addicts. He also said that the "overwhelming majority" of Americans who try illegal drugs simply "walk away and say it's not for me."

The Drug Czar was acknowledging what we at the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, NORML, already knew. The vast majority of people who have smoked pot (i.e., Bill Clinton, Newt Gingrich, Al Gore) do not move on to harder drugs or run into drug-related problems later in life. So why does our government spend $7 billion a year to arrest and jail people for this relatively harmless activity?

Like Alcohol Prohibition of the 1930's, Marijuana Prohibition is a failure. It has ruined productive lives, wasted criminal justice

who happen to smoke marijuana serves no legitimate societal purpose.

By joining NORML with your donation of $25 or more, you can help change our country's marijuana laws. Write us today at 1001 Connecticut Avenue NW, Suite 1010, Washington, DC 20036, and we'll send you a bi-monthly newsletter. Or call the NORML Support Line at 1-900-97-NORML. For $2.95 a minute, 18 or older, you'll receive info on drug testing, marijuana penalties in your state, and your legal rights.

In Holland, where marijuana is decriminalized and sold in government regulated "coffee shops," their crime and hard drug usage rates are much lower than here in the United States. Which shows that you can always learn something, even without going to graduate school.

NORML®

ORML

# Vote for Pop Smear!

EXOTIC DANCER's
1999 Adult Nightclub & Exotic Dancer
Awards Nominations Ballot

**Hey Guys:**

*The top Adult Publication (and gentlemen's clubs) will be honored at EXOTIC DANCER Magazine's 1999 Adult Nightclub & Exotic Dancer Awards during Expo/Fan Fair '99 in Las Vegas. Mail, fax or email your ballot in and support your clubs. Also, include your mailing address on the ballot and we will send you information on Fan Fair '99, plus a free 8-page, color brochure with details on all ED's products and dozens of topless photos of your favorite feature entertainers.*

**My Favorite Adult Mag Is:**

☐ Pop Smear

**My Favorite Nude Club Is:**

____________________

City: ____________________

**My Favorite Topless Club Is:**

____________________

City: ____________________

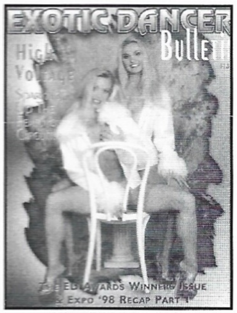
YOUR NAME: ____________________ CO: ____________
ADDRESS: ____________________
CITY: ____________________ STATE: ________ ZIP: ________
PHONE: ____________________ EMAIL: ____________________

*Return to:* **E.D. Publications, 28870 Hwy. 19 N., #103, Clearwater, FL 33761**
**Fax: (727) 712-8282 Email: ballot@exotic-dancer.com Questions? Call (727) 726-3592**

# Your Ticket To The Girls

1999/2000 NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS
EXOTIC DANCER
Directory
2,100 Adult Clubs!
1,000 Hot Dancers!

**The DIRECTORY:** A 300-page, guide to over 2,100 topless and nude clubs nationwide, plus over 1,000 dancer photos.



**The BULLETIN:** A bi-monthly trade publication for the adult nightclub and exotic dancer industries.

VIP
Member
EXOTIC DANCER
VIP CARD PROGRAM

**The ED VIP CARD:** Good for free admission and drinks at over 900 clubs nationwide. Pays for itself after three visits.

EXOTIC DANCER PUBLICATIONS

**The T-SHIRT:** Show the ladies you support them. Back reads "It's a dancer's world, we just live in it!"

*Yes! Sign me up to receive these EXOTIC DANCER products!*
( ) Send me the new 1999/2000 EXOTIC DANCER *Directory* for $29
( ) Start my one-year subscription to the EXOTIC DANCER *Bulletin* for $29
( ) Enlist me for the EXOTIC DANCER *VIP Card* for $25
( ) I want the EXOTIC DANCER *T-shirt* for $18. Size: ______
( ) SPECIAL: Send me all four items for just $89!

Name ____________________ Address ____________________
City ____________________ State ________ Zip ________
Phone ____________________ Card# ____________________
Payment by: ( ) Check/MO ( ) Amex ( ) Visa ( ) Mastercard
Card #: ____________________ Exp. ________

**Make payment to: E.D. Publ., c/o** Pop Smear, 50 West 23rd St., 6th Floor, NY, NY 10010 **(727) 726-3592**

## Spend A Little Time With Us!

At EXOTIC DANCER Publications, we know exactly what you want: business information & beautiful girls. That's why for 10 years we have offered so many great products covering the world of adult nightclubs and exotic dancers for fans, dancers and industry insiders.

Also, don't miss:
**Fan Fair '99**
**Sept. 3-4, 1999**
**Caesars Palace, Las Vegas**
Your chance to meet and party with over 150 of the top feature entertainers, covergirls and adult movie actresses. Call (727) 726-3592.

# Join *POPsmear's* Y2K Survival Team

## Free Survival Gift!

Y2K! Only four months left 'til the end of civilization as we know it. At this moment we are digging tunnels from our offices to a secret bunker located somewhere else. We have room for a small number of *POPsmear* readers, those with fire in their eyes and #2 pencils in their hands. First we'll need some information—can't just let you screwballs in without knowing a little about you, can we?

In order to be considered, fill out this form completely—smart-ass answers will get you locked outside where rabid pigeons will try to eat your face. The first 250 respondents will receive a POPsmear double secret Y2K Survival Pack. It contains all the items you need to make it to the next millennium. You have until October 31, 1999—Get busy!

Where do you pick up *POPsmear*? _______________

How many people read your copy of *POPsmear*? _____

How long have you been reading *POPsmear*? _____

Do you save old issues? yes_____ no_____

Have you ever entered any of *POPsmear's* contests? yes_____ no_____ which one? _____

Have you ever sent or called for information on something advertised in *POPsmear*? yes_____ no_____

How many nights per week do you go to bars or clubs?
1-2_____ 3-4_____ 5+_____

How much time do you spend on the internet each week? _____

Do you own a video game machine? yes_____ no_____ What model?_________

Which of the following types of personal audio equipment do you own?
home stereo_____ portable CD player_____ portable cassette player_____ VCR_____ car stereo_____

How much do you spend on music every month?
$0-$20_____ $20-$30_____ $30-$40_____ $40-$50_____ $50+_____

Approximate numbers of CDs you purchase per month: _______

How many times do you go out to the movies per month? _______

How many movies do you rent per month? _______

Approximately how much money do you spend on clothing and shoes per month?
$0-$60 _____ $60-$100 _____ $100-$160 _____ $160-$220 _____ $220+ _____

Do you smoke? _________ What brand? _________

Do you drink alcohol? _______ Beer_______ Liquor_______ Wine_______

What is your average annual income?
$30,000 or less $30-80,000 $80-120,000 $120,000+

Are you currently a full time student? yes_____ no_____

If so, which level? High school _____ College_____ Grad school_____

What is the highest level of education you have completed?
Some high school_____ High school graduate_____ Some college_____ College graduate_____

Have you ever made an online purchase? yes_____ no_____

Have you visited *popsmear*.com? yes_____ no_____

Comments:

Favorite 3 websites:
1_______________ 2_______________ 3_______________

Favorite 3 bands:
1_______________ 2_______________ 3_______________

Favorite 3 radio stations:
1_______________ 2_______________ 3_______________

Favorite 3 TV shows:
1_______________ 2_______________ 3_______________

Favorite 3 movies:
1_______________ 2_______________ 3_______________

Age _____
Sex F_____ M_____
Email_______________
Website_______________

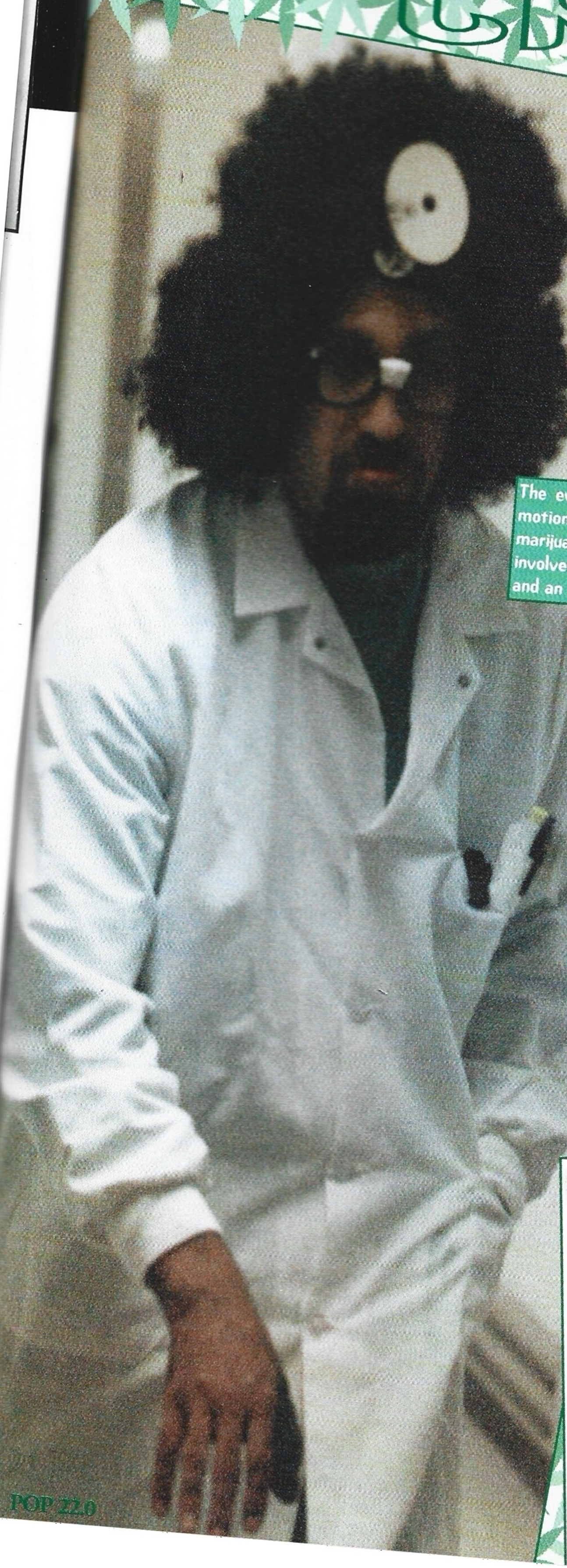
Name_______________
Address_______________
City_______________
State_______________
Zip_______________

Contest rules: Form must be filled out completely in order to be eligible for prizes. The Survival Pack will be sent to the first 250 entrants. Other entrants will be left to die in the cold. All entries must be postmarked by October 31, 1999. Photocopies are acceptable, don't draw your own.

Mail to:
*POPsmear's* Y2K Survival Team
50 W 23rd St 6th fl
NYC 10010

# DR. GREENTHUMB AND THE CURSE OF THE CANNABIS CREATURE

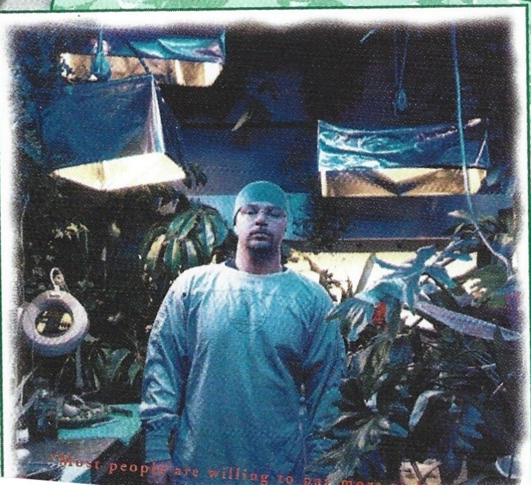
### by Frank Meyer and Scott Chernoff



Cypress Hill's Sen Dog, B-Real, and DJ Muggs (left to right) star in the spine-tingling tale of a mad scientist who goes head-to-head with a murderous marijuana mutant!

The evil and demented Dr. Greenthumb, a chronic motion masturbator, steals one ounce of high-grade marijuana from the government. His sinister plot involves drug paraphernalia, high-octane explosives, and an armada of maniacal midgets.

Flanked by his midget-at-arms Garcia Romance and the deranged torture enthusiast Dr. Mannheim Von Steamroller, this trio of scientists-gone-awry rides an elevator that leads to their fiendish laboratory, where intricate experiments are performed and surgical appliances are misused.


"Most people are willing to pay

Dr. Mannheim Von Steamroller demonstrates the cryptic stare that has established him as the most feared torturer on the marijuana circuit.

Their shapely assistant Miss Donna, revealing more than a hint of cleavage, showcases the deadly potion concocted by Dr. Greenthumb that will make pot more potent than ever before imagined. With this achievement, worldwide consciousness will be completely obliterated, and the mad doctor can sell his drug-addled paranoia to the masses, at a fair and reasonable price.

The potion, as seen above, is a powerful hybrid of hydrochloric oxide, candomitroglicerine and simple Fresca. When heated to 105 degrees Celsius and placed next to an egg, the potion becomes fatally lethal and lethally fatal.

While the backs of Drs. Greenthumb and Steamroller are turned, Miss Donna makes a startling discovery. The potion has had an unexpected effect on the marijuana plant: It turned it into a saber-toothed, man-eating plant of destruction. As she bends over to give the plant her daily kiss, the plant leaps out and bites her pretty little head clean off.

All the while, the midget from Twin Peaks (Michael J. Anderson, above) keeps a steady watch over the proceedings.

After discovering the dead body of poor Miss Donna, the quick-witted Dr. Von Steamroller decides something is wrong.

After several failed attempts to gouge the beast, Dr. Greenthumb is forced to flee the country under the assumed name Dr. Dan Greenthumb.

Three months later and thousands of miles away, Dr. Greenthumb finds an unexpected visitor in his Guam cabana. Mesmerized by the fully developed floratrocity, Dr. Greenthumb, reflecting on the havoc his scientific quest had wreaked, achieves a fleeting moment of clarity before his face is gnawed to a bloody, meaty pulp.

Retreating to the safety and comfort of its homeland, the cannabis creature disappeared for several years, but recently resurfaced in Antigua as a government official, overseeing the Department of Agricultural Affairs. After numerous divorces and a distinguished record of service, the plant remains at large.

**Cypress Hill**'s last album, simply titled *Cypress Hill IX,* was released on Ruffhouse/Columbia Records last year. The new Cypress Hill cd is tentatively scheduled for Halloween 1999. Their long awaited Spanish language full-length album is also in the works. DJ Muggs just completed a remix for Grooverider and his album with Tricky is scheduled for July on Island Records. The Muggs-produced hip hop compilation album *Soul Assassins II* will be out this winter. Cypress paraphernalia now available online at sonymusic.com/artists/CypressHill/index.html.

*POPsmear* staffer **Frank Meyer** and Hollywood man-about-town **Scott Chernoff** met in third grade at the Country School in North Hollywood during a tetherball dispute on the handball court. All grown up and out on his own, Scott is now the managing editor of Lucasfilm's *Star Wars Insider* magazine and has written for numerous other magazines, newspapers and web sites that will sound uncool to *POPsmear* readers. Scott's also an actor who can currently be seen burning down his own house in one commercial and doing aerobics with a cat in another. Don't ask. email: chernoff@popsmear.com And as for Frank? Well, we all know what happens to his kind.... email: meyer@popsmear.com

A few hundred late night phone calls would fix the problem in no time.

# Mindfuck 101

by Mike Hovancsek

artwork by Mort Todd

I am not a very nice guy. I would *like* to be a nice guy but I just don't have it in me. Not only that, I am a small, petty man with the musculature of a third grade girl. Still, I want to fuck with people because it makes me feel more powerful than I really am. I have so little in my life; just let me have this one thing.

The way I look at it, I am allowed to fuck with people as long as they truly *deserve* the abuse. That way, I can reassure myself that I am crusading for Truth, Justice and the American Way when I am actually just exhibiting symptoms of chronic mental illness. You should try it some time. The world is full of people who are *begging* for abuse.

Just be glad I don't go on random shooting sprees.

Besides, people can be so boring. They go through life having the same predictable conversations over and over again. If you say or do anything unexpected it will give them something to talk about all day. It's like an anti-social public service.

I have included a few stories here from my adventures as a mindfuck artist. Feel free to use them for your own purposes if you want. If I can help readers to fuck with just one deserving person, it will all have been worth it.

## Jehovah's Witnesses and Loud, Fat Guys

I had this neighbor once who liked to walk around the apartment complex, drinking and yelling at the top of his lungs. For some reason, he refused to wear shirts and those of us who lived in the area were forced to watch him jiggle around the complex day after day.

I never learned this man's name but I eventually started referring to him as "Shirtless Fat Yelling Guy." I really hated him. His constant disruptions quickly turned our apartment complex from a quiet, friendly community into the kind of place where nobody wanted to live.

Shirtless Fat Yelling Guy spent a lot of time yelling his life story to the parking lot and showing off his massive man-breasts to the world. Whether we wanted to or not, we ended up hearing everything about him from his incessant tirades. In no time at all we knew his little daughters' names (Sissy and Erica) and knew that he was in trouble with the military for assaulting an officer. I was fully aware that if I confronted this man about his behavior he would beat me to death with his large, flabby arms. Still, he needed to be put in his place.

The next time I received a memo from the rental office I scanned their letterhead into my computer and printed out blank copies. That way, I could send letters on bootlegged rental office letterhead. I sent a letter on this paper to Shirtless Fat Yelling Guy, telling him that he would be evicted unless he bought a shirt and learned to keep his mouth shut. I figured he would get enraged by the letter and would show up at the office, screaming and yelling like a lunatic. Then, the people in the office would have to evict him for his unstable behavior.

At the same time, I came home and found that the Jehovah's Witnesses had gone door-to-door, putting religious paraphernalia in all the mailboxes. One of the cards they included said they were available to hold Bible study classes in people's homes. Now, the Jehovah's Witnesses are considered to be a cult because they encourage their members to alienate non-members (even their own families) so I didn't feel guilty using them as a tool in my sick mind game. I wrote them a heartfelt letter that went like this:

*Dear Jehovah's Witnesses,*

*Thank you for your interest in my life. I really need your help. I have a problem with my temper and it is a constant source of conflict between myself and my daughters, Erica and Sissy. In fact, my anger got so out-of-hand I actually got into trouble for assaulting an officer during my time in the military.*

*I'm afraid. I need your help before things get worse. Can you please hold a Bible study in my home soon? I don't know what will happen if you don't help me right away.*

I didn't include a phone number with the letter because I wanted the Jehovah's Witnesses to show up at Shirtless Fat Yelling Guy's doorstep without notice, attempting to hold a Bible study class in his living room. I figured things would get really surreal when he saw how much these strangers knew about his personal life. Shirtless Fat Yelling Guy had a couple of confusing days there.

I moved out of the complex at that point. If I had stayed (and if S.F.Y.G. had stayed) I would probably have started running ads for him in the "Men Seeking Men" section of the newspaper. I imagine a little companionship would have gone a long way to calm his flabby rage. It seemed like a few hundred late night phone calls would fix the problem in no time.

## Telemarketers

Telemarketers are ruining society. These people are wasting your time with long monologues that drone on and on about the virtues of vinyl siding or the latest AT&T discount offer. The most annoying part is that they don't let you get a word in until they are all the way through the sales pitch and are asking you to verify your address.

Why don't you waste *their* time for a change? Most telemarketing companies have a rule that their employees aren't allowed to hang up on you during these calls, so if you keep them on the line with inane chatter it ends up costing the company money. Here is an example:

**Telemarketer:** "I just need to confirm your address so we can send you information on this limited-time offer."

**Obscure Writer:** "Actually, I just moved. It was a nice neighborhood but the taxes kept going up after they built that new housing development down the street."

**T:** "Can I have your new address please?"

**OW:** "I mean, I like to see new development in the area but I just can't afford these high taxes."

**T:** "I'm sorry to hear that, sir. Can I have your new address please?"

**OW:** "Sure. It's 9843 East Mar…You know, they aren't even nice houses in that housing development! Don't you think they should keep taxes low as long as the houses are ugly?"

**T:** "Sir, I need your address…."

**OW:** "It's the red house with white shutters and…You know, those new houses all look alike! Who wants to move into a development where your house looks just like all the others? I would be afraid that I would come home and start a load of laundry and then find out that I am in my neighbor's house!"

**T:** "Your address…."

**OW:** "I mean, I hate doing laundry but I would *really* hate to do someone *else's* laundry!"

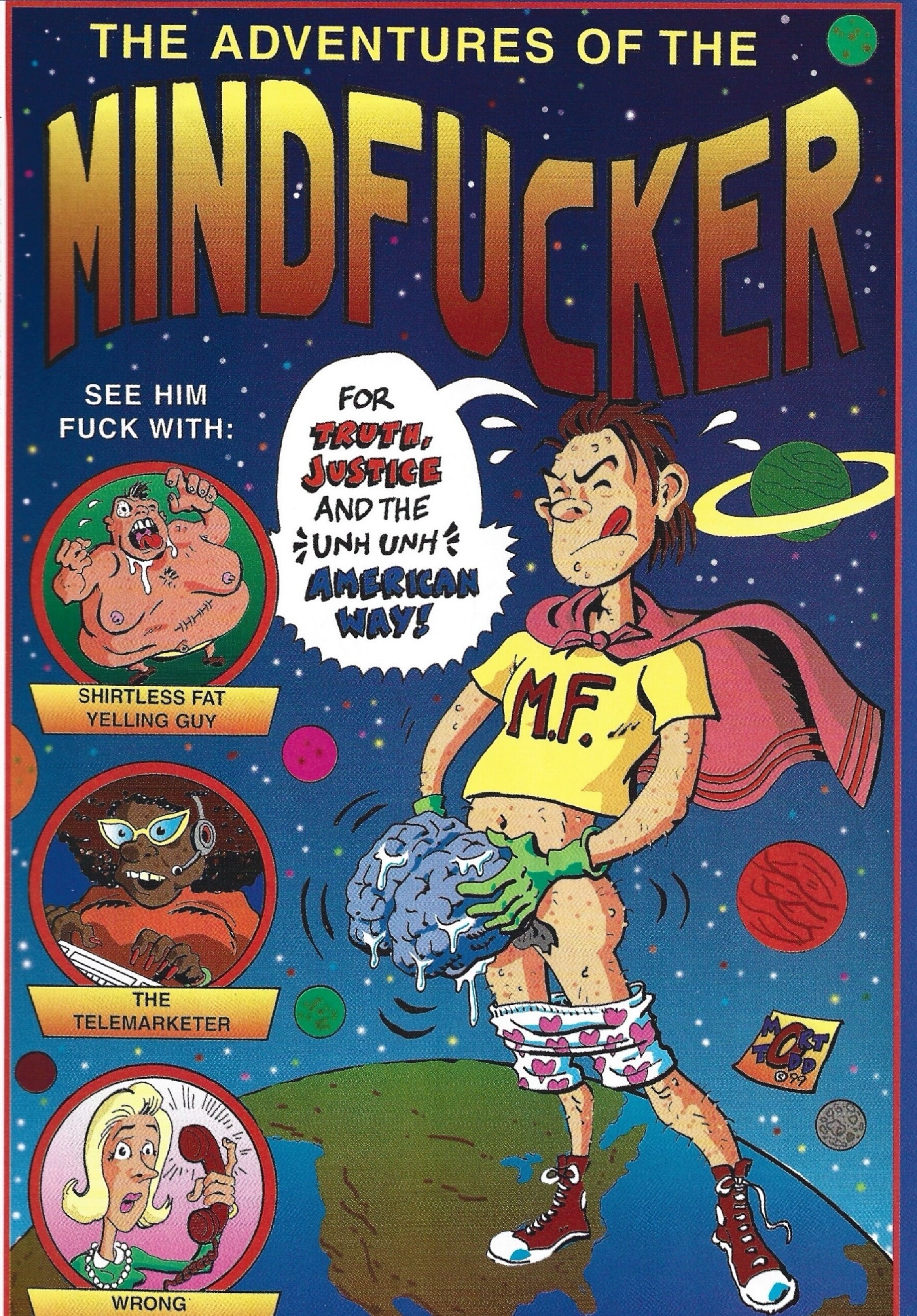
**T:** "Are you going to give me your address or not?"

**OW:** "You know, you are getting very rude. I would like to speak to your manager *right now*!"

There are several tricks for dealing with telemarketers. They have a machine that dials numbers from a database and transfers the call to an operator when you answer the phone. There is always a brief pause between the time someone answers the phone and the time the call is connected to a telemarketer. When you hear this silence, you know that you are about to hear a long sales pitch. As a result, you have time to formulate your own line of defense.

The instant you are connected, start your *own* sales pitch. Ask them if they are interested in buying life insurance and start giving them a long speech about co-payments and indemnity. Don't let them respond until you have gotten though the entire monologue and are verifying their address.

If you have a phone that allows you to transfer calls, you can keep the numbers to the local telemarketing businesses handy. Then, whenever a telemarketer calls you, transfer the call to their competitor. That way, you can waste time for two telemarketing businesses at once.



## Parking Lot Offenders

One time I shared a big parking lot with (among dozens of other people) a construction worker who drove a red pickup truck. On several occasions, I found large, red gouges in my doors from when he came home drunk and tried to wedge his truck in the spot next to mine.

One day, I was walking to the dumpster with an old tape deck that I was going to throw away because it tended to eat tapes. On the way to the dumpster I had an idea. I put the tape deck in the back of the guy's truck. I figured he would be perplexed by the new item, not sure where it came from or who gave it to him.

Every couple of days I put something new in his truck. It was a challenge to come up with something different each time. I put plastic flowers in his truck, toys, string art, food, paintings on velvet….

Since I never had any direct interactions with the construction worker, I knew he wouldn't suspect that I was the person who was fucking with him. I imagine he had already interrogated all his friends on the matter and was getting pretty paranoid.

Ok, let me digress for a minute…I write for several different magazines and some of them send me materials to review. One magazine sent me a stack of sex magazines that they wanted me to write about. Among the stack were a couple of magazines for gay men. Let me tell you, these were aggressive magazines. There was no subtlety in them at all. It was picture after picture of big, sweaty penises. I put these magazines in the back of the neighbor's truck, in plain sight so anyone who walked through the parking lot would see them.

To be honest, I have no idea what happened to the construction worker. He and his truck disappeared around the time I gave him the magazines. I'm hoping he was beaten to death by some of his homophobic co-workers when they saw that he was driving around with gay porn in his truck. Maybe he just started a new lifestyle in another part of the country….

## Co-Workers

My assistant, Janie, used to spend way too much time out of the office, claiming that she was running errands for me. It was pretty clear that she was goofing off on the job, so I told her she had to call and verify her whereabouts whenever she was out of the office.

Janie made a feeble attempt to use this new rule to fuck with me. She started running even more "errands" and deluged me with calls whenever she was out of the office. Needless to say, she was playing with fire.

One day when Janie called me from a store, I asked her how she was going to verify that she was where she claimed to be. Janie waved down a customer and handed him the phone….

**Unwitting Customer:** "Hello?"
**Abusive Employer:** "Hey, is that woman who handed you the phone causing any trouble?"
**UC:** "Not that I know of. Why?"
**AE:** "I'm her social worker. She is in the habit of going

into stores and having violent outbursts. She hasn't broken anything or attacked anyone yet?"
**UC:** (Sounding concerned) "No."
**AE:** "I need for you to do me a favor. If she causes any trouble, will you please call the police? I'm on my way over there now to get her."
**UC:** "...Ok."

When the guy hung up the phone Janie jokingly asked, "He didn't tell you to call the police on me, did he?" She had no idea that I had, in fact, asked him to call the police. The guy looked at her with terror in his eyes and walked quickly out of the store.

## Checks

Speaking of Janie, one time I ended up owing her six dollars. She had been badgering me for quite a while, wondering when I would pay her back. I wrote her a check. In the "memo" section of the check I wrote "for anal sex."

Janie lives in a small town where everyone knows each other's business. When she cashed the check, the bank teller (one of her neighbors) looked at the memo and made a disgusted face at her. I'm not sure which bothered the teller more: The anal sex or the fact that Janie was paid six dollars to *receive* anal sex. Either way, now Janie has to use the drive-thru because everyone stares at her when she goes into the bank.

I'm not sure which bothered the teller more: The anal sex or the fact that Janie was paid six dollars to receive anal sex.

## Phony Record Labels

As a musician, I occasionally get letters from phony record labels that offer to give me my "big break." I like to do really fucked up music that would never sell on a major label so I don't have any illusions of getting famous. Still, these scam artists buy long lists of addresses from music stores, knowing that most musicians really think that they are on the verge of making the big time.

One "label" asked me to send in my lyrics for a big international project they were putting together. They claimed that the musicians involved worked with such musical luminaries as Bette Midler, Wayne Newton and Barbara Streisand.

I knew this was a scam so, of course, I wrote them right away. My letter read:

*Thanks for offering to let me be part of your exciting new project! Gee, it would be really neat to work with the likes of Bette Midler or Wayne Newton! I have enclosed several examples of my lyrics for your approval. I don't want to sound too egotistical but I think this stuff is really good. My friends told me that I should get it copyrighted but it is really strong material but I trust the fine people at your company.*

I wanted to sound as naïve as possible to get their attention. I wrote the worst lyrics I could think of and included them with the letter. They weren't even real words: They were just collections of babyish sounds (one lyric went like this: "Shoobie doobie shoobie doobie goo goo goo!"). I also gave the lyrics pretentious titles like "Textures, Part Seven" and "Shoobie Goo Goo Variations."

A few weeks later I received an enthusiastic letter from the company that read:

"Everyone in our office just *loved* 'Shoobie Goo Goo Variations'! We think you are a *major talent* and we would like to consider you for our upcoming project."

The letter went on to explain that if I sent them a check for the trifling sum of $685 they would put me on the list of people who they would *consider* including on their "American Music" international compilation tape. The letter also asked me if I would be willing to be interviewed by the leading magazines and television networks for this project because this release was going to be HUGE!!! Why, I would be a *fool* to pass up a great opportunity like that!

I wrote the company back, explaining that I am a freelance reporter who is doing an investigative piece on their business. I told them that I sent them the most inept lyrics imaginable as a test of their integrity as a business and they had failed terribly.

I went on to say that I wanted to give them a chance to prove that they were a legitimate business. They could do this, I claimed, by sending me a list of all their employees, their financial records, a list of all their releases, and proof that they are affiliated with Wayne Newton, Bette Midler, and Barbara Streisand.

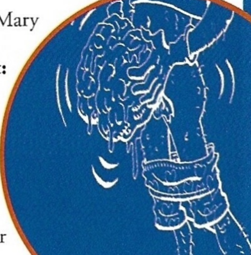
Needless to say, they didn't send me anything. I sent them another letter, again requesting information on their company. *That* letter was returned unopened.

Apparently, the company went out of business. Usually, companies like that go under whenever someone puts the heat on them because they know they will get caught sooner or later if they stay in business.

I imagine they are working on a new scam under another company name as you read this article. If you bought any music equipment in the last year or so you will probably be hearing from them. If you do, please say "hello" to them for me, ok?

## Wrong Numbers

The nice thing about this kind of call is that the people who misdial are less likely to suspect anything because *they called you.* Here are some examples:



**Oaf:** "May I speak to Mary please?"
**Petty Mindfuck Artist:** "May I ask who is calling?"
**O:** "This is Steve."
**PMA:** "That's what I was afraid of. Look, Mary said she doesn't want to talk to you any more. She has had it with you and your attitude."
**O:** "What did *I* do?!!"
**PMA:** "If you don't know I'm not going to tell you."
**O:** "I don't understand."
**PMA:** "That's what Mary told me you would say."

Or this:

**Oaf:** "May I speak to Steve?"
**Petty Mindfuck Artist:** "Speaking!"
**O:** "This doesn't *sound* like Steve."
**PMA:** "Who is this?"
**O:** "Mark."
**PMA:** "Mark!! What's up, dude?!!"
**O:** "I think I have the wrong number. This doesn't sound like Steve."
**PMA:** "No, I'm looking at my driver's license right now and it says 'Steve' right under the picture."
**O:** "Yeah, I have the wrong number." (Hangs up the phone)

Now, wait a little while and dial *69 so you can call the misdialer back.

**Oaf:** "Hello?"
**Petty Mindfuck Artist:** "May I speak to Mark, please?"
**O:** "This is Mark."
**PMA:** "This doesn't *sound* like Mark."
**O:** "Who is this?"
**PMA:** "This is Steve. Did you call me earlier?"
**O:** "Was that *you*?!"
**PMA:** (sounding creeped out) "I...I think I have the wrong number" (Hang up).

My phone number is almost the same as the number to Wal-Mart so I get a lot of calls from confused shoppers. I have done hundreds of different things to these people.

Wal-Mart is evil. They come into small towns and run all the mom-and-pop stores out of business, taking over as the sole business and the sole source of employment in the area. Then, if they don't make enough money, they close down, leaving the town without jobs and without businesses. These places often turn into ghost towns once Wal-Mart is done with them. I'm not making this stuff up.

As a result, I do what I can to piss off Wal-Mart callers so they will spend their money somewhere else. Here is an example of one of these calls:

**Clueless Shopper:** "Is this Wal-Mart?"
**Sadistic Bastard:** "Yes! How may I help you?"
**CS:** "Can you please transfer me to the Hardware Department?"
**SB:** "Sure!"

I then hung up on the guy. He called back immediately:

**CS:** "I called earlier to be transferred to Hardware and I got disconnected."
**SB:** "I'm really sorry about that, sir! Let me give that another try."

Again, I hung up the phone. I figured that was the end of the guy but he called back immediately:

**CS:** "Do you have anyone there *who knows how to use the phone system?!* You keep disconnecting me!"
**SB:** "I'm sorry, I'm the only person who is authorized to transfer calls. Let me give it another try."

Again, I hung up the phone. By then the guy was pretty hot. He called back and said:

**CS:** "*You hung up on me again! What is wrong with you people?!*"
**SB:** "I'm sorry, sir. I have been drinking all day and I have a really hard time working this phone system when I'm drunk."
**CS:** "*I just want to speak to someone in the Hardware Department!*"
**SB:** "I don't think I'm going to be able to help you, sir. Look, there are a lot of good hardware stores in the area. Maybe you should go to one of *them*."
**CS:** "You can't just run over to the Hardware Department and put them on the phone?"
**SB:** "I could *transfer* you!"
**CS:** (click)

Ok, so I'm a loser: I like to fuck with people who deserve it. Just be glad I don't go on random shooting sprees. ⊙

**Mike Hovancsek** is the author of *White Trash Fairy Tales*. Buy his book from Proving Grounds: purpleman.com. email Mike: PointlessM@aol.com

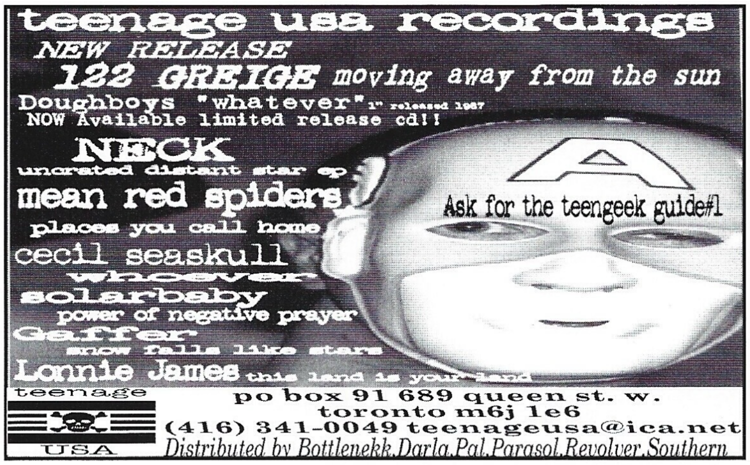
**Mort Todd** is a writer, director, illustrator and tunesmith. Is there anything he *can't* do? Yes! Earn a living. email Mort: mort@popsmear.com

GOT BLOOD?

WE DO! Plus...
rare, uncut, obscure, imported, horror, Godzilla, wrestling, sci-fi, euro-trash, euro-western, xxx, slasher, cult, gore, Hong Kong action, fantasy, concert videos, and more!

Hottest Mail Order Videos on the West Coast

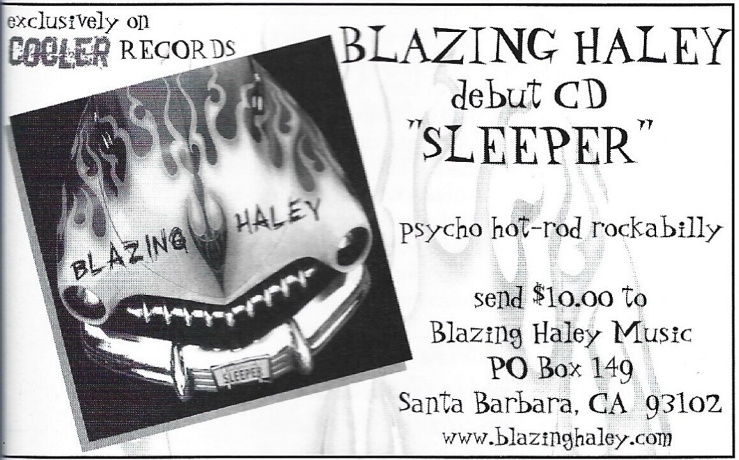
**ON THE EDGE VIDEO**
9792 Edmonds Way
Suite 221
Edmonds, WA 98020
ph/fx (425) 672-1746
http://www.otevideo.com
HUGE illustrated catalog $3.00!


teenage usa recordings

NEW RELEASE
122 GREIGE moving away from the sun
Doughboys "whatever" 1" released 1987
NOW Available limited release cd!!
NECK
uncrated distant star ep
mean red spiders
places you call home
cecil seaskull
whoever
solarbaby
power of negative prayer
Gaffer
snow falls like stars
Lonnie James this land is your land

Ask for the teengeek guide#1

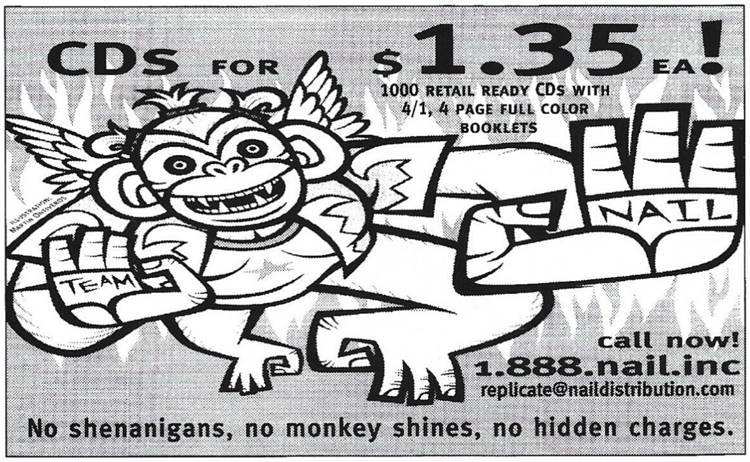
teenage USA
po box 91 689 queen st. w.
toronto m6j 1e6
(416) 341-0049 teenageusa@ica.net
Distributed by Bottlenekk,Darla,Pal,Parasol,Revolver,Southern


exclusively on
COOLER RECORDS

BLAZING HALEY
debut CD
"SLEEPER"

psycho hot-rod rockabilly

send $10.00 to
Blazing Haley Music
PO Box 149
Santa Barbara, CA 93102
www.blazinghaley.com


CDs FOR $1.35 EA!
1000 RETAIL READY CDs WITH 4/1, 4 PAGE FULL COLOR BOOKLETS

call now!
1.888.nail.inc
replicate@naildistribution.com

No shenanigans, no monkey shines, no hidden charges.

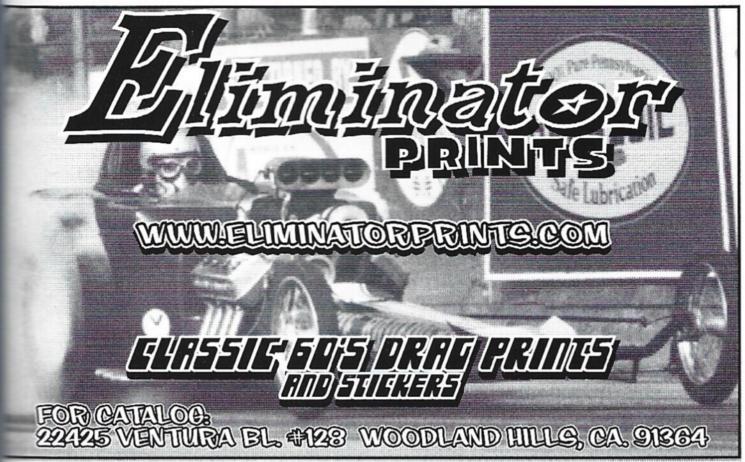
"Fuck Barnes & Noble"
bumper stickers
$2.00 for 1
$7.00 for 4

Send checks, money orders to:
Garrett County Press
828 Royal St. #248
New Orleans, LA 70116

www.gcpress.com

WWW.CHASER.NET

T-SHIRTS, HOODED SWEAT SHIRTS, STICKERS, SKATEBOARDS, BEANIES, CAPS, POSTERS,
BLACK FLAG, ALL, MISFITS, DAMNED, DICKIES, GERMS, DWARVES, DESCENDENTS,
DOLEMITE, GIANT, PROPAGANDA, CULT, SHAG, COOP, PIZZ, PETTIBON, R. KERN
wholesale & retail ph# 310-273-9611 fx# 271-4084


Eliminator PRINTS
WWW.ELIMINATORPRINTS.COM
CLASSIC 60'S DRAG PRINTS AND STICKERS
FOR CATALOG:
22425 VENTURA BL. #128 WOODLAND HILLS, CA. 91364

DEEP IN THE THROAT OF
TEXAS
SLOW ROOSEVELT • CAULK • DOOSU
BUCK JONES • FIXTURE • JUMP ROPE GIRLS
COTTONMOUTH, TX

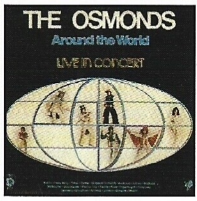
Mention POPsmear and get a
FREE ONE TON CD SAMPLER
All CDs $10 plus $3 shipping. For free catalog send sase to:
One Ton Records
P.O. Box 1991
Dallas, TX 75221
or call 1-888-ONE-TON1 or
check out our full catalog at www.oneton.com

ONE TON

# THE THRIFTY EAR

## He sees all, he plays all and never pays more than 50 cents for any recording. A pittance really, for such an educational listening experience.

by Serene Dominic



### THE OSMONDS

***Around the World: Live in Concert***

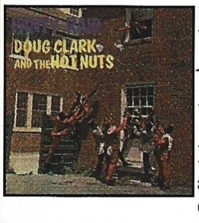
**(MGM, 1975)**

A 1975 double live album, JUST LIKE KISS, ya say? I'm sure there was some fiery contention in Provo, Utah, as to who the *real* hottest band in the land was! 'Cause it's hard to imagine Ace Frehley and his firework-riddled guitar approaching the virtuosity of "Merrill's Banjo Medley." When the middle Osmond cranks out "If You Knew Suzie" and "Just One of These Songs," you can hear them little pubes in the audience ovulatin' Country Time lemonade right there and then!

Having to wait an entire minute for their idols to come on stage, the announcer (who sounds suspiciously like Joe Pesci) taunts the audience and makes them count down from 60! "Can you wait that long? Can you wait that long?" What cruelty! Such child abuse! Mercifully, those Osmonds bum rush the show toot sweet to reclaim their glam-metal crown with "Crazy Horses," the song Joe Perry most assuredly ripped off for his equine-whinnyin' "Back in the Saddle" and which Poison also ripped off for their "Back to the Rocking Horse."

But the honest Osmonds are quick to acknowledge their own considerable debts to rock's scream-worthy past. There's a "Donny and Marie Medley," filled with pre-Beatle teen idolatry, a "Jimmy Medley" where the littlest Osmond pays homage to Joe Cocker and the Jacksons, a "'50s Medley," a "Stevie Wonder Medley"—is there no music made by man or beast that these crafty Mormons cannot truncate into a four minute medley? No sah, you gotta bellow aloud! Guess whose sleeve credits read "Keyboards, synthesizer, hysteria and other electronic paraphernalia too numerous to mention"? None other than resident Wizard of Osmond himself, Donald, who proves why he was the heir o' parent to Pat Boone—he even finds offensive words in Loggins and Messina songs to change. "My mama don't dance and my daddy don't rock and roll," he croons, because it's not nice to disparage other people's parents. Especially in a foreign country. And, uh, yeah, no mention about "hoppin' into the back seat where you know it's nice and dark," either. Never has one rock group thought less about fornication! Never has one rock group's rider contained so many "thou shalt nots"! Surely a far cry from….

> Never has one rock group thought less about fornication!

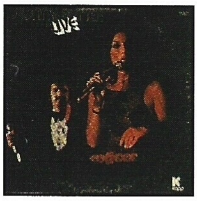


### DOUG CLARK AND THE HOT NUTS

***Panty Raid***

**(Gross, exact date unknown, mid '60s)**

For people looking for a black frat party group with adult comedy overtones, this here is the Holy Grail! On the Gross label, no less! As long as the malt liquor's flowing, stuff like "Milk the Cow" and the title track are howlingly funny. This must've been pretty risqué back in its day—on "Let Me Pet Your Pussy" they actually bleep out the offending "P" word!



### SONNY & CHER

***Sonny & Cher Live***

**(MCA, 1971)**

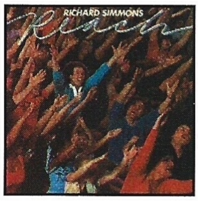
Most people say *Shoot out the Lights* is the definitive disintegration-of-a-marriage album, but even Richard and Linda Thompson had enough decorum to keep "your mother is so fat" jokes out of it. "We throw a sheet over your mother and show movies," Cher snickers to the tanked-up Las Vegas crowd. Sonny counters by saying "Nothing goes on after the show," "She doesn't move that way off stage," and, "She not only gets a headache, she tells me what time they're coming." Speaking of headaches, the version of "Hey Jude" on this disc is a minute longer than the Beatles', and Cher's never sounded more like Quick Draw McGraw bellowin' for Baba Looey! Poor Sonny. There's never any standing lumber around when you really need it!

### MAMA CASS

***Bubble Gum, Lemonade & Something For Mama***

**(Dunhill, 1969)**

If you find an album cover more nauseating than this one—buy it. Most objectionable album credit, too: "Bubble gum border, chewed by Russ, Annette, Amy, Henry, Sheri and many more." And you'll note I didn't say anything about a ham sandwich to get a cheap laugh. Until now.

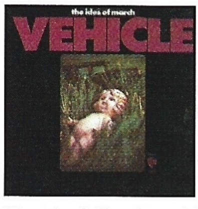


### RICHARD SIMMONS

***Reach***

**(Elektra, 1982)**

Beach Boy Brian Wilson once toyed with the idea of doing a physical fitness album, but it was left to the world's most annoying talk show guest to come up with rock's first "exercise album for the ears." *Reach* is nothing less than Stuart Smalley's disco inferno, an album pickle with sticky self-affirmations like "you're much too smart to break your heart" and "no one means more than you this time." Simmons' voice lies somewhere in the uncomfortable spectrum between Frankie Valli and Carol Channing. And the album's exercise manual is not for the weak of stomach either, as it contains 226 action poses of Simmons impersonating an inflatable sex doll of Leo Sayer. But no other album in all of rock tells you to "eat right and take small bites even when you're alone" and "exhale" ad nauseam, unless there's a Morrissey import someone's not telling us about. Mercifully, this album stiffed and Simmons confined his sweating to oldies thereafter. Perhaps Dr. Eugene Landy is looking for a new co-dependant/recording project.



### THE IDES OF MARCH

***Vehicle***

**(Warner Brothers, 1970)**

Ever wonder why one-hit wonders got stuck at that single digit? They got lucky! These Blood, Sweat and Tear-droppers captured the early sleaze of the '70s perfectly on the title hit and with the album cover: a Kewpie doll stripped naked and left in the woods by "the friendly stranger in the black sedan." But the sleazin' didn't end there. No ho ho, they hadda

go abduct poor old "Eleanor Rigby" outta her lonely room and attack the old biddy with horn chops until she became "Symphony for Eleanor." This version is even longer and more painful than the Vanilla Fudge embellishment. Please spirit, show me no more!

OHMAN BROS!!!
THE GLORIOUS SOUND of BRASS!

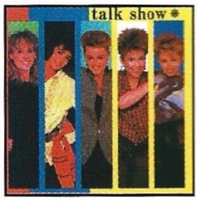
## THE OHMAN BROTHERS

*The Glorious Sound of Brass*

**(Word Records, 1966)**

In the '60s, everyone was horny for the sound of Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. Knockoff Alpert albums sprung up everywhere and now clutter thrift shop bins, still vying for your confused south-of-the-border attention. The Mariachi Brass (featuring jazz legend Chet Baker), the Mexicali Brass, the Brass Ring, the Band I Heard In Tijuana; for crying out loud—they all earned their daily crust coppin' Herb. These Ohman Brothers were no exception to the rule. This album is clearly targeted to deceive that demographic, right down to the copycat *Whipped Cream and Other Delights* lettering. But then you look at the titles and there ain't a "Spanish Flea" in sight. "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah"? "I Would be Like Jesus"? "Come Unto Me"? Duped into buying a trumped-up gospel hornfest is bad enough, but these horn-wielding devils have the effrontery to claim they're trying to emulate General Joshua at Jericho. Lord knows how many people bought into their "lonely bull."

> **With the exception of O.J., no wife beater has ever set himself up to be the victim as shamefully as Ike.**



## THE GO-GO'S

*Talk Show*

**(IRS, 1984)**

Technically this shouldn't be included here since I paid nothing for it. It doesn't bode well for the gals' reunion that I found this copy pitched out in the street. You think maybe somebody pulled this out after all this time, realized only the first two songs are any good, remembered Belinda Carlisle's icky solo career, and chucked it on principle. Or maybe they thought it was that Scott Weiland-less Stone Temple Pilots project and chucked it out on *that* principle. Or maybe someone just went nuts trying to figure out which one was Posh Spice!

PLEASE DON'T HURT ME
Sue
774
IKE & TINA TURNER
RECORDS
763

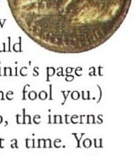
**Single of the Month:**

## IKE & TINA TURNER

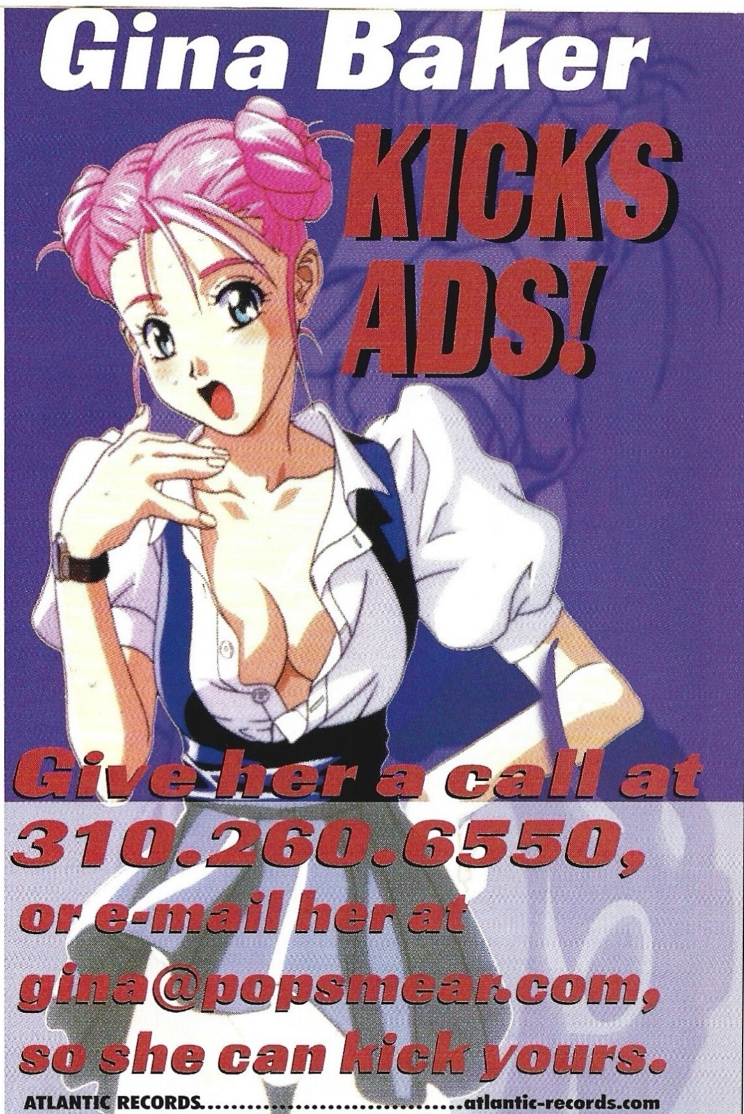
**"Please Don't Hurt Me"/ "Worried and Hurtin' Inside"**

**(Sue Records, date unknown)**

R&B doesn't get any more autobiographical than this! You got to hand it to Ike. Not only did he think up new and intriguing ways of hitting Tina upside the head, but he also found a way to collect songwriting credits from Tina's strangled pleas for mercy! Pleas that he pretended to ignore! With the exception of O.J., no wife beater has ever set himself up to be the victim as shamefully as Ike. "I ruined every good pair of shoes I ever had over that girl," you can imagine him crying in his new book *Ike Turner—Takin' Back My Name.* Unable to find a sympathetic publisher here, he had to go to jolly ol' London, also home base for the equally delusional "I Like Ike Turner" fan club.

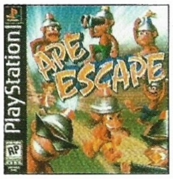


Former New Yorker **Serene Dominic** has been cornered by tuxedo-wearing, white glove-slapping Old Milwaukee distributors in Cave Creek, Ariz. While he's not allowed to leave his six-acre desert "reservation," he still manages a web page and creates some damn fine music. He has a new EP, *Adult Contemptuous* (available at wondermeat.com), which you should probably buy. (Don't let the name fool you!) Also, please check out Dominic's page at www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Cabaret/8084/. (Again, don't let the name fool you.) We guaranteed him 30,000 hits in exchange for this story. If you don't go, the interns will have to come in over the weekend and click on his site for 12 hours at a time. You wouldn't want to do that to our poor little interns now, would ya? email: vicmasters@yahoo.com:



| | |
|---|---|
| ATLANTIC RECORDS | atlantic-records.com |
| BONGLOAD | bongload.com |
| CHASER | chaser.net |
| CHEERLEADR | cheerleadr.com |
| CITIZEN 7 | citizen-7.com |
| DAREDEVIL TATTOO | 212.533.8303 |
| DRAG CITY | dragcity.com |
| ELIMINATOR PRINTS | eliminatorprints.com |
| ESTRUS | 360.647.1187 |
| FAT WRECK CHORDS | fatwreck.com |
| FILTH MART | 212.387.0650 |
| GARRETT COUNTY PRESS | gcpress.com |
| HONEST DON'S | honestdons.com |
| KINGPIN | kingpinnyc.com |
| MY RECORDS | myrecords.com |
| NAIL DISTRIBUTION | naildistribution.com |
| NEVER RECORDS | neverrecords.com |
| OGLIO RECORDS | oglio.com |
| ON THE EDGE VIDEO | otevideo.com |
| ONE TON RECORDS | onetonrecords.com |
| PLEASURABLE PIERCINGS | pleasurable.com |
| PSEUDO.COM | pseudo.com |
| RAZORFISH | razorfishstudios.com |
| RINGS & THINGS INC. | ringsandthings.com |
| ROYALTY RECORDS | w2.com/royalty.html |
| SERIAL KILLER | serialkillerinc.com |
| SHEPARD FAIREY | 619.544.9595 |
| SOAP | soapshoes.com |
| SUB POP | subpop.com |
| TAKE 2 INTERACTIVE | take2games.com |
| TEENAGE USA | 416.341.0049 |
| TIME BOMB RECORDS | timebombrecordings.com |
| TVT RECORDS | tvtrecords.com |

# Obligatory Reviews



## APE ESCAPE

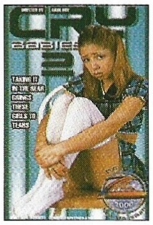
**(Sony Computer Entertainment/ PlayStation)**

When Nintendo released Donkey Kong in 1981, they scratched an American itch that hadn't been reached since 1939's *King Kong*: We like monkeys. It's simple, really; monkeys are cute, fuzzy critters that remind most people of at least one of their uncles. And when you put a hat on a monkey—well, that's when the magic really happens.

In Ape Escape, a band of monkeys break out of a zoo, and it's your job to track them all down (over 200, says the cover, but I never got nearly that many). Oh, and these monkeys are wearing hats, too! And it just so happens that the hats make them smart—like Einstein smart, man. Maybe I should say Oppenheimer smart, because they are going to flat-out blow your ass away.

The gameplay in Ape Escape is going to be a whole new experience to even the most worldly gamer. For the first time, the player must use both analog joysticks of the Dual Shock controller, often at the same time. (It's something I only wish were the case with the reissued Robotron, but what are you gonna do?) It takes quite a bit of getting used to, but there is the requisite pause option so you can sit back and try to figure out what everything does. And you'll need all the help you can get. These apes are absolute bastards. There's nothing quite like the feeling of actually being pissed-off at a game for beating you. For now....

Overall, Ape Escape has everything I look for in a game: interesting play, enough depth to justify a purchase over a rental, and super-smart monkeys in hats. What more could you want?—**Parker**



## *CRY BABIES 2*

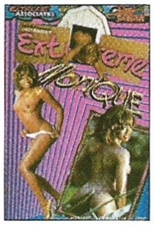
**Director: Gash Boy**

**(Zane 2000)**

****

"My boyfriend dumped me and now you're fucking me in the ass," sobs corn-fed blonde C.J. Bennett as Dave Hardman's annoyingly curved cock routes her sphincter. "Don't worry, this will take your stupid boyfriend off your mind," Hardman says.

Believing a good ass-fuck the cure-all for an ailing heart is the gist here and the therapy couch is jammed with just-dumped chicks with busted hearts, creepy guys and dilated bungs. Chris Cannon coaxes nixie-like brunette Sabrina Johnson into the aforementioned belief system, then guides his abundant cock into her less-than-accommodating hole. Next, in the tape's best quarter hour, Hardman and his arched spike pokes the rear of a curvy, dirty blonde called Envy who sports both a Jerry Springer Show aesthetic and an unblemished, unbelievably deep asshole. Petite Melody Love reveals the most grief over her lost beau here but it's as if her tears are borne of Steve Hatcher's bore job to her ass. C.J. Bennett and omnipresent Hardman cap the tape and Bennett's perky demeanor, sinless looks, fleshy frame and boundless ass make for an engaging tryst, Hardman or no Hardman.—**Art Rambo**



## *EXTREME MONIQUE*

**Director: Lizzy Borden**

**(Extreme Associates)**

*****1/2**

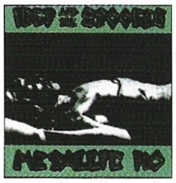
Monique is blessed with a body that is a four-on-the-floor whacker's dream, a ready-made pincushion outfitted with natural supple breasts, true curves and obscenely athletic orifices. The five scenes comprising this all see her taking massive wood, anally and otherwise, to varying degrees of watchability. And little Monique is especially fond of the flavor of her sphincter walls, often times employing the old ass-to-mouth trick. The first sees her and Alana both assimilating Byron Long's thick-footer deep between each's banquet-ready buns. Roughhousing ensues and so do the snoozes when two masked despoilers make fake rape with Monique, concluding with an unfun and brutal DP. Pete Walsh goes one on one with Monique, following the formula of head to vaginal poke to anal plow to facial spizz as if by rote. Silver-faced and foul-mouthed Iroc leads a small cadre of men into all of Monique's operable openings; again her bung goes ajar for an overlong dong, this time one belonging to Jake Steed. Next Monique attempts to stick a railroad tie-sized dildo into her vag and comes away with minimal success. The finale finds her where we usually find her: on a bare mattress taking yet another well-endowed gent into her trio of holes.—**Art Rambo**

## GZA/GENIUS

***Beneath the Surface***

**(MCA)**

Another Wu-banger from the mighty GZA, the most intricate wordsmith of this all-star Shaolin crew. Rumor has it that GZA, who had a couple solo albums out before the Wu dynasty began in the early '90s, taught all the other brothers in the crew how to rap. Well, judging from his latest release, *Beneath the Surface*, GZA is not only the father figure of the Wu-Tang family tree, but he remains the outfit's young buck as well. With a never-ending arsenal of complex rhymes, an endless snake pit of crime sagas and action-packed stories, and enough anecdotes, catch-22s, and death-defying tongue twisters to keep Busta Rhymes relegated to Mountain Dew jingles, GZA has assembled the best Wu-Tang record of the year. Of course, all the prime Wu members make cameos to spice-up the proceedings, such as Ol' Dirty on "Crash Your Crew," RZA on "Hip Hop Fury" and Meth on "Stringplay." Plus, we get awesome appearances by Wu second-stringers like our very own Sunz of Man on "Feel Like an Enemy" and blunt enthusiast LA the Darkman, who smokes on the outro. In spite (or despite) of the guest slots though, GZA shines throughout. His deep-voiced narratives carry the listener through ride after ride on his terror-filled rollercoaster of doom. The production is straight-up Wu style: dark and foreboding with occasional backup vocals and piano lines to ease the tension. If you dig your rap wielded like a battle sword with a razor sharp edge, then *Beneath the Surface* is for you, my hip hop friend.—**Frank Meyer**



## IGGY & THE STOOGES

***Metallic KO***

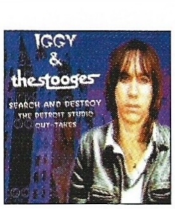
**(Skydog)**

As legendary as the last Stooges show has grown over the last 26 years, it certainly isn't because of the music. Iggy had a fight with a Hells Angel at the previous show. The next day Iggy went down to a radio station and challenged the entire gang, of which the guy was a member, to "come down and do their worst" at his big show at the Michigan Palace—which is exactly what they did. The Stooges played only six songs, instead Iggy spent most of his time insulting and taunting the crowd, trying to get them to throw things on to the stage. The crowd responded enthusiastically, tossing everything from shovels, four-gallon jugs, beer bottles, M-80s and even ice cubes. They crashed and smashed the amps and stage, which, we can now safely say, didn't exactly help the sound quality. That, children of Blur and Stone Temple Pilots, is what rock 'n' roll *is supposed to be* about. As Lester Bangs said in the album's original liner notes, "it's the only rock album I know where you can actually hear hurled beer bottles breaking against guitar strings."

A beautiful sound, but a bit short on rhythm.

In the midst of all the chaos the band did find time to bust out a couple tunes. They fought through "Heavy Liquid," "Gimme Danger" and "Rich Bitch (Baby Where Did Our Love Go?)," which all built up to Iggy and the Stooges version of that frat party classic—that's right, this one even mom and dad know—"Louie Louie." (Please note that we are mandated by law to mention that "Louie Louie" also appears on *American Caesar*, Iggy 1993 offering.)

The second disc is from a show also performed at the Michigan Palace, but recorded six months earlier. "Raw Power," "Search and Destroy" and "Open Up and Bleed" are three of the six songs they somehow managed to finish. The sound on both discs is that of a typical audience bootleg—which they were—but cleaned up to take out the hissssss. If you like the Stooges you should own this, even if only for the spectacle that surrounded the music. It's just like Iggy says on the album, "We're the hardest working band around, I don't care if we're the best."—**Tom Minarchick**

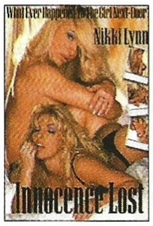


## IGGY & THE STOOGES

***Search and Destroy: Detroit Studio Outtakes***

**(Cleopatra)**

The thought of unreleased "studio" material from the Stooges sounds like a great discovery, but *Search and Destroy* is not studio material as the cover claims. The album is comprised of nothing more than terrible quality band rehearsals. Just like 99 percent of the other Stooges unreleased collections, the sound quality is nothing short of unlistenable. The liner notes call the recording quality "occasionally lo-fi" but you can barely hear the vocals throughout the entire album. Most of the songs are from *Raw Power*. "Rubber Legs," "Johanna," "She Creatures of the Hollywood Hills" and "Cock in my Pocket" are all here just as they are on every other Stooges bootleg. There's nothing here that a Stooges fan hasn't already heard and doesn't need to hear again.—**Tom Minarchick**



## *INNOCENCE LOST*

**Director: Michael Raven**

**(Sin City Ultra)**

****

Arizona sister Nikki Lynn is at her ordure best as Carrie Ann, the country girl/cum whore who trades innocence for the material trappings of SUVs, big houses, cash and, ultimately, becoming a madam herself. In the course of this benevolent trade we see Miss Ann spy Katie Gold and Maya DeVine devouring one another in a stock mansion/poolside porn scene, with wee golden-haired Gold getting the nod for best-feigned orgasm of the flick. Later, Ann notes shapely Linda Thoren gaining a boff ticket all the way back to Sweden by Tice Bune and J.J.Michaels, two mouth-breathers who ultimately dump their ball pouch contents on her face. Sightly Sylvia Stena—a cherry-headed creature of mythic proportions—gets a Tony Montana degradation treatment then at last spreads ass crack for his mast. Ever-present Mark Davis plods both Lynn (after sucking her virgin bum) and DeVine before erupting all over Lynn's expanded mams. As with any Michael Raven show, this is slick—bordering on the sterile even—and bang-up worthy for most couples.—**Art Rambo**

## KOOL KEITH

***Black Elvis/ Lost in Space***

**(Ruffhouse/Columbia)**

Originality, diversity and dynamics: These are some of the characteristics that make Kool Keith the boldest, baddest and best rapper on the planet. These are also the very same things that keep him relegated to the underground and far away from mainstream success. He has been rockin' the mic since LL, kicking dope lyrics since *Straight Outta Compton*, and talkin' some crazy shit way before Chino XL or Eminem. You've heard him with Prodigy, he's jammed with the Pretenders and he's decimated every rapper he's ever appeared on a cut with. He's the best freestyler ever and his first group, Ultramagnetic MC's, set the standard for East Coast b-boys everywhere. He's Kool Keith, brother from another planet, aka Dr. Octagon, aka Dr. Dooom, aka Juan Excelsior, aka Keith Televesquez, aka Sinister 6000, aka Mr. Gerbik, aka Mr. Green, aka Big Willie Smith, aka Devastating Reverend Tom: greatest rapper on the planet, schizophrenic rhyme master, hip hop funny man and underground legend. He's recorded more albums on more labels under more names over the last five years than most artists in their entire careers. He's Kool Keith, rap music's first superhero and the last man standing.

Keith's magnum opus, *Black Elvis/Lost in Space*, his first solo album on a major label, is his most ambitious effort to date, every bit as scattered and insane as his previous releases, yet tighter and more focused. While Keith is clearly going for a more commercial sound here, the result is closer to when Frank Zappa made a commercial song like "Valley Girl." Compared to the rest of his work it was tame, but compared to anyone else's music, it was still way out in left field and completely subversive. *Black Elvis/Lost in Space* contains large doses of Keith's patented space age, ego trippin', hydro pimp shit, like "Rockets on the Battlefield," "I'm Seein' Robots" and "Lost in Space," b-boy anthems like "I Don't Play," and "Livin' Astro," and plenty of twisted pseudo-love songs like "Supergalactic Lover," "Keith Turbo" and "Fine Girls." It also features several stabs at radio play, like the Sadat X duet "Static" and "Master of the Game" featuring the late Roger Troutman. "Master" is probably Keith's most radio friendly song to date, with its Troutman Vocoder hook and No Limit-style staccato beat, yet Keith's maniacal lyrical swordplay and bizarre rhymes will probably keep it from crossing over.

Not one to smooth over his rough edges for the major labels or the big paycheck, the first two cuts are direct stabs at his own label and other MCs. "Release Date" finds Keith lamenting over the lengthy periods of time between the recording of an album and its actual release when working for a major label. Ironically, this song was recorded before Ruffhouse folded and many of their acts (including Keith, presumably) were consolidated into Columbia Records and Keith's release date was pushed back. On "Intro," Keith disses every MC who dares to pick up the mic and even think of stepping into the ring with him. He takes jabs at rap videos, hip hop culture, A&R weasels, fake MCs and the entire industry, and still comes out on top. Rather than sounding boastful and arrogant, Keith sounds matter of fact: he knows he's better than the competition, he knows everyone sucks and he knows the industry is wack. Does he present a solution? Yes, it's called *Black Elvis/Lost in Space*.

Keith is far too creative to be denied his rightful crown of rap superstar, but far too dangerous and subversive to actually get it. He's an outlaw, a rebel, a renegade and a hero. He's the king, clown, pauper and frog prince all at the same time. He will go down in history, but will probably be thought of as an underground legend, rather than a mainstream success. The more I think about it, the closer Keith seems to Frank Zappa than to anyone in hip hop. He's an unparalleled genius who is so far ahead of his time and so far ahead of the pack that it'll take the rest of us 20 years to catch up—and by then, it'll probably be too late. *Black Elvis/Lost in Space* is a masterwork of left-of-center subliminal seduction. It's a mindfuck, but one you will most certainly come back to, time and time again.—**Frank Meyer**

## *MEAT CAKE 9*

**Art & Stories**

**by Dame Darcy**

**(Fantagraphics Books)**

The art is moody, crowded and borders on adolescent—an engaging style that bonds the reader with the story. *MC9* is Five gothic, tragic, romantic, black-humored tales, as well as a couple of single-page illustrations that are absolutely confusing.

The first tale, "Hungry is the Heart" was written by the now-legendary Alan Moore. A child left under a willow tree in a swamp during a midnight rainstorm is rescued by a simple-minded man who recently lost his beloved spaniel to a meteorite (under the very same willow tree). The simpleton named the child Wellington (after his dead spaniel). Wellington has many adventures. She wanders aimlessly down the streets where household pets have been forced into prostitution. She becomes queen to a tiny tribe on a foreign island. Wellington becomes a worldly button heiress trapped in a loveless marriage. She kills. She marries again. She has many children, grows old and finally meets the same fate as her namesake.

That is just a taste of the *Meat Cake* menu and Dame Darcy does not need Mr. Alan Moore to be twisted—see her tale about grave robbing sisters. Dame Darcy dishes out a helping of education; the last story is about the beauty of birth. A cat has kittens. Can anyone guess what the mother does with her placenta? Yeah, I thought you could. (For those of you still in the dark, pick up the comic and learn about basic animal behavior.)—**Stefan Jackson**

## MELVINS

### *The Maggot*

**(Ipecac)**

The Melvins return with part one of their three-part attack planned for 1999. Before the year's end, part two, *The Bootlicker*, and part three, *The Crybaby*, will be released; thus completing what the Melvins refer to as "a three-part whole." The major difference between this album and previous Melvins albums is the way it's mixed down. This time they move away from the sludgy sound that their records are known for, and instead opt for a much cleaner, clearer and layered sound. The rock is still here in full force, but the sludge-covered bottom end is not as present as past efforts. The percussion and guitar are brought up to the front, sounding much cleaner, without sounding over-produced. *The Maggot* brings a freshness to the Melvins' sound that makes them as relevant today as they ever were.—**Tom Minarchick**

## MOTÖRHEAD

### *Everything Louder Than Everyone Else*

**(CMC International)**

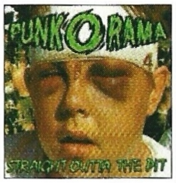
Let me just begin this by stating the obvious: Anyone who doesn't like Motörhead is a pussy, and oughta be bitch-slapped with their own Cranberries cd. That being said, let's get on with the review....

Lemmy Kilmister and various lineups of Motörhead have been wrecking the place since the '70s. A substantial number of the members have changed over the years (oh Wurzel, oh Philthy, we hardly knew ye!), but the songs remain the same. This isn't the first live album, and it isn't the first time many of these songs have been recorded live. Who cares? This band is classic. Like the Ramones, they're a one-trick pony; but, oh, what a fabulous trick it is. As Lemmy says at the opening of this record (and at the opening of all of their live shows), "We're Motörhead...and we're gonna kick your ass." BAM! Straight into "Iron Fist." Fuck yeah. Flash back to the last time I was hanging off a balcony banging my head and squealin' like a pig during this song! I couldn't hear anything but a scary whooshing sound for three days afterwards, but it was worth it.

This two-cd set was recorded in Hamburg, Germany, with no overdubs. The production sounds good, and the crowd is suitably enthused. One of the few good things you can say about the Germans is that they've got sense enough to appreciate Motörhead and always turn out in large numbers for the live show. Although this band has influenced countless rock 'n' roll stars over the years, they've never achieved the commercial success in America that they so richly deserve. They get a pretty good turnout here in the States, but it's nothing compared to Germany, so it's no surprise that they recorded there. Here's a chance to smell the overseas magic up close and personal in the safety of your own home. Pour yourself a Jack and Coke, more Jack than Coke. Pop one of the cds on and turn it up. Turn it up loud. Go ahead, turn it up a little more. Now turn the lights off. Put a flashlight under your chin and do the evil laugh with Lemmy during "Orgasmatron." That's right, baby, you're so bad and you don't care. Let the neighbors complain.

This record contains all of your favorites and a couple new ones from their last studio record *Snakebite Love*. It's got "Metropolis," "Going to Brazil," "Killed by Death," "Stay Clean" and, of course "Ace of Spades," just to name a few. The list goes on and on, to a total of 25 songs. There are a couple, but only a couple, that you might want to fast-forward past. I'll let you guess which ones those are; let's just say that Lemmy should stay away from the power ballads whenever possible.

What else is there to say? The sound is good and the songs are there, plus the band hasn't lost any of its teeth over the years. So get off your ass, go buy this record, and support the real thing while it still exists—and before someone decides to kick your ass for being such a wuss.—**Raffaele**



## *PUNK-O-RAMA 4: STRAIGHT OUTTA THE PIT*

**various artists**

**(Epitaph)**

Punk rock, all right. Twenty-five bands slug it out on this Epitaph sampler, proving the healthy state of punk in general and Epitaph in particular. Distorted power chords, shout-along choruses and general snottiness are the rule here as pretty much all of Epitaph's roster get their licks in.

Pennywise kicks it off with the one exclusive track here, "Fight It." Fast and hard, it sets the tone for this hour-long set; "We've got to fight, TODAY!" they yell, and believe me, you better get out of their way. Stuff like this could easily sound like standard us-against-them by-the-numbers punk, but Pennywise pulls this off with an engaging bravado and a stripped-down structure that makes the most of the song. Pulley follows that up with the excellent "Second Best"; this might be a break-up song, but for all I know it's about the European Union or something. Damn fine stuff though.

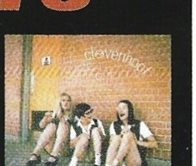
As a lot of these bands have the same basic aesthetic, you might find that they all sound more or less alike, but while some of it does run together, most of the tracks here stake out their own turf. Bombshell Rocks throws in some barrelhouse piano (shades of Radio Birdman) on the shouter "The Will the Message," Voodoo Glow Skulls do some horn-driven speedy ska on "They Always Come Back" and the venerable All contribute some supercharged power pop on "Think the World." My problem with power pop, by the way, is most of the stuff touted as such is generally lacking in power and is too goddamn precious for its own good. Not here ,though. The Bouncing Souls show how it's done with the rocking "Hopeless Romantic," and Ten Foot Pole do the same with a fine track called "The Getaway." "Someone to Love?" by Gentleman Jack Grisham rips it up in a similar vein. Remember the Buzzcocks? The fucking Only Ones? Now you're talking.

Doctrinaire punk rock dominates here, though, as it should. The always fun Rancid clocks in with the rocking "1998," and big guns Bad Religion are still pissed off about something or other. I have no idea what "Generator" is about, but it's powerful stuff, and prime Bad Religion. The legendary Dwarves bash out "I Will Deny" in an impressive 1:39, fitting in a guitar solo, bass solo and even a spoken word break. Straight Faced does a hardcore thing with the roaring "Let's do This," and 59 Times the Pain builds "Weakend Revolution" around a goofy Ramones-like chorus, complete with hand claps (!), but the rest of it is pure take-no-prisoners punk rock.

There's some left field stuff here you wouldn't expect on an album called *Punk-O-Rama*. The oddball croaking of new Epitaph signee Tom Waits fits in surprisingly well with the *Mule Variations* track, "Big in Japan." (It's not a cover of the new wave classic by Alphaville by the way, though just thinking about that makes my head spin.) But then Waits is something of a punk himself, at least as far as attitude goes, and don't forget the guy used to be a big proponent of the Replacements in their heyday. Gas Huffer also break the mood with a sorta garage rockabilly thing on the groovy "Don't Panic." It's nice to see that Chuck Berry guitar sound alive and rocking.

There's a bunch of bands I haven't mentioned, New Bomb Turks, Osker and NOFX to name a few, but they all do a credible job keeping the punk flag flying. And with 25 bands featured over an hour's worth of tunes this a pretty good bargain. Perfect for that summertime punk rock barbecue, or just play it to piss off your neighbors. Oi!—**Jack Daly**

## POP 10



**Chevelle** *Point #1* (Squint)

**Clovenhoof** (demo, contact: Julia Groves, 520.882.7953, ggroves100@earthlink.net)

**Dirty Dozen Brass Band** *Buck Jump* (Mammoth)

**Duke Ellington** *1927-73: The Centennial Edition* (RCA Victor)

***The East Coast of Oi!*** VA (Radical)

**Katharine Whalen's Jazz Squad** (Mammoth)

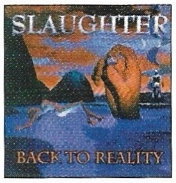
**Miles Davis with John Coltrane** *The Complete Columbia Recordings* (Columbia/Legacy)

**Other Star People** *Diamonds in the Belly of the Dog* (A&M)

**Puny Human** (demo, contact: Iann Robinson, 212.594.5292, info@mbsproductions)

**Ramones** *Hey Ho Let's Go! Anthology* (Rhino/Warner Archives)

**Do you go crazy between issues waiting to see who will be in the POP10 next? Do you wish you could get regular updates, maybe even every week? Sound like too much of a dream to possibly be true? Well wake up, List Boy! Wipe the sleep out of your eyes and cruise over to the REViews section of popsmear.com. You'll find more reviews, articles and, yes, POP10s than you can shake a stick at!**



## SLAUGHTER

### *Back to Reality*

**(CMC International)**

"Wondering where the time has gone, singing all the same songs again," from the song "Headin' for a Dream," pretty much sums up this pathetic record. I've heard too much about the return of hair bands to warrant writing about it anymore. Perhaps if I was a Slaughter fan I might enjoy the unsoulful stylings of these hairy wash-ups, but thankfully I am not.

From the first note it sounds like third-rate Dokken, or the winner from my high school battle of the bands. Since MTV was responsible for these guys' 15 minutes of fame, it makes me glad MTV doesn't play music videos anymore. That may spare future generations this kind of hairy bubblegum crap. Now, I like Guns N' Roses *Appetite for Destruction* and several other bands of their semi-ilk, so it's not my ignorance of the genre that makes me hate this record; it's the fact that it takes all that is bad and makes it unbearable.

Songs like "All Fired Up," "Bad Groove" and "Trailer Park Boogie" paint a picture of four guys in black stretch jeans, Zildjian t-shirts, bleach-crippled hair and boots with spurs and silver toe caps trying to keep rocking in the free world. Unfortunately, the songs on this record have less depth than their jeans have room. It's sad to see anyone drag out their songbook/yearbook to show people how cool it was, only to realize they have never moved on.—**Pete Tyler**

***Looking for more reviews? We got 'em! At popsmear.com you'll find hundreds of reviews, most of which you've never seen, and never will, in this here print-type version of* POPsmear. *Log on, man!***

***Send your reviewables to:***
***POPsmear REViews, 50 W 23rd St 6th fl, NYC 10010.***

# JOIN THE WINNING TEAM

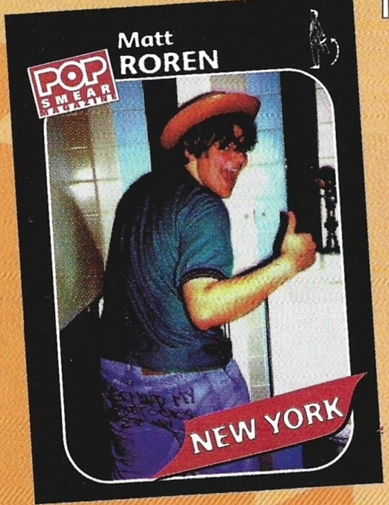
# JOIN POPsmear!

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
Brian
CZARNIK
ILLINOIS

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
Django
BOHREN
WYOMING

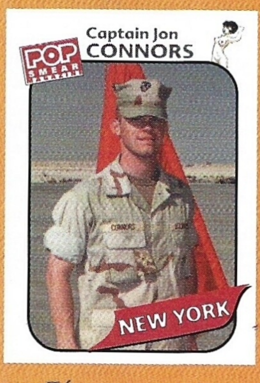
POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
J.
TIDAL
KENTUCKY

These are some of our all-star POPsmear Field Reps from across the country. If you see them, give 'em a hug. They probably need one.


POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
Matt
ROREN
NEW YORK

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
Paul
BRADLEY
OREGON

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
Robert
KING
VIRGINIA


POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
Captain Jon
CONNORS
NEW YORK

These young go-getters saw the light and signed up. Shouldn't you? Help promote POPsmear in your area—and get famous!

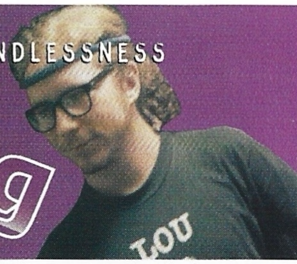
Sign up as an intern* or Field Rep today!

**Captain Jon Connors**
**POPsmear Magazine**
**50 W 23rd St 6th fl NYC 10010**
**phone: 212.328.2212 x612**
**fax: 212.328.2213**
**email: connors@popsmear.com**

*Internships available in New York and Los Angeles only.

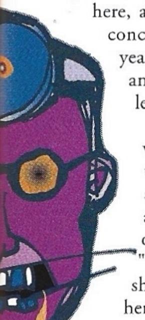
POP SMEAR MAGAZINE
Your
FACE HERE!
?
Your Hometown!

Dr. Cynic's Monthly Moan: Where Rudeness is the Key to Friendlessness



# Sweet Bird of Youth Worshipping

The stripper standing next to me attempts to make eye contact in all directions. She appears years beyond her shelf-life expiration and ravaged from a godless belief in the quick materialism her once-$300-dollar-a-night job brought her. It's as if she's become a piece of the goods on display in the merch booths here, an erotic mannequin in the grip of barely-concealed mental anguish. And if we were 10 years back in time, her saline-enhanced chest and peroxide-troubled locks would have at least looked timely.



When the show starts, the stripper reveals vitality worthy of a girl half her age ogling twisting torsos on stage at a Backstreet Boys show. The stripper shakes her well-perused ass, bending only at the knees, while occasionally shouting brassy asides like, "This is rock 'n' roll, man!" "This is the shit—finally, dudes!" She even loses one of her high-heeled pumps in the soft grass.

The middle-aged figures on stage are clearly inserting the butterflies o' flutter beneath the stripper's neon pink mini. Enclosing us in our 12th row vantage point is a sweaty, proletariat horde of nearly 11,000 AOR rock radio enthusiasts gathered to drink, puke, headbang and celebrate the dead; to raise and consecrate some spooks called Poison, Ratt, Great White and L.A. Guns. Salvation from the fall of Headbangers Ball. Talk about yer emotional quicksand

The anachronism here, really, is an insufferable ode to a period Lita Ford once described as a time when "people knew how to rock." The show tonight is not only a revivalist wink donned in simulated hair, distended guts, rescued egos and references to how we the audience "can still kick some ass," but also the search for a sad echo that at one time moved this throng.

The PA at this outdoor venue belches out prerecorded burps from that time when "people knew how to rock." And the majority of the sun-baked herd here are ready to rock, dude.

Most of the women stand obediently under the arms of their men. A staff of high-heeled strippers mans the bow of the stage. On the men, fading tattoos span fattening forearms and biceps; bandannas, hats and petty comb-overs weakly disguise retreating hairlines; open, button-down polka-dot or pastel shirts reveal Burger King-fed breasts in need of support; myriad keys to pickup trucks, blue collar sites and cinder block dwellings dangle from belts which keep guts from making southerly drops. Many dudes guzzle beer from plastic cups and smoke cigarettes one off the end of the other. Most reek of spoiled relish.

All but a few women, if not summoning ghosts of strippers past, tuck stone-washed jeans into leather ankle or knee-high boots; satin skirts top Slim-Fast/meth white legs; robin's egg blue eye shadow fills crow's feet lines. Many chicks sip beer from oversized plastic cups. Most reek with late night QVC-perfume-buying power. And contrary to this tour's hype that says this show is bringing 'em in at all ages, few teens are spotted about (no Korn/Limp Bizkit tour tees). And, yet, the tension sorta mounts. That is, until the show begins.

With short-cropped hair and even smaller fanfare, the four-piece L.A. Guns—sans Phil Lewis, the one guy whose voice it was that allowed this band any fiscal promise back in its Polygram days—open the show late in the afternoon. They promptly demonstrate a skilled disdain for that which is listenable.

"Girl You Turn Me On," the single from the group's latest, *Shrinking Violet*—an album that gets our vote for the year's best/worst anal sex reference—did little to keep the seats and grass from being sat upon. Same for their crusty takes of near-hits "Ballad of Jayne" and "Sex Action." Jizzy Pearl, the latest Guns shouter—whose namesake is but a porn euphemism for seed—adopts a self-serious Kilmer-as-Morrison poet-illiterate pose and seems uninformed of the fact that his job in L.A. Guns is to merely occupy space between the all-important guitar solos. Jizzy's grimaced haiku wears as thin as the power chord cloud it rides upon, and the band is gone before the sun. Next, Great White hits the stage. And boy, do they ever. Looking like an older version of corpulent '70s hitsters Bachman-Turner Overdrive, the band attempts to match their autumn year girth with guitar chord clang. The heaviness wins—the fat, that is, not the music—and the concession lines to purchase warm overpriced beer swell as a result. Ending the beefy band's thin set on a decidedly low note is a spiritless rendering of Ian Hunter's "Once Bitten, Twice Shy."

**The '90s do suck. Always did. But it wasn't for lack of Ratt or Poison, or even rat poison.**

And it is profoundly low, because that well-meaning Hunter song indecorously sets the stage for Ratt.

Just past dusk, Ratt comes on and suddenly before me flashes every miserable moment I experienced in high school; every unwanted emotion and urge, every attempt to slither out of my own skin. Ratt makes my hair hurt.

Stephen Pearcy crashes the amphitheater stage in off-key, red leather trouser splendor; a complete send-up of self. It's as if he was never something other than a hair-brush-and-mirror Steven Tyler. Pearcy is neither lanky nor cool, and he is painfully without swagger and sexuality. How is he a rock 'n' roll star?

I look around and begin to understand. Ratt is preaching to the converted. We see the big lights, hear the '80s late night 1-800 tv comp faves ("Lay it Down," "Wanted Man") and even a new abomination ("Over the Edge") from the band's new Sony album. Then, of course, comes the finale, their greatest moment of Aerosmith aspiration: "Round and Round." And still accompanying Ratt is that droopy bloated guy on drums who looks like he is perpetually caught in the thick of a flatulence quandary. Worse, one of the guitar players was once a part of Pretty Boy Floyd.

Before Poison, a growing number of adults around me start crowing "'90s suck! '90s suck!" As I watch I certainly have to agree with them. The '90s do suck. Always did. But it wasn't for lack of Ratt or Poison, or even rat poison. No, these grown-ups are just plain lost—forever—and they have no other way to define it apart from a simple rote of "'90s suck! '90s suck!"

With Poison, its stock-in-trade—the very thing that allowed it that much rope with which to hang—was its youth. Nothing else. The songs were only as good as the band was pretty. And here we must clarify that, really, Poison always enjoyed a cold Bud and the Sunday game on tv. There was never that irony or prettiness stuff like what the Dolls had goin' on.

Anyway:

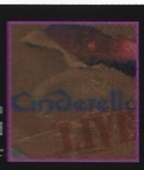
In a befuddlement of explosions, fireworks, lights and lasers, Poison stages a rock 'n' roll reclamation effort as offensive as 10-gallon breast implants on a fading anal queen. The band actually believes its *Metal Edge* mythology! Fact: There is nothing here for Poison to reclaim; Poison was always shit, even when time was on their side. Reality: Time—that sweet bird—still can't alter things. Tonight Poison shoots everything in big, thick spurts. Included is a faggy Foghat drum solo, the mawkish "Every Rose has its Thorn," the Kiss cover, the fallen angel tripe, the Loggins and Messina cover, the glam swipes, the "Talk Dirty to Me" encore, C.C. looking like Phyllis Diller, Bobby Dall in need of a good ironing of the face, Bret Michaels' chuckle-inducing, four-barreled war on baldness (hat+headband+implants+extensions) and C.C. needing so bad his light that he has to be carried off.

Lord. The five-hour "show" ends and I move. I watch the stripper who was next to me search fruitlessly for her high-heeled pump. Man, she better high-tail it home. ⊙

## CINDERELLA

***Live at the Keyclub***

**(Cleopatra/Deadline)**



Lester Bangs once said, "It always begins in that glorious mistake, the crazy unexpected note kicking out sideways to let us loose again no matter what you call it."

But a note in the *Live at the Keyclub* booklet—upholding one of the best arguments in favor of dishonest, overdubbed live recording—reads, "No overdubs to fix the rubs/No tricks or studio jive/The good and the bad, gave all we had/100% fuckin' live!!" Portly Tom Keifer is even doing that latter-day Robert Plant thing of sticking to a less-becoming, dubiously-keyed register, because his voice is, at this point, but a dream.

Of course, Aerosmith neck-fuckee John Kalodner gets a credit here. And well he should; he gave Cinderella its new Sony deal. But not even the most musically threatened shut-in could possibly regard Cinderella as anything more than the most formulaic manure heap of Aerosmith cops and AC/DC robberies since, well, Cinderella.

It is the last mile of the last hair of the last riffs once belonging to the last rockers. But don't breathe a word of it to Cleopatra Records; they got them bruised knees for the metal years.

## L.A. GUNS

***Greatest Hits and Black Beauties***

**(Cleopatra/Deadline)**

Re-recording proximal hits to claim newfound glory equals bullshitsky. For this *Greatest Hits* recarpet—strangely short of the admissible "It's Over Now"—the band was unduly paid semi-handsomely (50 grand, we're told). And who would have guessed that a fat girl's dream of an otherwise undesired L.A. Guns reunion should come down to some cheap sellout of sonically inferior renderings (much less the two currently gravy-trainin' what's left of the name)? Toss in an incalculably shite-fisted Intravenus remix of "Sex Action," and the blurred back-cover photos that reveal some ex-members looking suspiciously like your sixth grade math teacher, and a mild chuckle or two could be had at the very least.

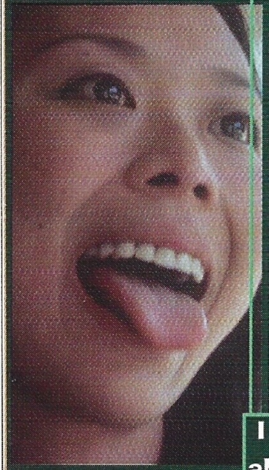
**Dr. Cynic** is still incarcerated in a Maricopa County jail. Somehow he was able to finish this column—scrawled on a set of seven cardboard toilet paper tubes. His sister mailed them to us in an empty Tide detergent box with "HANDLE WITH CARE" and "FRAGILE" written in red magic marker on every side and the tubes packed gently but firmly with Styrofoam peanuts. The package was insured for $600. email: cynic@popsmear.com

## 7" of pleasure

# With Annabel Chong

By Rosy Ngo     Photos Todd Downing

Annabel Chong assured her spot in porno history on January 19, 1995. This mid-winter day probably doesn't hold many memories for most people, but that day she worked a 10-hour shift breaking the gang bang record by taking on 251 men. Annabel's record-holding number has since been surpassed by nearly three times the amount, but she still retains props for fucking first and fucking hard.



This former gang bang queen and her alter ego (convent school educated and USC graduate) Grace Quek are the subject of the documentary film *Sex: The Annabel Chong Story*. Unlike her other features, which include *Anal Queen*, *I Can't Believe I did the Whole Team*, and David Aaron Clark's *Asianatrix*, the documentary reveals the philosophical and academic motivations which lead up to the Metro Video release *World's Biggest Gang Bang 1*. Of course, the indie film also includes salacious scenes as would be expected from a porn star documentary, most notably her unique interpretation of triple penetration sex—not mouth, pussy and ass, but pussy and *two* cocks in her ass.

Through the last four years of experimentation, sex and attention-starved Quek has heard a feminist voice echo through the porn industry, and it shouts, "Give me more!" Able to dominate men and women with her slight build, intellect and orthodontically enhanced smile, Annabel has solidified her vision and is leading porn to an all-gender user-friendly hardcore format with her production company, Impressive.

During the Nantucket Film Festival, Annabel's British accent is distinctively flavored with L.A. idioms as she talks about her ex-boyfriend and director Gough Lewis, her new film projects and the infamous gang bang.

**Rosy: So Gough was directing you in the documentary and dating you?**
**Annabel Chong:** He was trying really hard to hide the relationship because he was cutting the film together and he didn't want to compromise his "objectivity." But unfortunately, anybody who is watching the film and is perceptive and intelligent could tell. There are some shots that, you know, if you're just a documentary filmmaker you wouldn't think of shooting. It's the kind of shot that a boyfriend would shoot, like of me dancing around with my friends.

> **I have this really sexually abusive relationship with my cell phone.**

**Are you dating anyone now?**
No. Well—I'm dating several people, or at least trying to. But I travel a lot, like, three weeks out of the month I'm on the road. I'm only in Los Angeles for a week, and that week I usually have to shoot a video, work on my website, work on my writing, something. So it's really hard having sex on a schedule. Like, if we're gonna have sex we should finish by 5:55, because I need to fix my hair, and then I'm out of here by…. So it's just not terribly happening; it's just kind of sad. It's like, little things, little very L.A. things, like, I always want people to be able to reach me at all times, so of course, you know I bring my cell phone, right? Halfway through anything the phone rings…. So it's as if I have this really sexually abusive relationship with my cell phone.

**Were you ever bored during the gang bang?**
There were points where I was frustrated because I vibe into people—when people are nervous I get twice as nervous, and some of these guys got very nervous. I don't blame them because it's their first time in front of a camera and they have to be able to perform in front of all the lights, in front of all these other men. It's just difficult, and if they fail, guess what—they fail on video, more pressure. So they're really nervous, and they've gotten me really nervous and frustrated. It's like, "Come on, relax." It's only a video, damnit!

**Did you get chafed during the gang bang?**
It was…yeah, at some point I started to feel the strain of it, but in the video you see John Bowen announcing to the guys that I was scratched up. It was not true: They just wanted the guys to go easy on me. It was a little insane.

**What type of lube did you use?**
Astroglide…no, sorry, not Astroglide. K-Y and this thick goop. I can't remember what it's called. Abaline? It's kind of gross, but it works.

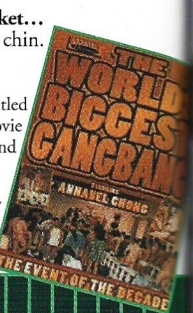
**You wouldn't recommend it?**
I would recommend it, but it just comes in messy packaging. It's like this tub of stuff, kind of like Crisco. It's basically used a lot in shooting anal scenes. All my gay friends adore it. They stock up on it; they say it is the best.

**Do you really like anal sex?**
Well, I never thought I would like it, but I do. But it's not something I do all the time. I do it in my personal life, sometimes. But, it's one of those things where you gotta go through a stage of preparation before you do it. It's such a pain to go through the cleaning up, so you won't create a mess on the carpet. It's not worth it. It's work.

**What are your observations of the two worlds of filmmaking, porn vs. independent filmmaking?**
Well, you're obviously making a film with no money whatsoever, so you gotta be really creative. The difference is: In porn they have a clear idea of what the consumer wants. As for indie films, there's more of an affectation that it is *art* or *intellectual*.

**Do you find the two business worlds similar?**
Yes, in a sense. Indie films get festivals and porn has conventions where everyone walks around and schmoozes. Cannes was very crazy, full of desperate people dressed in fake Versace.

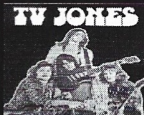
**Finish this sentence: There once was a man from Nantucket…**
Whose cock was so big he could suck it. He came on his chin.
He said with a grin, if my ear was a cunt, I'd fuck it.⊙



**Annabel Chong**'s first feature on Impressive Productions is titled *Pornomancer*. *Sex: The Annabel Chong Story* will be showing in movie theaters starting February 2000. Look for upcoming releases and future projects on annabel-chong.com.

**Rosy Ngo**, one of two Asian women on Nantucket, was repeatedly mistaken for Annabel by bluebloods hoping to be Mr. 252. No, siree. email: rosy@popsmear.com

## 7" reviews

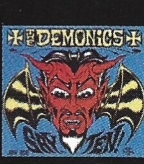


### CREATURES
**"Sad Cunt"**
**(Sioux)**
*****

By the third Banshees album someone convinced Siouxsie Sioux that her songs should sound sweet like a candy bar. The piss and vinegar was still within her and with fellow Banshee Budgie she formed the Creatures as an outlet for this venom. It took awhile but in 1995 the Creatures thankfully devoured the Banshees for good. This single "Sad Cunt" and its remix b-side are slightly obscure but essential nonetheless. Even with its slight cop of the effect from the Stranglers' "Peasant in the Big Shitty" this record is worth it. The Creatures manage to meld dischordant energy with melody and it works. **DE**

### DEMONICS
**"Drag Race in the Cemetery"**
**(Just Add Water)**
*****

More satanic hot rod punk from this San Francisco threesome. Beach Boys vocal stylings careen with turbo charged monster rock on the a-side, while the b-side "Say Ten" has a cool ol' school Joan Jett kinda vibe. Me likes the rock! **FM**



### ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN/LE SHOK
**"Monster Boots"/"Booze is the Best Part"**
**(Know)**
***

When New York's Electric Frankenstein record a split single with another band, it tends to be like when Van Halen used to get an opening band for one of their Dave-era tours: They always got someone shitty like After the Fire, Rail, or B.T.O. so that they came off looking even better. Well, it worked for Dave, so don't fix what ain't broke. EF deliver the goods once again with this rip-roaring punk burner, while the crappy punk b-side by Le Shok makes them sound even better. Two points for EF, two points subtracted for Le Shok. **FM**

### FLOWERZ
**"Flyte"**
**(Get Hip)**
****

I love '60s garage rock and this single is a prime example of why. The Flowerz were a Reading, Pennsylvania psychedelic garage band that came and went in 1968 and left their mark with this two song powerhouse. "Flyte" is a hard rockin' anthem about "the kids" and how grown-ups just don't understand their hippie, beatnik ways. Brilliant. "I Need Love Now" is a bit lighter and fluffier, but no less awesome. It takes the classic "Everybody Needs Someone to Love" riff and adds a wilder, more rebellious edge. **FM**

### MICHAEL YONKERS
**"Micro-Miniature Love"**
**(Get Hip)**
****

I put this on and was quickly ready to write it off as sort of a Cramps-styled rip-off band until I read the liner notes that said this was recorded in 1968. Holy shit these songs are cool. The flip side, "Kill Your Enemy," is my favorite. The liners says that he played a bastardized Fender covered in tinfoil, antennas and dial-type things, yet appeared quite normal. Yeah right! **DE**

### ORANGER
**"Circle Gets the Square"**
**(Amazing Grease)**
****

This one took me by surprise. Based on the cover and the name, I though they'd be a lame alternative band, but Oranger plays quirky power pop that reminds me of the Cars, or even, Polara. The rhythm section has a great, loose Who vibe, while the singer croons over distorted, phased-out guitars. The '60s and the '90s find a nice meeting ground here and might get along quite well down the line. Good luck to you both! **FM**

### TV JONES
**"Eskimo Pies"**
**(Nomad)**
*****

Two songs that have been lost for many years finally come to the surface with this release. Prior to forming Australia's legendary proto-punk outfit Radio Birdman, guitarist Deniz Tek had a short-lived career in the band TV Jones. They eventually kicked him out due to directional differences, allowing him the freedom to form Radio Birdman. The first great track, "Eskimo Pies," eventually became Birdman's "I-94" and with nary a lyric changed. It is Deniz's vocals on this that prove his Bird-mate Rob Younger's style was directly channeled through himself. The flip side "Skimp the Pimp" is a good song but doesn't quite have the power of the first. This record is a necessity for any Birdman fan. **DE**

7" reviews by two Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, **Dino Everett** (dino@popsmear.com) and **Frank Meyer** (frank@popsmear.com). Send your vinyl to POPsmear REViews, 50 W 23rd St 6th fl NYC 10010. Be sure to log on to popsmear.com for any more reviews! email poprev@popsmear.co

EROTICA On-Line Presents THE XXX CONNECTION SEX NETWORK

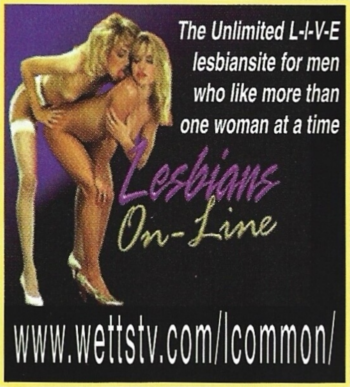
WARNING: These Nasty Lines & Sizzling Sites Are Only For Adults All Calls As Low As $2.50/Min + Connection Fee Multiple Billing Options 18 & Over

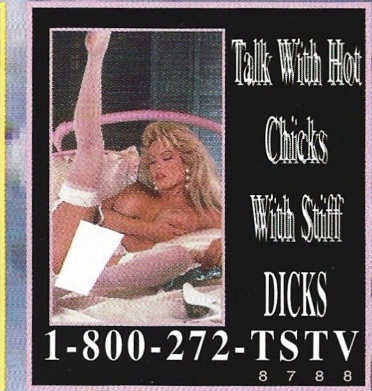
Erotica On-Line Presents Peepshow
www.wettstv.com/scommon/
FREE Unlimited 15 Channels Free with Membership
The most incredibile naked women you have ever seen perform provocatively!

ONLY 18
24 Hr Video Theatre With Memdership.
www.wettstv.com/ocommon/

HOT LIVE SHEMALES
www.wettstv.com
For folks who want to sample "a little something different" from he-she's who have "a little something extra!"

TATTOO SEX
Sluts With Long LEGS Want To SUCK YOU
1-800-268-LEGS
5347


The Unlimited L-I-V-E lesbiansite for men who like more than one woman at a time
Lesbians On-Line
www.wettstv.com/lcommon/


Talk With Hot Chicks With Stiff DICKS
1-800-272-TSTV
8788

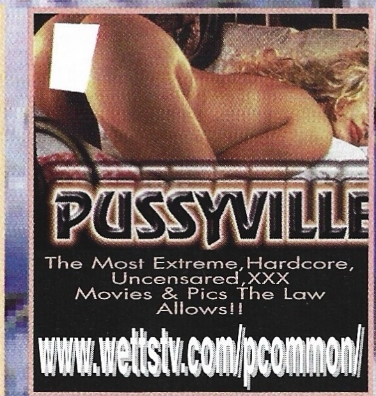
Personals
Looking For Sex?
Meet the mate of your dreams! 1000's of new listings evey day. Quality names ONLY!
www.wettstv.com/ycommon/

The Dungeon
FREE Unlimited Live Color Video Conferencing with Membership
Kneel and obey dominating Mistresses Fully-equipped to whip you into shape!
www.wettstv.com/dcommon/

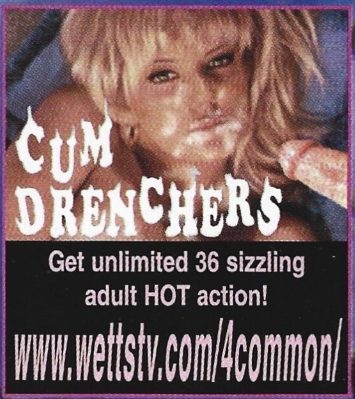
ASS BLASTERS
FREE Unlimited Live Video Conferencing With Membership
www.wettstv.com/ncommon/

SEXY LEGS
TONS OF XXX THIGHS, SOLES, TOE SUCKING & FUCKING PICTURES
www.wettstv.com/fcommon/

My Moist Lips Will Kiss Your TART Cock
1-800-272-TART
8278


PUSSYVILLE
The Most Extreme,Hardcore, Uncensared,XXX Movies & Pics The Law Allows!!
www.wettstv.com/pcommon/

EBONY Babes
24/7
VIDEO THEATER PLUS UNLIMITED LIVE COLOR CONFERENCING
www.wettstv.com/bcommon/


CUM DRENCHERS
Get unlimited 36 sizzling adult HOT action!
www.wettstv.com/4common/

Big Boobs
Unlimited Live Color Video Conferencing Plus 60.000 Movie Theater
www.wettstv.com/jcommon/

Hot Action From Horny Women Cum Join The ORGY
1-800-272-ORGY
6749

I LOVE TO GET IT FROM BEHIND
1-758-457-5939
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED LD RATES APPLY 18+

HOT SEX FANTASIES
1-900-435-8889
$2.50 - $4.99/min. 18+ ASA BH CA

SEXY AND BEAUTIFUL BABES READY FOR YOU!
1-900-725-0400
$2.50 - $4.99/min. 18+ ASA BH CA

1-473-328-2182
WILD PARTY GIRLS
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED LD RATES APPLY 18+

EXPERIENCE THE FANTASIES IN THE "SEX FILES"
1-900-725-1006
$2.50 - $4.99/min. 18+ ASA BH CA

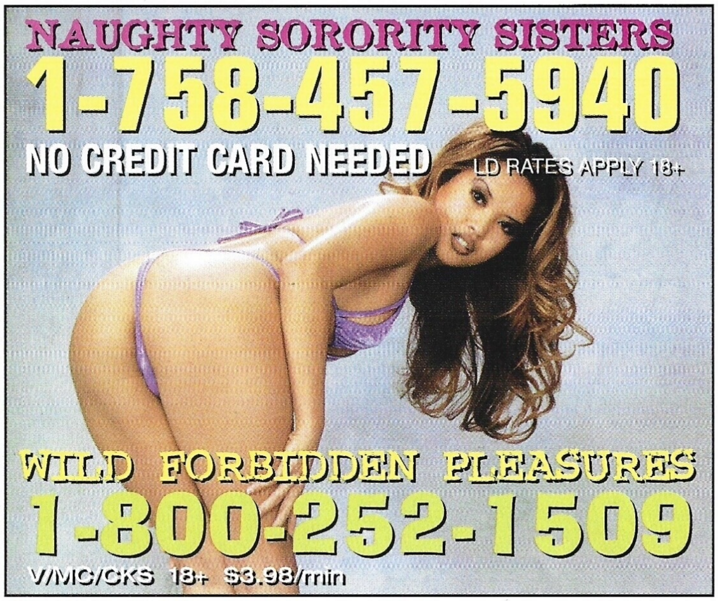
KINKY CO-EDS LINE
1-900-725-1331
$2.50 - $4.99/min. 18+ ASA BH CA

MARRIED BUT BORED HOUSEWIVES
1-758-457-5941
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED LD RATES APPLY 18+

HOT KINKY MEN
1-473-328-2673
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED LD RATES APPLY 18+

SIZZLING & HORNY WOMEN
1-900
435
9366
$2.50-$4.99/min.
18+ ASA BH CA

HOT HOLLYWOOD ACTRESSES
1-473
328
2188
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
LD RATES APPLY 18+



NAUGHTY SORORITY SISTERS
1-758-457-5940
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED LD RATES APPLY 18+

WILD FORBIDDEN PLEASURES
1-800-252-1509
V/MC/CKS 18+ $3.98/min

I'LL MAKE YOU BLOW!
1-900
725
1456
$2.50-$4.99/min. 18+ ASA BH CA

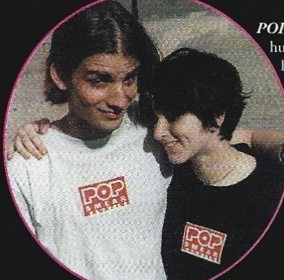
UNSATISFIED PORNO STARS
1-473
328-2183
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
LD RATES APPLY 18+

# POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

FOR SALE

"*POPsmear* t-shirts are *the* trend for the new millennium!"
**—Kate Moss, popular fashion model**

"Hell, I'm practically wearing [a *POPsmear* t-shirt] right now!"
**—John Ennis, Toolz of the New School**



***POPsmear* t-shirt VII** *POPsmear* logo on front, "sexdrugsrocknroll" in a huge target on back, black short sleeve t-shirt 100% Gildan cotton. Printed by Tsunami! **$15**

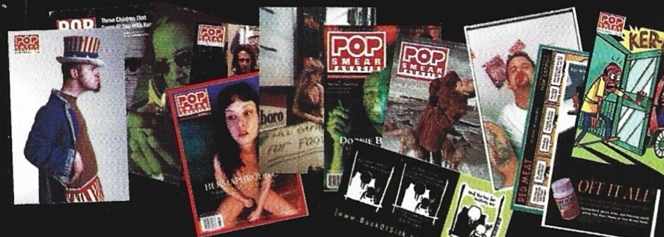
***POPsmear* t-shirt VIII** *POPsmear* logo on front, "sexdrugsrocknroll" in humongous target on back, black long sleeve t-shirt 100% Gildan cotton. Printed by Tsunami! **$20**

**ALL T-SHIRTS AVAILABLE IN M, L, XL**
**No more gray shirts are available; ya gotta be quick! ORDER NOW!**

**The classic *POPsmear* sticker**
One of the most recognizable stickers in NYC!
Latest printings have random grayscale photos on back, each limited to run of 2500.
**5 for $1**

"I am very disappointed in my son for requesting *POPsmear*! I do not want this magazine in my home as I find it extremely offensive and in very poor taste."
**—Elaine Mair, Monroe NY**

"You're lucky that you haven't yet found a steel-toed Dr. Marten in your face."
**—Eric, Radical Records**

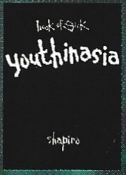


***POPsmear* Sticker Pack!**
Includes Connors as Uncle Sam as Mick Jagger as the Grinch who stole Christmas, Yukmouth, strip for food "It's Giuliani Time, Book of Sick, Frank Meyer with food hanging out of his mouth, Max Cannon's Red Meat, Alison Taylor's"Off it All", Andrew Fitz's "Ker-Ack!", 18.0-22.0 covers and Refrigerator #7 Lenny Kaye.
**all 13 for $5**
**any 4 for $2**

**Prom Mom sticker**
Includes all five images from the famous Prom Mom series by Abby Gennet.
**5 for $5**

**Prom Mom photos**
Set of five 5x7 color prints, signed and numbered by photographer Abby Gennet. Limited edition of 15.
**$250 for set**

**COPsmear stickers**
**3 for $1**



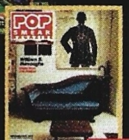
***Youthinasia***
For the first time, a "Book of Sick" book! Maggie Estep calls it the best fiction she's read all year. We just hope it *is* fiction.
by Michael Shapiro
**$7 each**

***POPsmear* shiny pens**
Featuring legendary Broadway address!
**2 for $1**

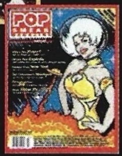
***Solo Sweet***
JenLynn Sweet's first video! She says she came four times for this video! VHS only.
Starring JenLynn Sweet
**$30 each**

***Balloons, Smoke 'n' Heels***
JenLynn Sweet's second chart-topping video. VHS only. "Sharp picture, quality sound, you will like it."—Jennifer Lynn Sweet
Starring JenLynn Sweet
**$35 each**

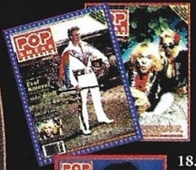
**11.0 $5**
The last issue with newsprint! Includes close-ups of James and Petey flexing, the first appearance of Jimmy Pop's legendary "Philosopheces," Bloodhound Gang, Racquel Darrian, Mistress Shivon's perfect boyfriend (her first appearance in *POPsmear*!), Cockblister's top rentals, Mom reviews music, why prison beats work, Petey goes to summer camp....



**15.0 $10**
One last look inside William S. Burroughs' NYC Bunker! Burroughs' friend and sometime roommate Stewart Meyer talks WSB w/ John Giorno, Christian weightlifters the Power Team, Mark Davis eats brains, Ricky Powell interview, Raylene, Shivon shaves (fully illustrated!), protecting yourself from cats, Pufnstuf, abortion scam, worst business names....



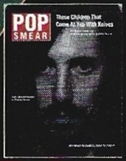
**16.0 $15**
Illustrated cover that has nothing to do with the content because our cover story fell through at the last minute! Nashville Pussy, Giuliani is a Jerk, Policemen's Workout, Jimmy Pop Ali offends John Taylor, Satan & UFOs, Colt .40, Stanford Prison Experiment, Charles Manson stamps, notes from 2nd grade, Louis Farrakhan African Name Generator, Sana Fey....



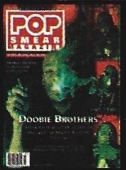
**17.0 $5**
Only *POPsmear* with two different covers! Evel Knievel and David Lee Roth (in alphabetical order) grace the covers. Inside we have Shonen Knife vs. jackalopes, Shane, Shivon's mom, Marty Krofft, Tube Bar, stalking a ~~Lost &~~ Found guy, eating the Taco Bell dog, Jackie Martling, James' family reunion....

**18.0 $5**
You think the hermaphrodite is naked on the cover? Wait until you get inside! Also features are Holy Land, homeless makeovers, Thor, dirty sign language, Trey Parker, fake Marilyn Manson website, Donnas, fruity guy's revenge, Xmas gift guide, Rock 'n' Roll Refrigerators debut....

**19.0 $5**
The issue that struck fear in the hearts of *POPsmear* fans across the land! Looked so good many suspected we'd gone legit! Crispin Glover, *POPsmear* introduces Nardwuar the Human Serviette with two Nard interviews (Nikki Sixx and Geddy Lee), the Christians who claim God Hates Fags, Pain-Proof Rubber Girls, cleaning peep show booths, Kid Rock, Claudia Chase, Johnny Rotten, Handsome Dick, Sunz of Man....



**20.0 $5**
*POPsmear*'s darkest days documented in one Altamont of an issue! Charles Manson fumetti by Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain, Nardwuar vs. Quiet Riot (who nearly stomp him), Nardwuar vs. Annie Sprinkle (whose house burned down the day the issue shipped to the printer), Meat Puppet Cris Kirkwood (who's now in jail for an undetermined amount time), Hells Angels Rock 'n' Roll Refrigerator....



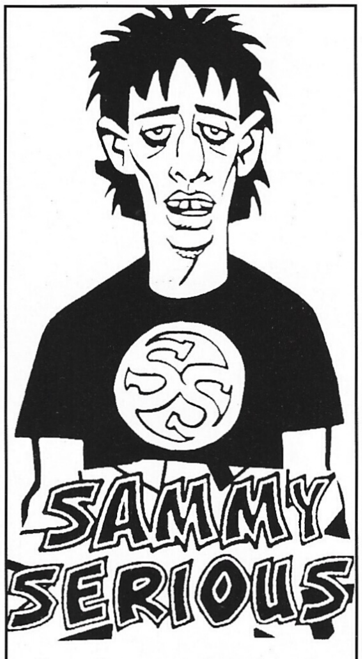
**21.0 $5**
The "nah, we don't smoke reefer" issue! Blunt Rolling with LA the Darkman, Yukmouth, Xzibit, Angelo Moore and more, Nardwuar vs. Tommy Chong, lethal little girls, last day at the old folks home, guide to cults, Hellacopters, Fun Lovin' Criminals, summer style with Kembra Pfahler, card counting tips, a donkey kicking how-to, Sturgis....

**For subscription info. check page 67.**

**For POP-paraphernalia:** Send check, money order or credit card info to *POPsmear* Stuff, 50 W 23rd St 6th fl, NYC 10010. Be specific!
**With orders of $10 or more we'll throw in a full set of collectors cards from the issue of our choice!**

# CLASSIFIEDS

## MUSIC



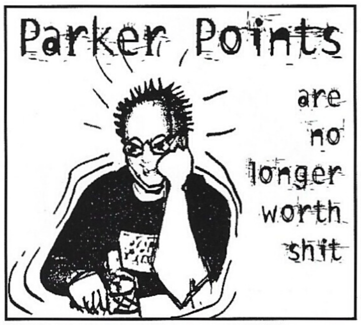
From that purple-haired freaky band, The Zeros, Sammy Serious has a new solo CD *Nuns in Prison* available at www.mp3.com/sammyserious or www.sammyserious.com or mail #25 to: Sammy Serious
P.O. Box 93062
Hollywood, CA 90093
**Hotline (310) 285-8772**

## BOOKS & MAGS

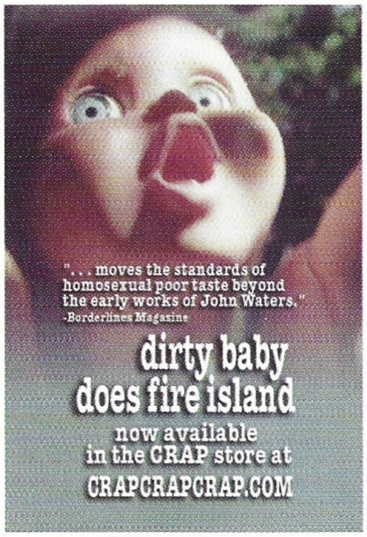
**FUCKING GIVE INK!** *SKRATCH* magazine seeks creative, revolutionary journal-heads/artists (current issue #39). Serious inquiries. Email submissions/samples: scottskratch@earthlink.net

**SUBSCRIBE TO LUNGFULL! MAGAZINE YOU CUTE THING YOU!** The only literary & art magazine that prints rough drafts & the final so you get to see the work as it happens.
$27.80 for 4 issues, $13.90 for 2.
Checks payable to Brendan Lorber,
126 East 4th Street #2 NYC 10003.

**WRITERS PUBLISHED/UNPUBLISHED**
Ages 20-35, to submit essays for book about Nirvana's *Nevermind*.
Write to:
The Compund
916 Foucher St #4
New Orleans, LA 70115
email: jlofstead@earthlink.com


Parker Points
are no longer worth shit

## MISCELLANEOUS

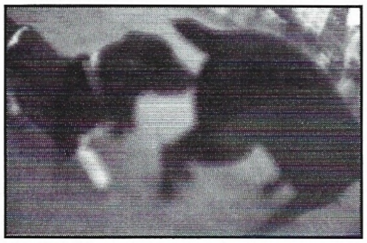

"... moves the standards of homosexual poor taste beyond the early works of John Waters."
-Borderlines Magazine

dirty baby does fire island
now available in the CRAP store at
CRAPCRAPCRAP.COM

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO®
Over 2,000 sinema classicks from the 1930s-70s!
SEND $5 FOR OUR HUGE CATALOG!
ALL VIDEOS $20 EACH!
**SWV** POB 33664 SEATTLE WA 98133
(206) 361 - 3759 www.somethingweird.com

GOTHIX
Dedicated to the destruction of the Religious Right. Read why Jack Chick comics are so Gothic. Goth-Asatru (A Goth with weapons) Griswold's finest in anti-social ranting.
$2.95 Sample issue. Cash okay.
Checks made to: Landwaster Books
P.O.B. 3223 Frederick, MD 21705-3223
Catalog of books on-line. Credit cards accept-

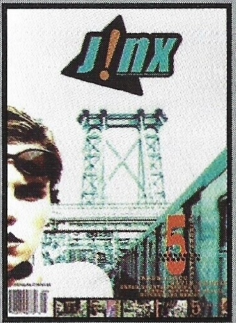
**Website: www.landwaster.com**
Check out our twisted cartoon strips



## MISCELLANEOUS

**Jinx magazine**
danger.adventure.the underground.

the essential source for urban exploration, international intrigue, and marginal culture.



**Jinx magazine**

**WARNING: DANGER OF CONTAMINATION**
unauthorized persons are forbidden access to classified files unless expressly granted 123909-0104-level clearance by the jinx ministry of propaganda, as stated in article 12930894-109293-0 of the code

available at
**Tower, Borders, newsstands, etc.**

for more information :
**planetjinx.com**

http://home.earthlink.net/~bitemezine

*Bite Me!*
*#16*
*The Booze Issue*
*The fifth food group - with recipes!*

*Interviews with:*
*Godsmack,*
*Moby*
*Drown*
*Static-X*
*Buck-O-Nine*
*and more...*

Black Death
VODKA

BITE ME!

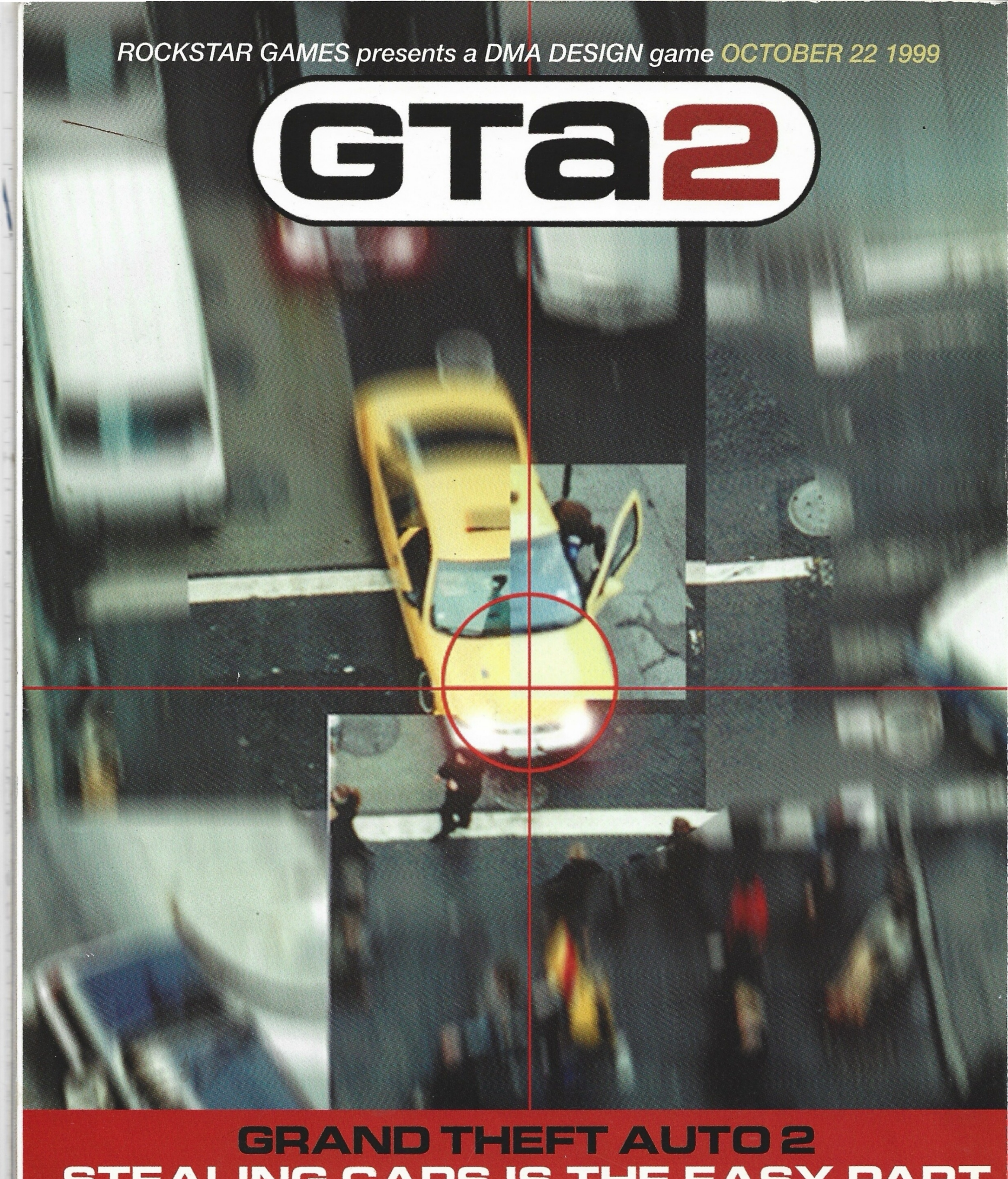
*$2 US, $2.50 Canada, $3.50 Int'l*

**Bite Me! Enterprises**
6038 Hayes Ave. #1A
Los Angeles, CA 90042

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE **YOUR AD HERE 310.260.6550** POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

KINGPIN.NYC

KINGPIN CLOTHING 55 VANDAM ST. SUITE 804 NEW YORK, NY. 10013 PHN.212.675.6770 • FAX.212.647.1030 WWW.KINGPINNYC.COM - WWW.PLATFORM.NET
SEND $1 FOR STICKERS


ROCKSTAR GAMES presents a DMA DESIGN game OCTOBER 22 1999
GTA2

## GRAND THEFT AUTO 2
## STEALING CARS IS THE EASY PART

**SEE THE FILM AT WWW.GTA2.COM**

RATING PENDING RP CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

PC CD ROM

PlayStation

DMA Design Ltd

PlayStation and the PlayStation logos are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. The ratings icon is a trademark of the Interactive Digital Software Association. DMA and the DMA logo are trademarks of DMA Design Ltd. Rockstar Games and the Rockstar logo are trademarks of Take-Two Interactive Software,Inc. © 1999 All rights reserved.

POPSMEAR 22.0

sex drugs rocknroll

SEP/OCT99